September 18, 1937

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Collier's

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jorj harris

LAND WHERE OUR CHILDREN DIE
BY WALTER DAVENPORT

EPT. 18, 1937

THE *New* Firestone
HIGH SPEED TIRE
FOR TRUCKS *and* BUSES

HERE'S the biggest truck tire news in years—Firestone introduces *the greatest truck and bus tire ever built.* In all your experience, have you ever heard of a tire with so many important money-saving features as these?

UP TO 40% MORE NON-SKID MILEAGE

Sets new standards of long life and high mileage. Flatter, tougher, deeper tread is scientifically designed for greater non-skid protection. Improved load distribution reduces tread wear.

BUILT TO HANDLE PEAK LOADS

When it comes to load-carrying ability, this great, new tire with its reinforced shoulders, increased strength of the cord body and all-around rugged construction is the load-master of the motor transportation industry.

GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION

The stronger cord body and tougher, thicker tread add greater strength to the tire. The patented Firestone Gum-Dipping process makes this tire run up to 28° cooler. Every fiber of every cord in every ply is saturated with liquid rubber which counteracts internal friction and heat. The combination of these features means greater blowout protection.

GUARDS AGAINST PUNCTURES

The thicker, tougher tread and two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords under the tread guard against punctures and bind the cord body and tread into one inseparable unit of great strength.

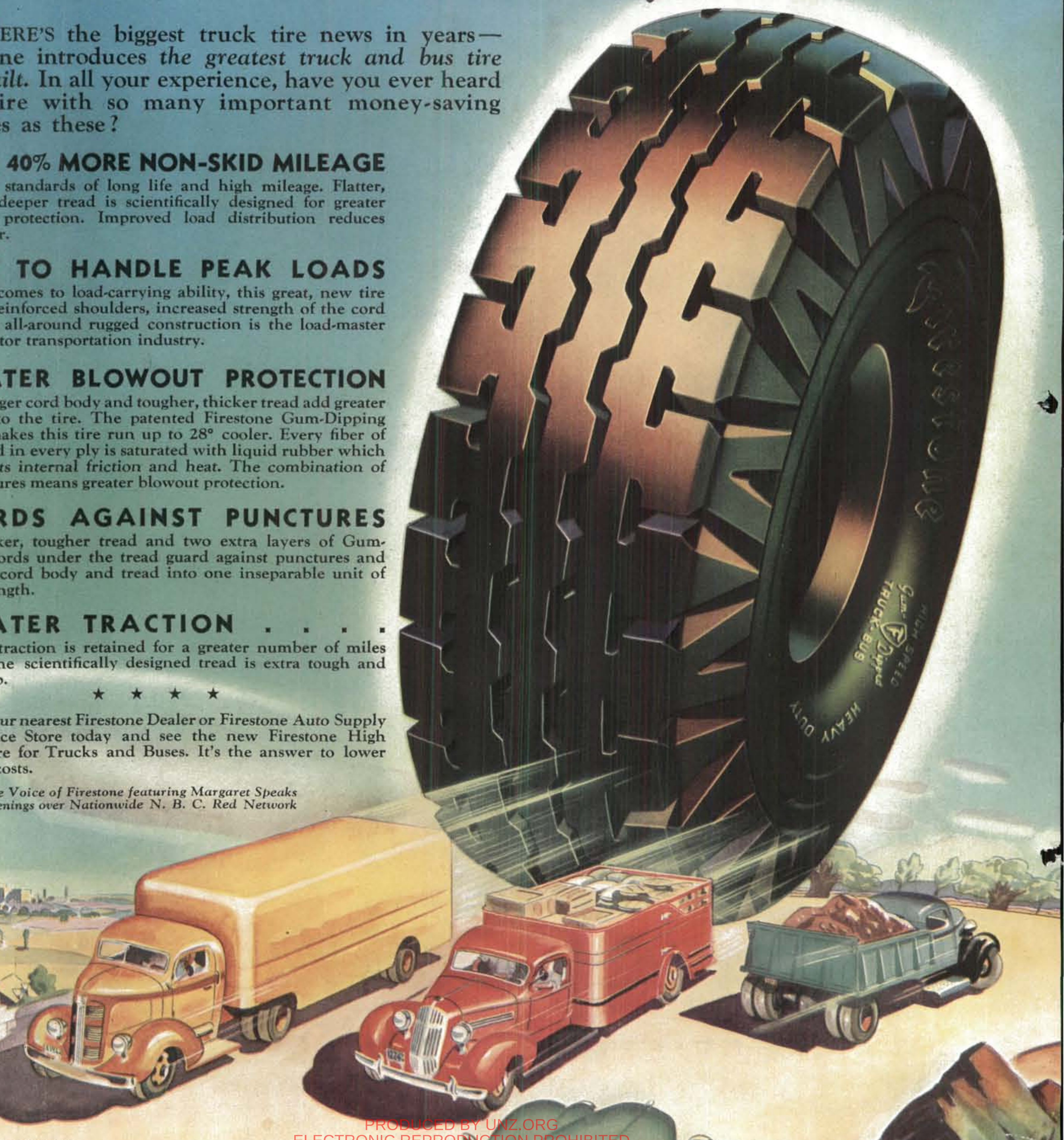
GREATER TRACTION . . . .

Superior traction is retained for a greater number of miles because the scientifically designed tread is extra tough and extra deep.

★ ★ ★ ★

Call on your nearest Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store today and see the new Firestone High Speed Tire for Trucks and Buses. It's the answer to lower ton-mile costs.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Margaret Speaks Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network



Cop
7, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

The cleansing power of POWDER *... in modern* CREAM *form*

Double Size
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
Tested and Approved
SERIAL NO. 4602
by
Good Housekeeping
Bureau
Conducted by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

—that's LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE!

When your dentist cleans your teeth, there is no spilling or mess because he makes his powder into paste. Otherwise the fine particles would fly off his rapidly revolving brush.

We, too, "cream" the finest dental powders into a paste, Listerine Tooth Paste. Thus it gives you the cleansing efficiency of powder *in modern form* . . . easy to put on the brush . . . no waste, no mess.

The formula itself is super-safe and extra-active. It quickly brings to teeth the lustrous sparkle and glistening high-lights so much admired in the photographs of New York models.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste tomorrow. You are sure to agree that the flavor is so full-bodied and refreshing that it is luxurious economy to buy the double-size tube. At all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

More than 1/4 POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube · 40¢

Regular size tube, 25¢

CARNIVOROUS, or flesh-eating, animals all have highly developed cuspids. The single sharp point is perfectly adapted for tearing fibrous foods. The tiger's long cuspids illustrate how the shape of particular teeth indicates the use intended by Nature. Human cuspids are the corners of the mouth.

CHANGE TO LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE... *It's a change for the better*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

September 18, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and **JOHN T. FLYNN**
Associate Editors

Next Week

THE night Jim Majors rode into the town of Reservation the whole valley was heavy with the electric charge of a coming feud. Majors hadn't been there an hour when the lightning struck. A less experienced man would have been lost in the dark complexities of the storm, but Majors, deputy United States marshal and a veteran at twenty-five, had an instinct for trouble and a gift of meeting violence a little more than halfway.

But Majors had a weakness, too, a temper that flared irrepressibly at the sight of injustice. Ernest Haycox begins, next week, the romance of "Sundown Jim."

NOW that we have got used to the idea of being a creditor nation and are complacent and a little proud about it, perhaps it's time to see what that means. Counting out the foreign debts, there's the sum of eleven billion dollars that Uncle Sam has loaned to his own nephews and nieces. That's very much your affair because Uncle Sam, not having eleven billion dollars, borrowed it. If the nieces and nephews in question don't pay it back, the bill will be sent to you. John T. Flynn, in a brilliant and enlightening article, explains how things stand.

TO HIS eminently respectable family Uncle Archie was a bum and a disgrace—a drunken, lying ex-gambler of whom no good could be said. Jacqueline didn't share their feelings: to her he was a hero. In "Affair of Honor," Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells Jacqueline's story.

"THINK clearly," they told Henry Clemmons when he got to the university. They didn't know Barbara. She was Henry's mental hazard. "The Fixer" is by Allan Seager.

BLOOD transfusion used to be a desperate remedy undertaken only as a last resort. That's not true any more. In "Life by the Pint," Hannah Lees shows you how improved technique has extended its usefulness.

WHEN Giles, foreman at Little Bee Bend, got a wire from the bossman he was naturally proud, but he was puzzled too. The bossman said he was shipping a carload of horses from Texas. Giles knew he must mean mules, but he said horses. "Too Much Texas," by Roark Bradford, is the story of what happened to the shipment.

ADDITIONAL contributions come from Alastair MacBain, Talbert Josselyn, Henry F. Pringle, Agatha Christie, Freling Foster and others.

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This Week

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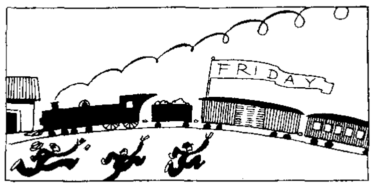
COVER JORJ HARRIS

Any Week

WE HAD heard in a sort of roundabout way that there'd been some trouble in Shelby, Montana. We were about to look into it when one of the parties thereto wrote to us—Mrs. J. Rankin Grizzle of Long Beach, California. "Faced with the choice of spending last Friday in Shelby or accompanying my husband on a tour of the oil fields," says Mrs. Grizzle, "I elected to stay in the hotel with Collier's. The newsstand man informed me that Collier's didn't come out until Friday. I told him that it was Friday. He murmured, 'B'gosh, maybe 'tis.' A young man with more authority, attracted by the confusion, asked what the trouble was. Again I demanded Collier's. The young man with more authority said Collier's didn't come out until Friday. I offered to bet him that it was Friday. Then I learned that it isn't Friday in Shelby until the afternoon train arrives with Collier's. So I went down to the depot to meet the afternoon train, Friday and Collier's."



THAT just goes to show you that patience plus a little persistency are apt to be rewarded. There's really no profit in becoming impatient—like Mr. Jim Freeland of Fort Smith, Arkansas. Mr. W. E. Tomestan of St. Louis, Missouri, got to talking to Mr. Freeland, who is ninety-some years old, and found Mr. Freeland in a somewhat irritable mood. "When was it," demanded Mr. Freeland, "that this man Roosevelt got in?" Mr. Tomestan said it was going on six years. "Well," said Mr. Freeland somewhat pettishly, "it seems to me that it's time he started doin' somethin'. And if he don't intend to do nothin' he oughta say somethin' about it."

IN THE meantime Mr. E. A. Walmsley of Los Angeles, California, has picked out for himself the fascinating task of counting the empty bottles discarded in the streets of that city every night. "There are 4,500 blocks in the city of Los Angeles," says he. "Every morning there will be an average of ten empties in each of each block's four parkings. That makes forty to the block, or about a hundred and eighty thousand empty bottles a day. Something ought to be done about it. My survey will include an analysis of what these bottles contained. Are you interested?"

AND Mrs. Irma Gilbane of Cleveland, Ohio, is devoting most of her spare time working out a new immigration law which will, she advises us, "solve all our financial worries about relief and similar worthy but expensive government activities." She would let down all immigration bars. But each alien arriving would be compelled to pay so much a year for five years for the privilege of living here. If the newcomer has no income his or her relations would have to pay. The money would go into the federal treasury earmarked for "relief and similar worthy but expensive government activities." Mrs. Gilbane's current problem has to do with the alien who has no relatives here. She is inclined to exclude such unfortunate persons. Or charge it to the country from which the bothersome alien comes.

ANYWAY, there is a feeling here and there that entirely too much time is being devoted to writing new laws. There is that taxicab chauffeur in Washington, for example. Miss Mary R. Trustin reports that she "was attracted by a neat card tacked up in a taxi I was riding in. The card read: Notice: Owner and driver of this cab will not be responsible for bills, resolutions, petitions, reports and brief cases abandoned by congressmen and others in this vehicle."

PUPPIES FOR SALE

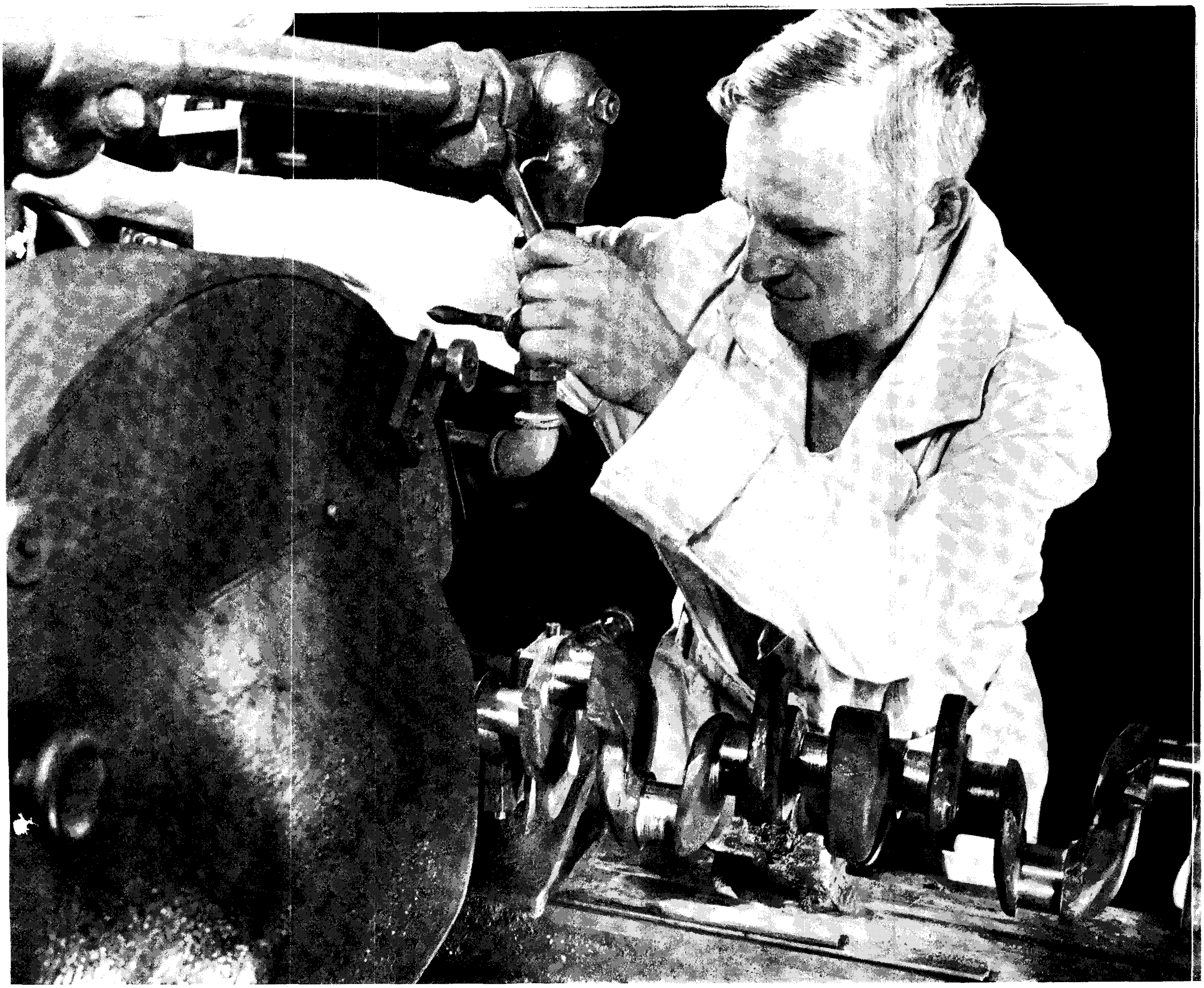
THE support and sympathy of a friend of Mr. Jerome Welsh of Walla Walla, Washington, would be with that taxi driver. This friend of Mr. Welsh's had the misfortune suddenly to become the owner of nineteen puppies of assorted breeds. The fellow was the owner of three female hounds, all of which went in for maternity on the same day. Anyway, he put all nineteen puppies in a large pen in his front yard. Over the pen he raised a sign: For Sale Cheap. On the following morning he counted his pups and found twenty-six of them. A few hours later someone dropped three more puppies into the pen. Before any more puppy owners could unload litters upon Mr. Welsh's friend, he called up the S. P. C. A. and took off for the mountains, where he proposes to stay until things quiet down.

JUST like Congress.

Vol. 100. No. 12. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1937, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 *Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A.* Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, *Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions* including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.



99.995 Per Cent Perfect

HERE'S A TEAM made up of a skilled mechanic and a machine weighing over a ton...doing work so precise and delicate you'd need a microscope to watch it.

Together, they're grinding one of the four main bearings of a big Plymouth crankshaft.

When the photograph was made, this particular bearing surface had been ground until it was less than five *ten-thousandths* (5/10,000ths) of an inch from absolute perfection.

Such precision is usually considered extreme in car-building. But—it's *typical* of the workmanship in Plymouth cars.

Plymouth's pistons are so closely fitted to their cylinder walls that engineers call it a "metal-to-metal seal." Plymouth's massive all-steel body is fitted to the frame with watchmaker precision to keep out squeaks, rattles, vibration.

Plymouth's steering mechanism...its light-working brakes and clutch...are effortless to operate—because of this precision. In *every* Plymouth part and movement you see the results of this same precision engineering and manufacture—from the measurements of the frame right down to the easy-swinging fit of the glove-compartment door.

Precision...in a low-priced car. That's one of the big reasons for Plymouth's sensational growth.

Precision makes Plymouth the smoothest-running of all the low-priced cars...the most economical to operate and maintain...*"the car that stands up best!"* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

EASY TO BUY

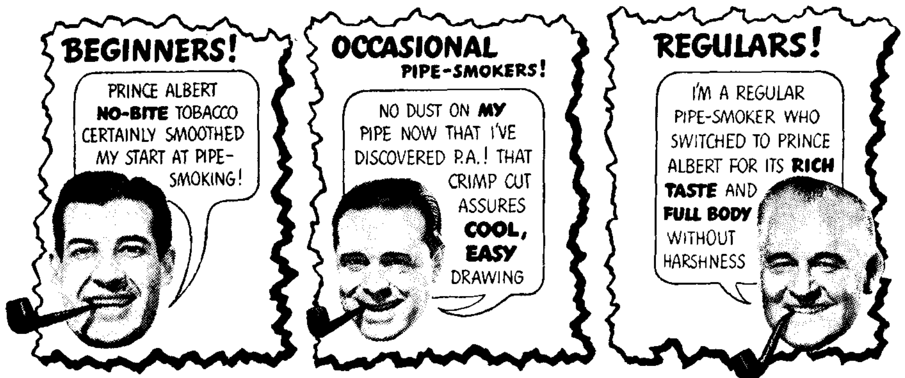
Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest...and you can buy a beautiful new Plymouth on small monthly payments. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge dealers—terms which make it easy to buy a new Plymouth today—*"the car that stands up best."*

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p.m., E.D.S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

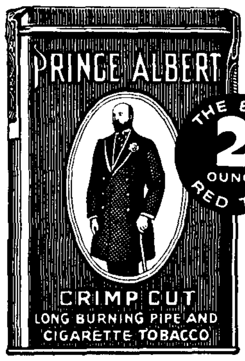
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE SHERIFF KNEW THE LAWS OF PIPE PLEASURE, ALL RIGHT!
DADDY, THIS LAST ROLL OF SNAPS WE TOOK CAME OUT SWELL
YES---HERE'S THE PICTURE YOU TOOK OF ME WITH THAT MONTANA SHERIFF WHO SMOKED PRINCE ALBERT FOR 30 YEARS. THINK I'LL SEND IT HOME TO SHERIFF BROWN
BACK HOME
WELL, WELL— LOOK AT THIS PICTURE FROM ROB SHOWING HIM WITH A WESTERN SHERIFF. GUESS HE'S IN GOOD HANDS
Dear Sam - Here I am way out west with a Sheriff who beats your record on smoking Prince Albert. He's been enjoying it for 30 years Rob
WELL, IF THAT SHERIFF USES THE SAME GOOD JUDGEMENT IN PICKING HIS DEPUTIES THAT HE DOES IN CHOOSING TOBACCO, I GUESS FOLKS IN HIS COUNTY ARE SAFE
YES, SIR — IT SHOWS A MAN'S GOT GOOD SENSE WHEN HE CHOOSES A TOBACCO THAT HAS THE BITE REMOVED

FIRST CHOICE FOR ALL 3 KINDS OF PIPE-SMOKERS


BEGINNERS!
PRINCE ALBERT NO-BITE TOBACCO CERTAINLY SMOOTHED MY START AT PIPE-SMOKING!
OCCASIONAL PIPE-SMOKERS!
NO DUST ON MY PIPE NOW THAT I'VE DISCOVERED P.A.! THAT CRIMP CUT ASSURES COOL, EASY DRAWING
REGULARS!
I'M A REGULAR PIPE-SMOKER WHO SWITCHED TO PRINCE ALBERT FOR ITS RICH TASTE AND FULL BODY WITHOUT HARSHNESS

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert


PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

GENEROUS MONEY-BACK OFFER

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

SO MILD

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The record time for making a suit of clothes—from sheep to man—is held by a textile concern in Huddersfield, England. Not long ago it sheared twelve sheep, made the wool into yarn, wove the yarn into cloth and cut and sewed the cloth into a three-piece man's suit in 130 minutes.—*By Anne Schweikert, New York City.*

Not more than one lightning flash in a hundred ever strikes the earth. On the other hand, lightning has been known to strike a single spot many times in quick succession during an intense electrical storm, such as the time, not long ago, when it struck the Empire State building in New York fifteen times in fifteen minutes.

Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910), Russian novelist and moral philosopher, so bitterly denounced social conditions in Russia that he was considered a dangerous character by both state and church. Yet, during the last twenty years of his life, he was probably the most venerated man throughout the rest of the world. Since 1917, the Soviet government has sold more than 12,000,000 copies of his books in Russia alone.

In two recent California lawsuits over the accidental killing of an Oakland policeman by a motorist, not only did the policeman's family win a verdict of $13,000, but the city government sued and was awarded $7,319.90, the estimated amount of pension money that Oakland would have to pay the widow during the remainder of her life.—*By Mrs. Lucille O'Donnell, Abilene, Texas.*

After working for the past six years, two scientists in the department of vertebrate paleontology in the American Museum of Natural History in New York have finished fitting together the bones of a dinosaur which had been broken into more than 20,000 pieces.

Every night at watch-setting, or 10 P. M., during the past 143 years, the band of the XII Royal Lancers of the British Army has played these five hymns: The Sicilian Vespers, God Bless the Prince of Wales, God Save the King and two other hymns, one of which later became the national anthem of Czarist Russia.

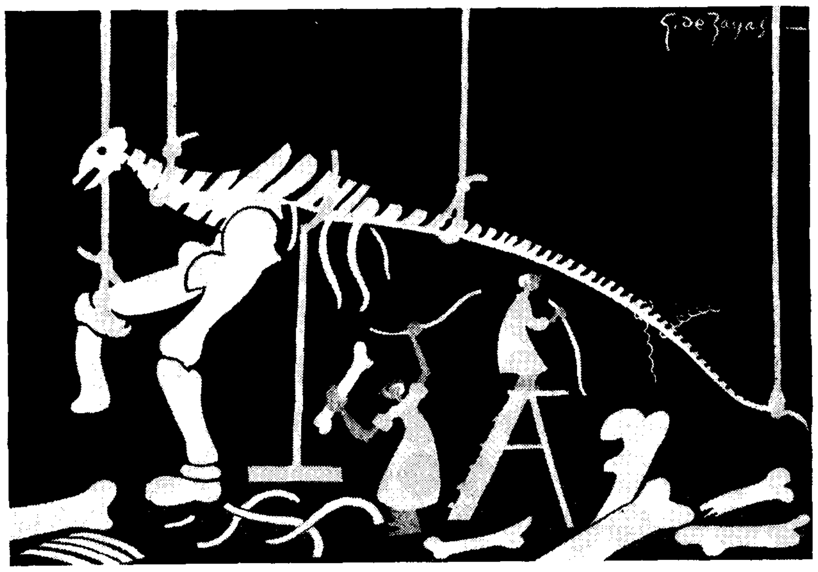
A variety of foreign bodies have been discovered in the hearts of living persons, among them being pins, needles, toothpicks, fish bones and bullets. After the War, one English physician reported eight cases in which fibrin-covered bullets were found free in the left ventricle.

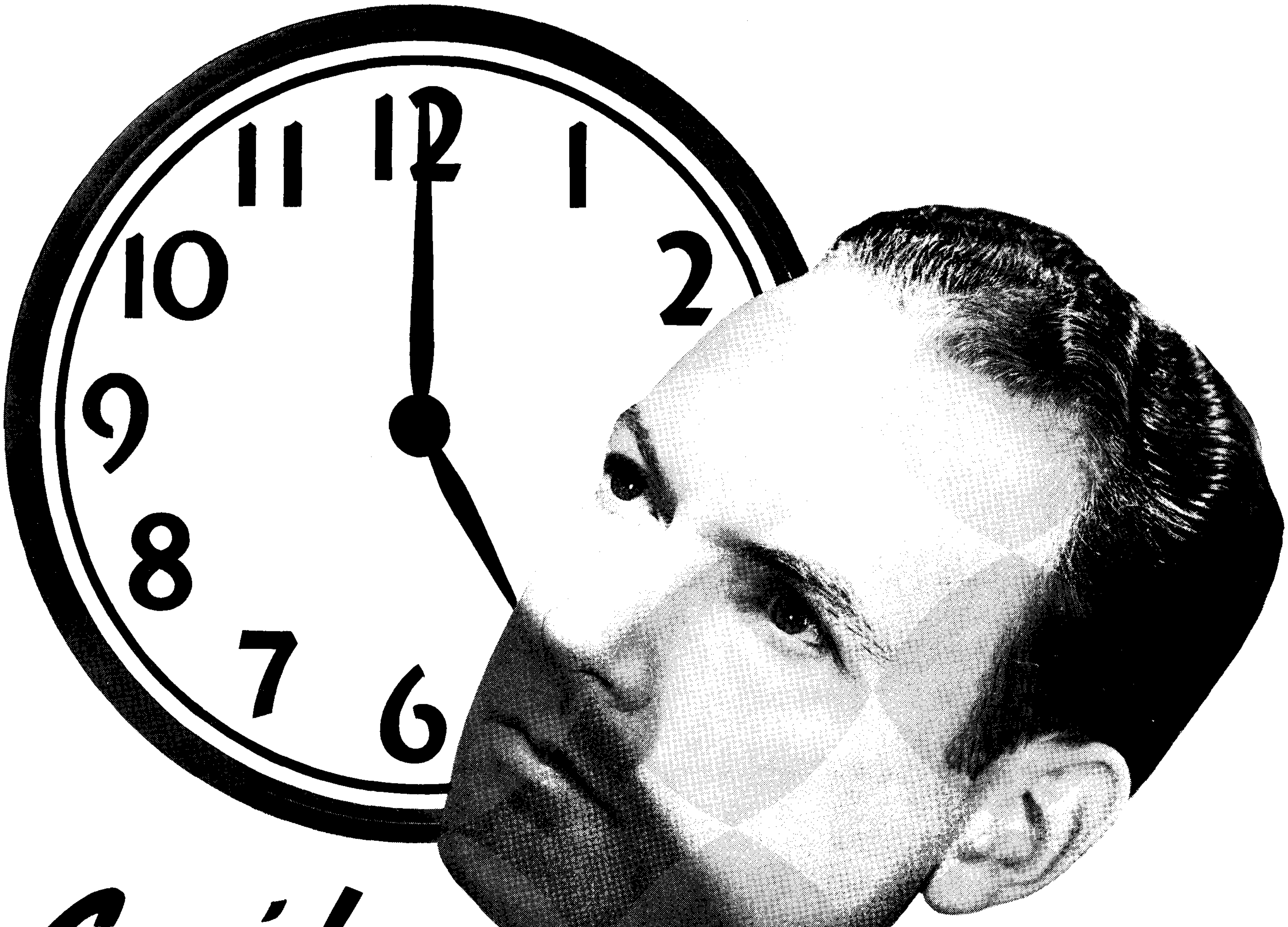
One of our rapidly growing co-educational colleges makes its students strictly obey a signed agreement that they will abstain from practices which "waste their time and weaken their minds and bodies," such as smoking, dancing, playing cards and attending moving-picture theaters.—*By Kathleen Butler, Maple Park, Illinois.*

In many countries, pinches of salt still are placed in caskets with the dead as a safeguard against Satan who, according to an age-old belief, will not go near it.

Richelieu, France, is believed to be the only town in the world that was entirely built according to a single plan and never altered thereafter. Its walls, streets, public squares, palaces, houses, church, hotel and market place are the same today as they were when the town was completed in 1631.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher





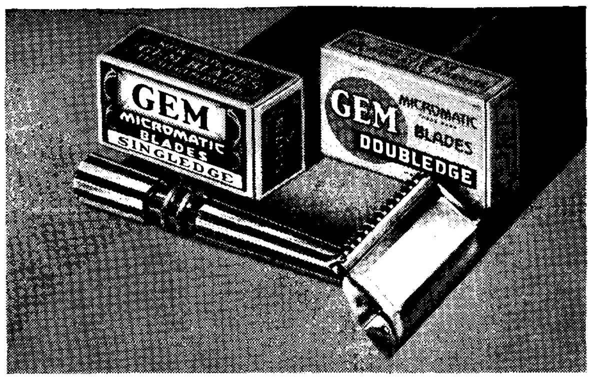
Avoid "5 O'clock Shadow"

Stay clean with Gem! Banish "5 O'clock Shadow"—that premature, unsightly stubble which results from inefficient shaving instruments that merely "top" the beard. A Gem Blade in a Gem Razor guarantees shaves that *stay* shadowless to the end of the longest day!

Because Gem Blade is made of 50% thicker steel, it takes 4840 separate stroppings—it can be given a far keener, deeper-beveled edge. You get *cleaner* shaves and far more of them to each blade!

And Gem Razor is scientifically right. Its built-in, face-fitting bevel hugs every facial contour; compels the long, gliding stroke of the master barber, shaving at the one correct angle, clean and close at the dermal line. All one piece, Gem is the world's easiest razor to use. Twist, it opens; twist, it closes.

Why gamble with your appearance? One dollar buys a Gem Razor and five blades, magnificently cased, at all dealers. Or send coupon below and 25¢ for extraordinary "proof" offer.


GEM MICROMATIC BLADES SINGLEEDGE
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES DOUBLEEDGE

SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. C45, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

PRINT NAME ______________________

STREET ______________________

CITY ______________ STATE ______________

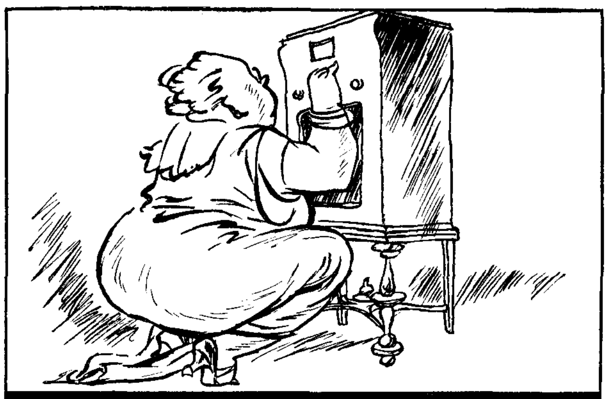
(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

Copyright 1937, by American Safety Razor Corp

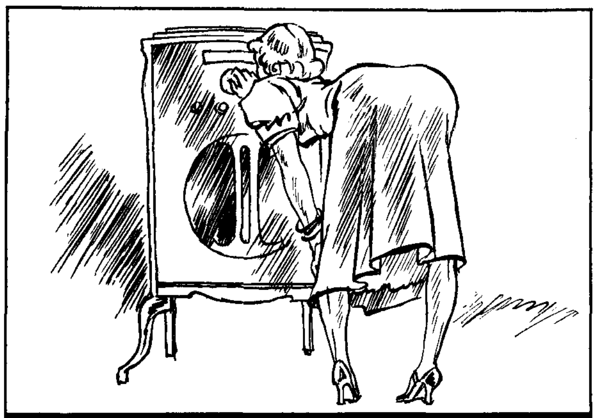
GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR *and* BLADES

FOR PERFECT SHAVES—USE A GEM IN A GEM!

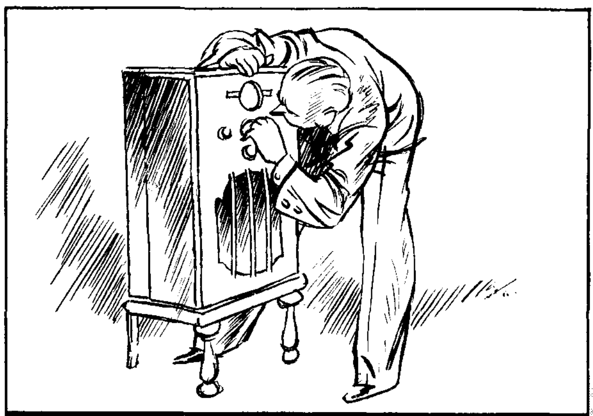
NO SQUAT NO STOOP NO SQUINT



She's not tuning in the morning setting-up exercises. She just hasn't heard about Philco "NO SQUAT" Tuning!



Not exactly a picture of grace . . but give the lady time. She'll soon be enjoying Philco "NO STOOP" Tuning!



No need to strain *your* eyes to tune a radio! Not when you can buy a Philco 116 Double-X with "NO SQUINT" Tuning!

Tune easily . . . gracefully . . . speedily . . . accurately . . . with Philco Automatic Tuning on the new Philco Inclined Control Panel

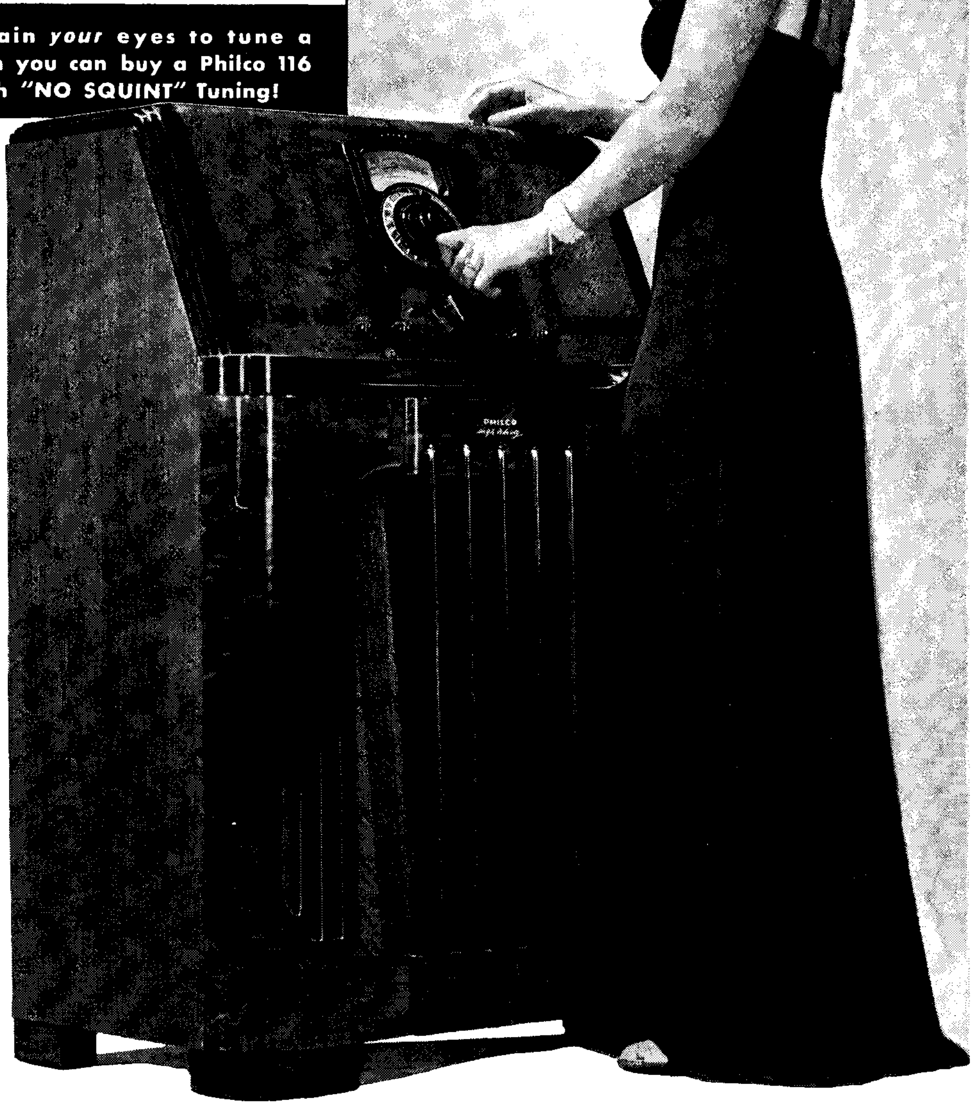
Instantly, silently, precisely . . Philco Automatic Tuning brings in any of your favorite stations. No waiting . . no buzzing. A glance at the Inclined Control Panel . . a flick of your fingers . . there's your station! Faultless, rapid-fire, time-tested Automatic Tuning . . plus the new ease and convenience of the Inclined Control Panel. No hesitation when you want a station with Philco!

But there's far more than speed and convenience to the complete story of the Philco 116 Double-X. There's Philco High-Fidelity . . double the tonal range of ordinary radios. There's the Philco Foreign Tuning System that doubles the foreign short-wave stations you can hear and enjoy. And fifteen tubes and five tuning ranges bring all that's interesting in the air right into your home!

Here's the radio that makes dreams come true . . the radio that has everything and does everything . . the 1938 Philco 116 Double-X.

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality



Philco makes a complete line of Automatic Tuning Models with the Inclined Control Panel. Your present radio may be traded in as part payment or you can buy a Double-X Philco for as little as $7.95 down and $1.00 a week. Ask your Philco dealer about this Special Philco-Commercial Credit Company Plan.

Be sure to ask your Dealer to show you the new Automatic Tuning Philcos with Inclined Control Panel

"I sent your police up [illegible] your door with a key"
by Sax Rohmer

The Jade Serpent

An exciting tale of mystery and adventure, wherein that master magician Bazarada clears up one of Scotland Yard's most difficult cases

I WAS late for my appointment with Bazarada. To my personal knowledge Bazarada had never missed an appointment in his life; accordingly, I cursed every traffic jam.

You remember Bazarada? Who does not! The most amazing magician the world has known since that morning in 1795, when a French officer with a half company beat upon the doors of a fortress prison in Rome. They came to demand the release of the man who had cried: "Frenchmen, your Bastille shall become a public promenade!" The doors were opened and the officer was told, "Cagliostro is dead."

Cagliostro was dead! A full century was to pass before Bazarada should be born.

Locks meant less than nothing to Bazarada; no prison bars could cage him. Men of first-class intelligence credited him with occult powers. And those who were present when, handcuffed and leg-ironed in a sealed wine cask, he was lowered into the Rhine at Duesseldorf, will remember the moment when he swam to the surface. My own seal, amongst others, was intact on the cask when we hauled it up. Inside, we found the manacles and leg-irons. . . .

His correspondence with the late Sir Henry Farnam Page (Bazarada & Farnam Page, New York, 1934) adds some color to the views of those scientists who believed him to possess supernatural powers. His intense preoccupation with the destiny of the human soul, his unfaltering belief in its survival, his rejection of accepted religious teaching and those extraordinary studies which he pursued in private admittedly gave weight to Farnam Page's contention that Bazarada was a black magician.

In these memoirs which now I am at liberty to publish I hope to enable everyone to judge for himself.

I hurried into the apartment-house lobby. The hall porter-liftman saluted.

"Any callers, Weston?"

"No, sir."

"Phone message?"

"No, sir."

It was all but incredible that Bazarada should have missed an appointment. I couldn't make it out. However, I nodded to the porter as he opened the gates of the elevator and stepped in behind me, reopening them again on the fourth floor. I heard the plaintive note of his descent as I put the key in the lock of my door. Tossing my hat onto a settee in the lobby, I went straight through to the study.

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

"Laroo!" I checked on the threshold, staring.

Any man would have stared.

A girl was seated cross-legged, Arab fashion, on the floor; her slim ankles were interlocked and her hands clasped her knees. She had been reading but she glanced up as I spoke.

"Hello, Maurice. Did I scare you?"

The largest and most ingenuous eyes I had ever seen, fringed by the longest black lashes I had ever imagined, regarded me innocently.

Laroo arose from that queer position with the ease and grace of a crouching gazelle and replaced her book.

"You didn't exactly scare me, but how did you get in?"

She turned. With Laroo, laughter began in her eyes, and I saw her lashes flicking; then she had bounded forward; her hands were on my shoulders and her impish, laughing face was very near to mine.

"Maurice, you are too angelic to be real! You *know* Buzzy never forgot an appointment. I'm his deputy. . . ." She stepped back, ceasing to laugh. Her mobile features became a mask of wistfulness. "I shouldn't have laughed at you because you didn't know how I got in. Buzzy told me this morning I'm what the English call a female cad. Do you think so?"

I HAD been a guest at Laroo's last birthday party: There were seventeen candles on the cake. I looked at her now as sunlight gleamed on the waves of her dark hair; supple, creamy-skinned Laroo, with eyes like shadowed violets. No man, I thought, save Bazarada (known affectionately to his friends as Buzzy) could have found heart to tell her that she was anything but adorable.

"I don't think so, dear, and I'm sure Buzzy doesn't think so either."

"I suppose he's just a pig," said Laroo resignedly. "Well, he sent me to tell you, Maurice, that he can't go to the Oriental Exhibition this afternoon as arranged, but"—raising a chiding finger—"he very particularly wants you to go, and to tell him all about it at dinner tonight."

"Oh! Dinner isn't off as well?"

"No, dinner's okay. Although I know it will be very boring, you will go to the exhibition, won't you? Buzzy was most anxious."

"But aren't you coming with me, Laroo?"

"No, Maurice, I'm sorry. But truly, I can't. And now, I'll tell you how I got in. It's terribly primitive; that's why I laughed." (Primitive was one of Buzzy's pet words.)

"I sent your porter up in the elevator with a message for a Mr. Orson who lives on the second floor. While he was gone I walked up the stairs. I opened your door with this key—Buzzy's latest." She displayed a queer-looking key. "Buzzy says I'm rotten with locks, so I wanted to practice. It took me nearly three minutes—so I *am* rotten."

I watched her seriously, for she had meant her words to be taken seriously. It was rather grotesque, this interest in lock-picking and irregular entry on the part of a charming young girl newly from a French convent.

"And how do you propose to get out, Laroo?"

"Easy. Go down to the second floor, ring for the elevator and walk out while it's coming up!"

PICCADILLY, sun-bathed, had taken on a preseasonal gaiety when I went into the Oriental Exhibition at Burlington House.

The brilliant weather may have been responsible, but attendance was not large. In these visible evidences of a culture flourishing when the proud Briton continued to paint his person with woad I found a philosophy most soothing.

I was particularly fascinated by the jade. Hitherto, I had not recognized that amazing beauty and fantastic financial value which can belong to this hard, brilliant stone. In my untutored view, the gem of the exhibition was an emerald-green necklace, once the property of a Chinese emperor, exhibited by Sir Osmond Brigg, having 120 links fashioned in the form of a snake, and (if one could believe the newspapers) insured for the duration of the exhibition for £30,000, the risk being shared by two companies.

In my rapt study of this exquisite work of art I was not alone.

A visitor of undeterminable nationality but striking appearance was absorbed in contemplation of this, one of the outstanding items of the whole collection. Unusual features of his attire were a French cape and a wide-brimmed black hat. He was swarthy, had a short beard and mustache, and wore horn-rimmed glasses. There were no more than six or seven people, including the attendant, in the room devoted to jade and other hard-stone carvings, and the bearded gentleman was easily the most memorable figure present.

I MOVED away, leaving him bending over the case containing Sir Osmond Brigg's exhibits, of which the jade serpent was the centerpiece. I passed slowly along the room, and was studying some archer's rings, many belonging to the early Chinese Empire, when my arm was roughly gripped.

A big, powerful man, a provincial in his Sunday clothes, confronted me. He was high-colored, gray-eyed, and his jaw protruded menacingly.

"Maybe you'd say that again, mister!" he challenged in a low, tense voice.

I paused in confusion.

"Say *what?*" I asked.

He grasped me by both shoulders.

"You know what!" he growled.

I clenched my fists and twisted free.

"Either you are mistaken," I said, "or mad, or drunk."

His left fist moved back fractionally, but I was watching it and dodged that vicious lead and sprang clear. A woman screamed loudly.

"George! George!" I heard. "Stop it!"

All this was instantaneous. My assailant was preparing to follow up his attack when the commissionaire on duty hurled himself between us.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"This man cursed me!" my assailant cried in a loud voice.

We were surrounded now by a considerable group of onlookers, reinforced from adjoining rooms. A gray-haired woman, bespectacled and fluttering like a startled hen, had her arms around the mad countryman.

"Don't notice him, sir!" Her weak eyes blinked at me pathetically. "George is funny at times!"

"Is that so?" said the sergeant, looking from face to face. "Suppose you step out for a cooler, sir?" he suggested, tapping the big man on the shoulder. "You're a bit excited like."

He turned in my direction and winked broadly. The man left without protest.

I DINED with Bazarada.

He was "on vacation" in England. He had leased a large house in Regent's Park, and had assembled there that group of remarkable followers who accompanied him in his world travels—Mahmoud, the Arab who doubled in the duties of wild-animal trainer and butler; Mammy Nono, the colored woman from Alabama who had nursed Buzzy as a baby and followed him around the world as his cook, and Laroo of the violet eyes. These were some notable members of his entourage.

It was one of those intimate dinners which I loved: just Bazarada, myself and Laroo.

For once I found myself the center of the stage. I brought red-hot news.

All the evening papers featured "Daring robbery from Burlington House"—and I had been present when that robbery took place!

Sir Osmond Brigg's exhibit, the jade serpent, had been stolen in broad daylight. A *papier-mâché* dummy had been substituted, and detected just before the room was closed. Beyond doubt I had been used to create a diversion. Vine Street police station had rung me up later that afternoon.

Laroo, very beautiful in a soft green frock which displayed her perfect shoulders, was pensive and monosyllabic throughout dinner. She disappeared immediately it was over.

"She's a bit of a hellcat, Maurice," Buzzy whispered. "I have to crack the whip at times. . . ."

We went into that long, low, oak-beamed room in which Buzzy gave those entertainments to which, during his stay in London, it was a privilege to gain admission.

He sat now behind a big Syrian writing table, which he regarded as a mascot and took with him wherever he went. As I dropped down on a settee facing him, Mahmoud entered bearing a large tray of cut glass which he put down on a coffee table. When he retired:

"The firsthand information you brought tonight," said Bazarada, "was of great personal interest."

AND as I watched him and before he spoke again, I knew intuitively that he had accepted one of those strange commissions in which it was his custom to make me his confidant.

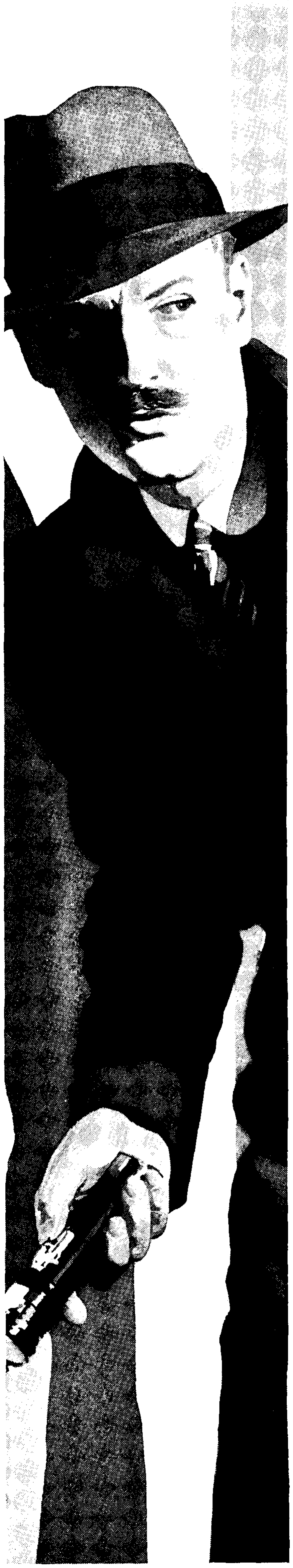
"Buzzy! You can't mean you're going to try to recover the thing for Brigg—even assuming you had any clue to the thief?"

"Read that, Maurice."

From where he sat he flicked a card across the room so that it fell face upward in my hand. These small tricks, amazing to most people, had ceased to astonish me. This is what I read:

365 Grafton Street, W. 1.
National Hospital Fund.

I am authorized to offer privately or later by public auction (proceeds to be



Descending to the second floor, we glanced over Brigg's bedroom and examined a small museum, mostly jade, which adjoined it. I was tingling with nervousness

devoted to the above) a number of autograph letters, many of them the property of Sir Osmond Brigg. Those interested in the postwar period, politically, socially or theatrically, would find interesting material here. Particulars upon application. J. J. COMPERVILLE.

I looked up to find Bazarada's disconcerting eyes fixed upon me.

"I don't recall," I said, "ever having read a thing of this kind before. Who is this man?"

"Dummy of Brigg's," Bazarada replied.

"But do I understand he is offering to sell private correspondence?"

"Undoubtedly. Of course, he doesn't intend to sell it."

"This card is addressed to Lady Mercia Glyde."

"Yes. But others have received them."

I sought to rearrange my badly muddled ideas. Sir Osmond Brigg was a big name in the city: promoter of sporting and theatrical enterprises, former member of Parliament, race-horse owner and collector of jade. His private reputation was none too good. But such an exhibition of bad taste I should not have expected even from Sir Osmond Brigg.

"That circular will be publicly disclaimed," said Bazarada, "and Comperville will conveniently drop out of the picture when the purpose behind has been achieved."

"Buzzy!" Elbows on the table, chin in hands, he was smiling at me. "What's it all about?"

The smile vanished. He regarded me grimly and said in a low voice:

"*Blackmail!*"

"What! By Brigg?"

Bazarada nodded.

"He's fighting against a final crash. A thousand dollars, this way or that, may decide the issue. I've checked up on his interests. The necklace stolen from Burlington House is covered for twice its value."

I stood up in my excitement.

"You suggest," I asked, "that he arranged this theft himself?"

"I don't. But it would serve his purpose very well if the insurance companies had to pay out. I was interviewed a few days ago by a Mr. Lawkins, of Lawkins & Lawkins, the solicitors. Scotland Yard, for whom I have acted before, as you know, had advised them to consult me."

"Who instructed them, Buzzy?"

"Lady Mercia Glyde."

"Good heaven! Princess Mercia—"

"As she was before her marriage, yes. Very ingeniously, Maurice, Sir Osmond's correspondents have been circularized by this fellow Comperville, inquiring if they have any objection to the sale. As a result of these circulars Lady Mercia instructed Messrs. Lawkins & Lawkins—"

"But"—I stared hard—"what do they want you to do?"

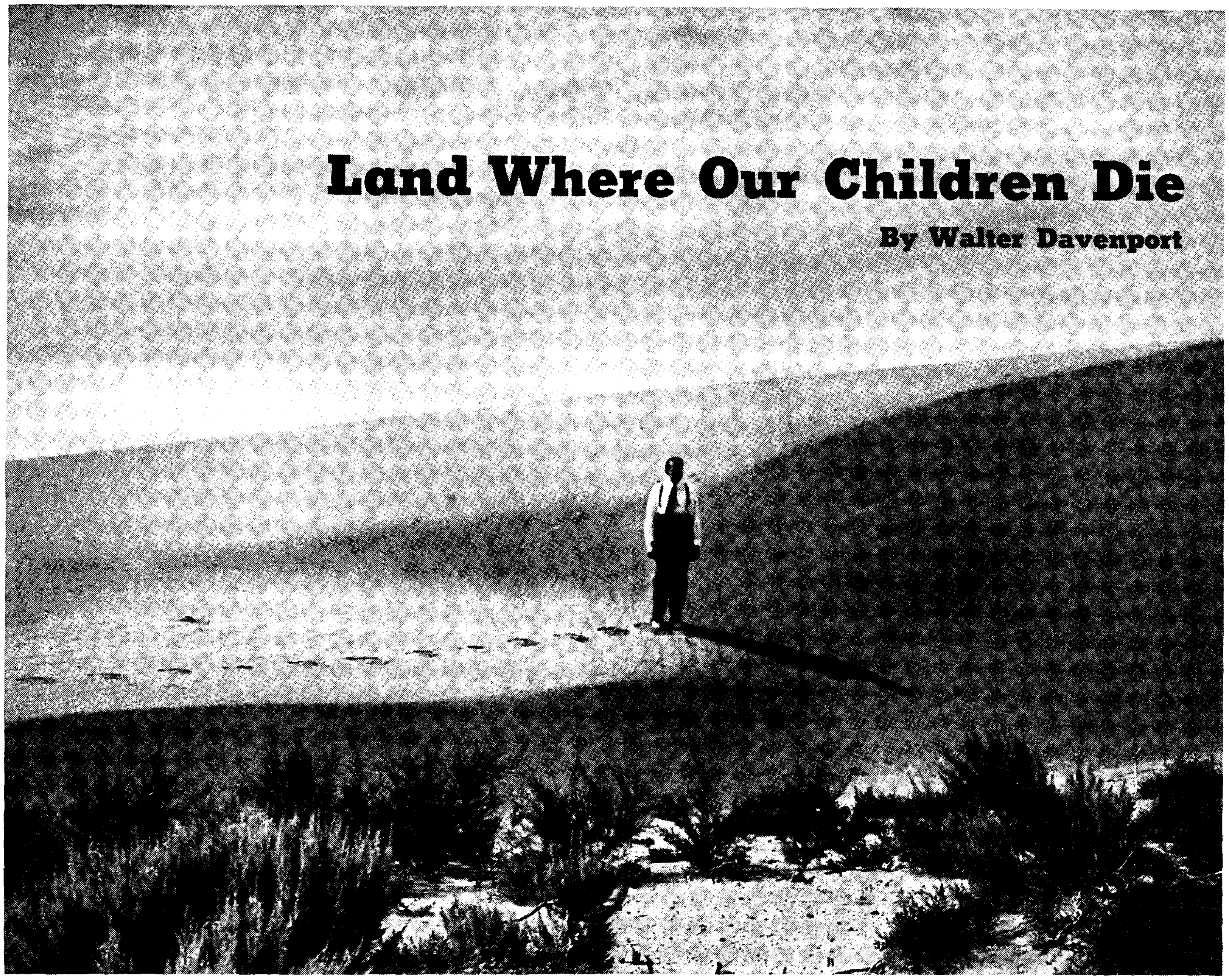
"They want me to recover Lady Mercia's letters to Sir Osmond."

The romance of Princess Mercia remained fresh in everybody's memory. Hers was one of the first democratic marriages by a member of a royal family. Young, gay and pretty, her engagement to Captain Sir Malcolm Glyde

(*Continued on page 69*)

Land Where Our Children Die

By Walter Davenport



IFOR THOMAS

A desert in which nothing can survive. This huge sandbank near LaMar, Colorado, was blown onto land that only a month before was level with the foreground

Drugstores used to run out of sedatives after a dust storm. They don't any more; they keep an extra large supply. But sedatives aren't always enough. Some minds give way permanently under the repeated strain of a world turned suddenly into a black and gritty nightmare. Then the sufferer is likely to try to fix things up with an ax. Mr. Davenport takes you to see what combined avarice, irresponsibility and greed have done to our Western plains

FORTY minutes after the dust storm hit us we were able to see the nose of our own car again. Doc said that the best thing to do after sitting out a dust storm was to eat something and drink something. It didn't matter much what you ate but the doc said that beer was the thing to drink. Beer gave dissolving battle to the dust, didn't dash with affinity swiftness into partnership, like water or milk, to make a mud which stuck to your vitals.

So we had a Poor Boy and warm beer at the Blue Ribbon, the clay-complexioned waitress, Willie May Something, explaining that the refrigerator wasn't working. The dust had got into its gadgets the day before and the only man who knew how to fix it was laid up with "dust pneumonia." A Poor Boy is a whole loaf of bread, like French bread, split lengthwise with a slab of barbecue sandwiched in.

Anyway, we ate all the Poor Boy we could and drank the warm beer. If you're a native of the Dust Bowl and resigned to the dismal things it does to you, little things like warm beer and Poor Boy are pretty minor.

The doc said he guessed he'd go no farther with us. This was his home town and our destination was Denver. When we had arrived in Denver we would have driven about six hundred miles through the Bowl. And that was plenty.

We had started out from Amarillo, Texas. We had seen pictures, still and movies, of dust storms, and we had read about them—Black Blizzards. Pictures and literature had impressed us, of course, but not too deeply. Taking beatings from outraged nature gone amok was nothing new in our life. Hadn't we bobbed around in floods which made chips of whole villages, singed our hair and fried our hide in forest fires which made charcoal of forty counties, weathered cyclones which made fine-cut of the trees we had clung to? Sure—we had boxed calamity from ocean to ocean and had begun to look upon it as a brother act. How about the day our car froze in the front yard of the Arctic Circle, the thermometer at sixty below?

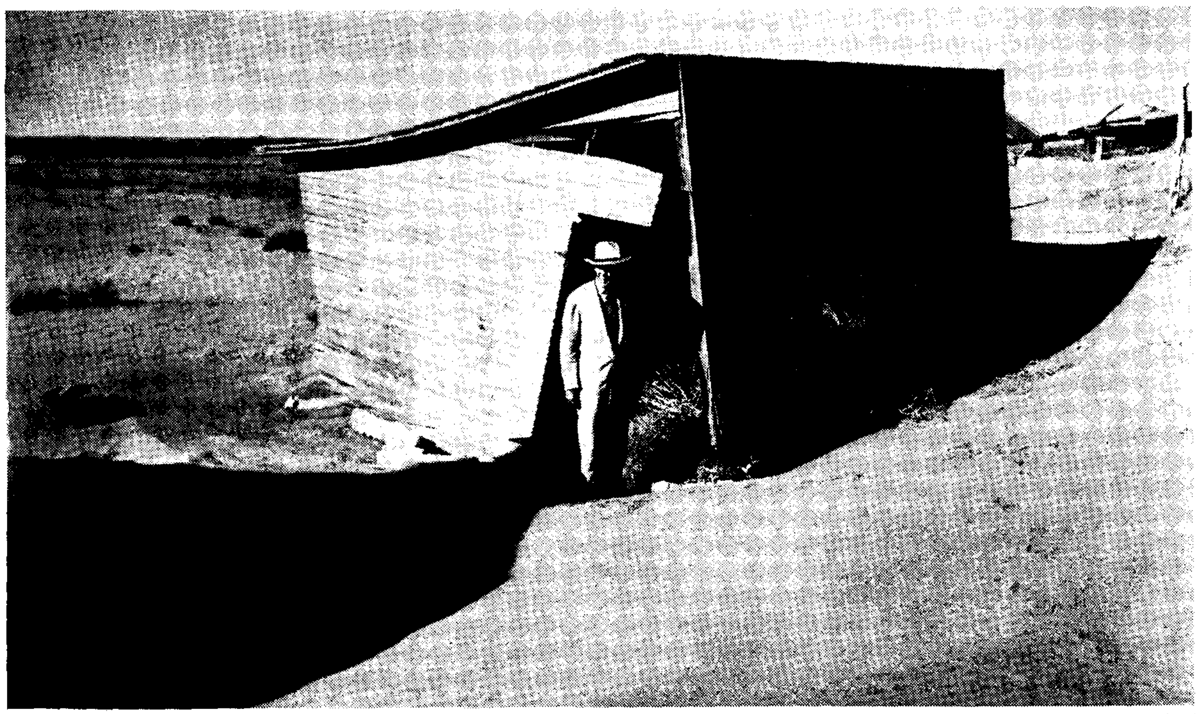
But we hadn't tasted a dust storm. We hadn't had our eyes bloodied and puffed up until they looked like dirty Brussels sprouts by a storm of emery slammed into our faces by a forty-mile gale. We hadn't inhaled a dust storm until closed nostrils forced our mouth open, after which we gulped it until we felt like old John Normans must have felt when the Indians launched him on his tortured way to Kingdom Come. The Indians pegged John Normans to the ground and slowly trickled alkali dust into his mouth—slowly so they could watch him swallow and choke until suffocation ended the fun.

We hadn't known that for two days after our first major dust storm we would be spitting red, scared to our heels because we thought it was blood. And a dust storm tastes just as bad coming up as it does going down.

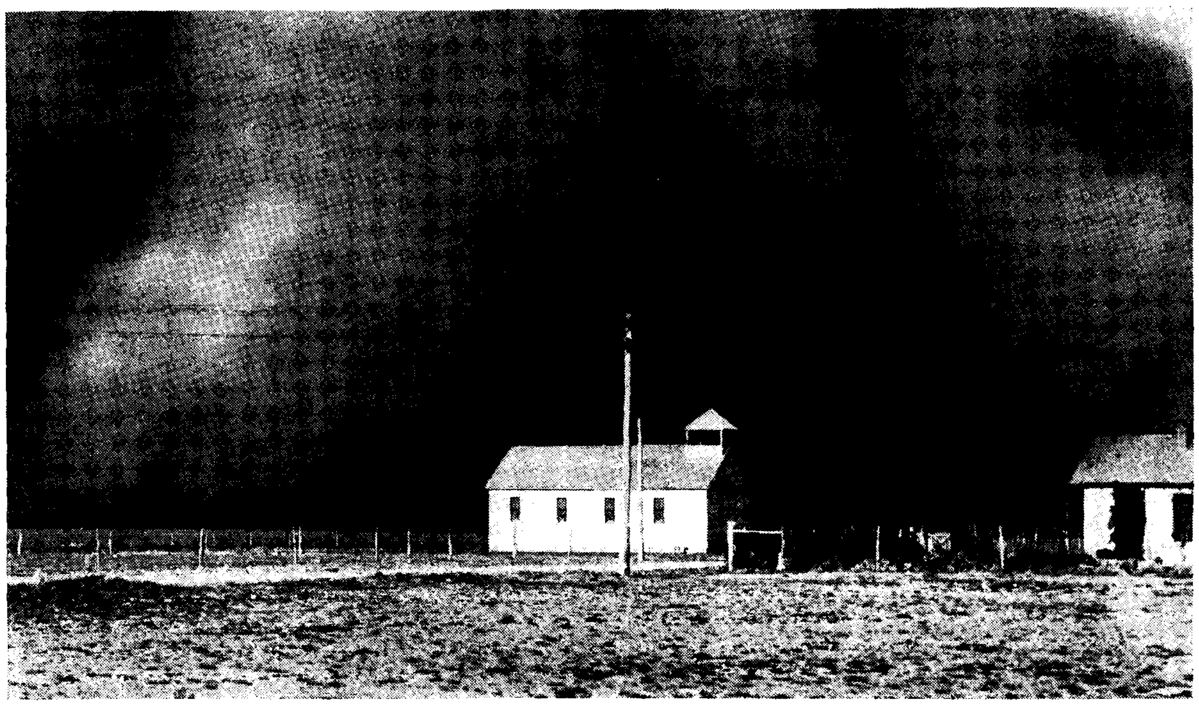
The doc, after two warm beers, said he'd let us go on without him because he was going to be busy. Other doctors told us that too. After every dust storm their telephones, like their patients, become hysterical. So do their doorbells, because much less than half the Dust Bowl farmers can afford to have telephones.

"Listen, Doctor, this here's Twell Murfick—you know, where you been comin'. It's my wife again. It's like you said—she's bad this time. We got her in her room tied up. Listen, kin you hurry?"

Or, "Doc, kin you come quick? Ackel's gone and done it this time. This here's Jere Hullomon over to Ackel's telephonin' from a fillin' station. Ackel's got



IFOR THOMAS



HEEMAN H. DAVIS

Standing before a ruined building in a ruined land is Roy I. Kimmel, whom the federal government has drafted to co-ordinate the many and sometimes conflicting agencies for relief in the dust-devastated areas. Below is a typical dust storm as it approaches Springfield, Colorado

the ax. You can hear 'em screamin'. Sure, I'll tell the police. Kin you hurry?"

Sure, the doc will be busy, like all the other doctors. The police too, and the visiting nurses, the preachers, the hospitals, the undertakers. It gets progressively worse after every dust storm, starting in March with the strong spring winds and the futile spring plowing, and carrying on through June and July until the land is as bare and hard as that table except where the dust has drifted. They've perverted Nature until she too has gone crazy. They've outraged her until she has forgotten that she's their mother. And in her mad rage she is destroying them like Ackel with his ax.

But we'll come back to all that. The story itself is a dust storm. Let's start in the clear, under the high, piercing sun which before each protesting blast from a brutalized nature, as if to warn of the terror to come, turns sullen and dull as if drugged. Let's locate ourselves before the midday darkness covers us.

The Dust Bowl lies on the knees of the Great Plains region. Roughly, its center is the hundred and three counties clustered where five states meet—Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma. There is little gained by measuring the Dust Bowl. It is larger today than it was yesterday. And it will be larger tomorrow.

Relief That Doesn't Relieve

As long as men and machines pulverize dry range land to plant wheat, the Dust Bowl will grow deeper and wider. As long as heedless greed (which will not be rewarded anyway) is pitted against the natural laws we shall have more and bigger dust storms with all their miserable train—famine, violent death, private and public futility, insanity and lost generations.

Fifty federal agencies and half that many state bureaus have puttered around the Dust Bowl for nearly four years, spending nearly three hundred million dollars to encourage hapless farmers to go on farming hardpan farms which wouldn't and don't support lizards. All that talking, dreaming, exhorting and political hookworming has bought us just more and bigger dust storms, less and lower morale and only one net gain. And that increase is in the number of acreage owners whose only possible crops are federal bounties, state subsidies, emergency legislation and an abiding conviction that it is no longer their privilege but their right to "farm the government."

We set out from Amarillo on a parched morning, the mounting sun behazed by the stinging tail of last night's dust storm. Our nerves were a bit tight, our throat was raw and our nostrils were stuffy. We were to see the wretched, naked desert the winds had left behind; the ghost villages, once the silvery ballyhoo of real-estate racketeers; the abandoned farmhouses, buried to their eaves in eddying dust; the corroded tops of farm machinery, deserted in what had been fields and now buried in sand with only levers and rods protruding from their graves, like pitiful arms thrust upward, beckoning for help.

But we left Amarillo, having seen what dust storms do to a city population. On the prairie it is a vast, unbroken wall—a black, ghostly mountain broken from its moorings and scurrying, buffeting, careening crazily along to Mahomet and you. It swallows what it meets just as water, having broken its dam, swallows the valley. And presently it disgorges you, leaving you and similar puny things collapsed and gasping in its wake.

Its rolling, blundering spree lasts just so long—until the wind it rides dies or another, fresher wind hits it head on, carrying its own dust. And then one of two things happens: either the mountains combine and wallow off in another direction or, being evenly matched, they take the easiest course, upward.

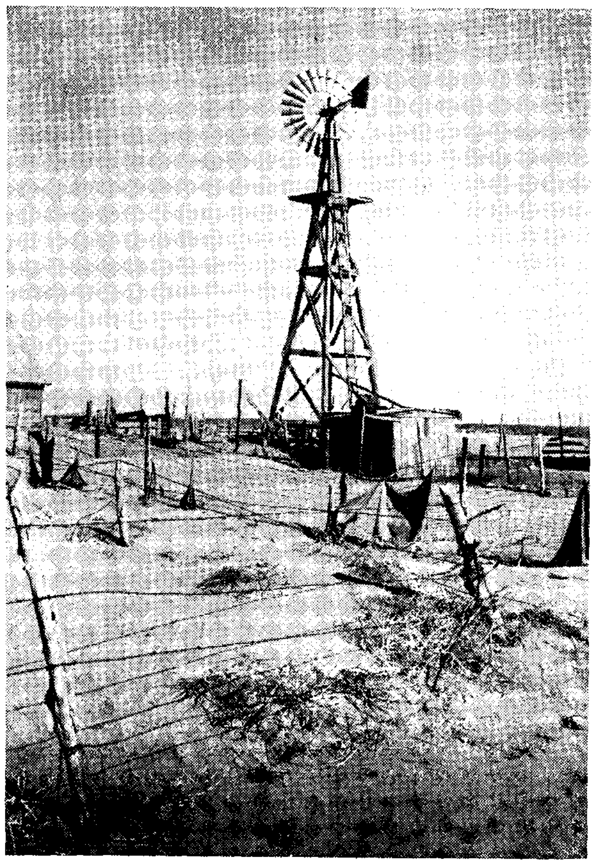
Then it seems that the earth has exploded, hurling an immense bloom of black dust into the skies. If rain falls immediately thereafter, as sometimes it does, you'll think it's raining paint. Or, if the explosion was unusually heavy, mud.

Devastation from the Sky

But where the battle of the dust winds was fought, where the wraith mountains crashed, struggled and departed to fight it out against the sky, the earth will be licked clean—as clean as a polished plate. After the mountain has run you down and passed on you'll likely find your car's carburetor filled with a gasoline porridge. Your head is aching; your throat is hamburger. It has stopped your watch. And don't polish your glasses until you've sluiced them in water; the sand will scratch the lenses. Your body will be gray, though you're buttoned to your chin. You've been sweating, you know, the temperature being a hundred or a hundred and two degrees, and the wind that carries the dust will be a dry sirocco making thirty or forty miles an hour. Where you're sweating most you'll be blackest.

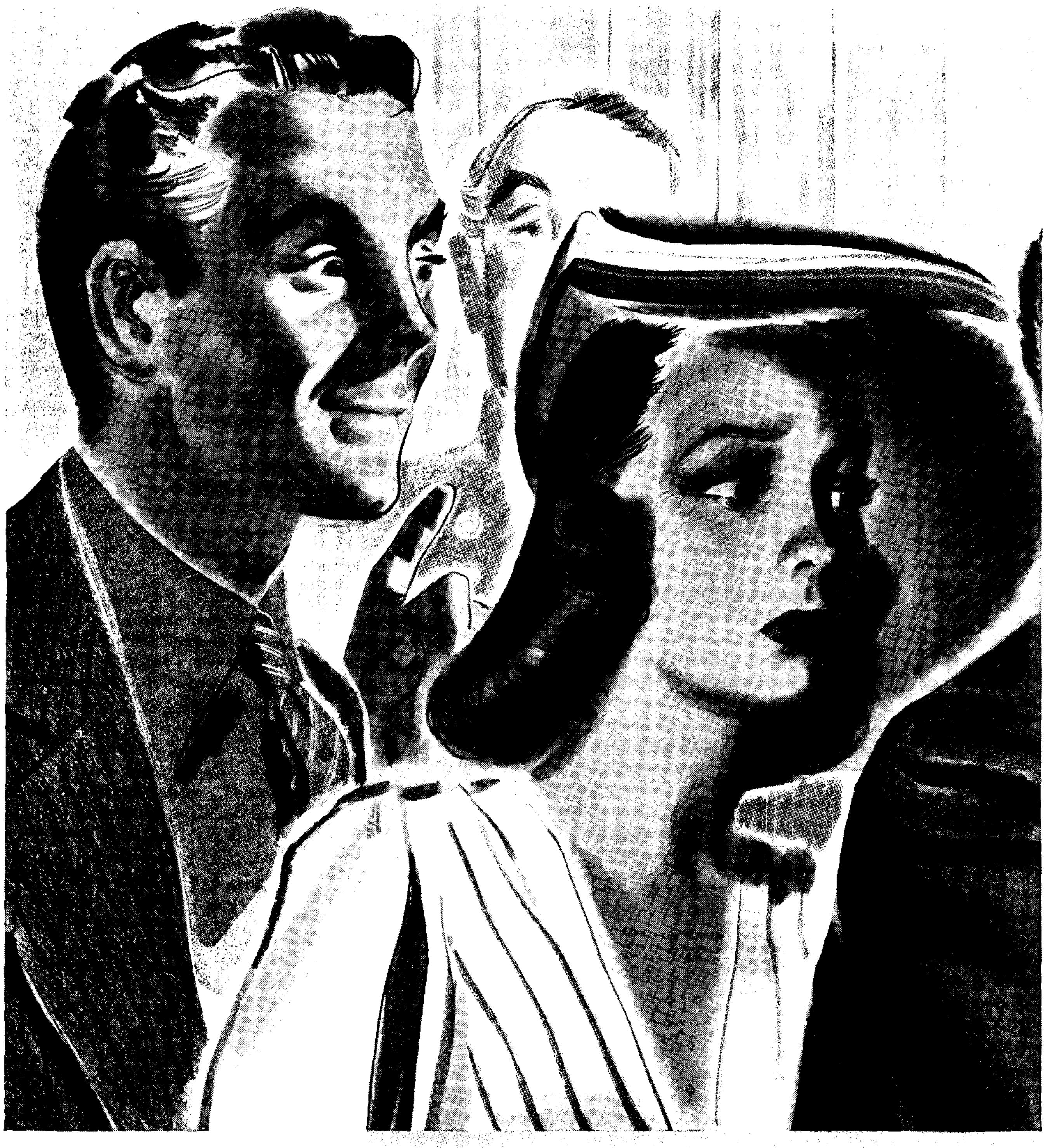
When the booming mountain bucks the city's line it splits. The crazy, strangling mass, accommodating itself to the street canyons, breaks up into columns, each taking a street and running it like Larry Kelley through a petrified backfield. Thus broken, its density is dissipated; you have a murk, a midafternoon twilight, instead of the black blizzard of the outlands. The city's work ceases as the dust surges in.

Windows crash shut. The heat becomes more oppressive. Even metal weather strips find out what it means to meet one's master. In offices the workers leave their desks. If anyone tells you he has got used to dust storms, don't believe *(Continued on page 73)*



IFOR THOMAS

This was once a garden. Note shreds of blankets that failed to save it from dust



Filing into the jury box, Reba just happened to be looking at Mrs. Valyrie Stilton Cutts. She smiled and made eyes at Floyd. "Hi-yah, Babe!" Floyd said, under his breath

The heart-rending experience of a lady juror in a man's world. A brilliant answer to cynics who claim the courtroom is no place for a really refined girl with tender feelings

Jury of Her Peers

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

ALL the girls at the store warned Reba not to get stuck with jury duty. "It's that big Valyrie Stilton Cutts murder case," Lolita said, "and *they'll shut you up for days with* a lot of men!" Maudie, who was Reba's roommate at the Y. W., told a terrible story about a girl she knew who had to *sleep practically in the same room* with three women and eight men jurors, the men separated only by a sheet curtain.

Miss Biddle, manager of the cosmetics department at The Big Store, advised Reba confidentially: "If you're drawn for the Cutts case just say you've formed an opinion. They'll put you on a shorter trial."

But Reba McMurty was just simply not that kind of girl that would tell a lie and refuse to do her sworn duty. This country would get into a pretty state if a girl of the more intelligent class, why, she just ducked aside and let the foreign element administrate justice in our courts. And as for being on a jury with men and putting up with their close contact, Reba simply did not approve of the low-minded giggly attitude that Maudie and Lolita—why, they should be ashamed of theirselves even to let on that they had that type of thought.

So Reba had borrowed Lolita's new black negligee and Maudie's swell Park Avenue copy tailored suit and had just simply gone over to the Municipal Courts building to do her duty.

Sure enough, it was the Cutts murder case, all right. The courtroom was pack-jammed with spectators and men of the newspaper profession were there in considerable profusion and one photographer snapped a flashlight picture just as Reba was being questioned. It happened so suddenly that Reba must've batted her eyes and looked just awful, though, my goodness, she usually took a good picture, having strong clear-cut features of the Joan Crawford type, kind of, except that she had a fairer skin.

Well, anyway, life is certainly full of its little surprises; who would've thought that famous criminal lawyers like Mr. Bockstein and Mr. Silbers would want a girl like she on their jury? But they did, because Reba did not lose her nerve and answered all their questions in a calm enunciation tone of voice. Mr. Crunden, the state's attorney, tried to mix Reba up by asking her if she had any objection to the death penalty, but she replied: "In certain cases it is the only way to punish certain people."

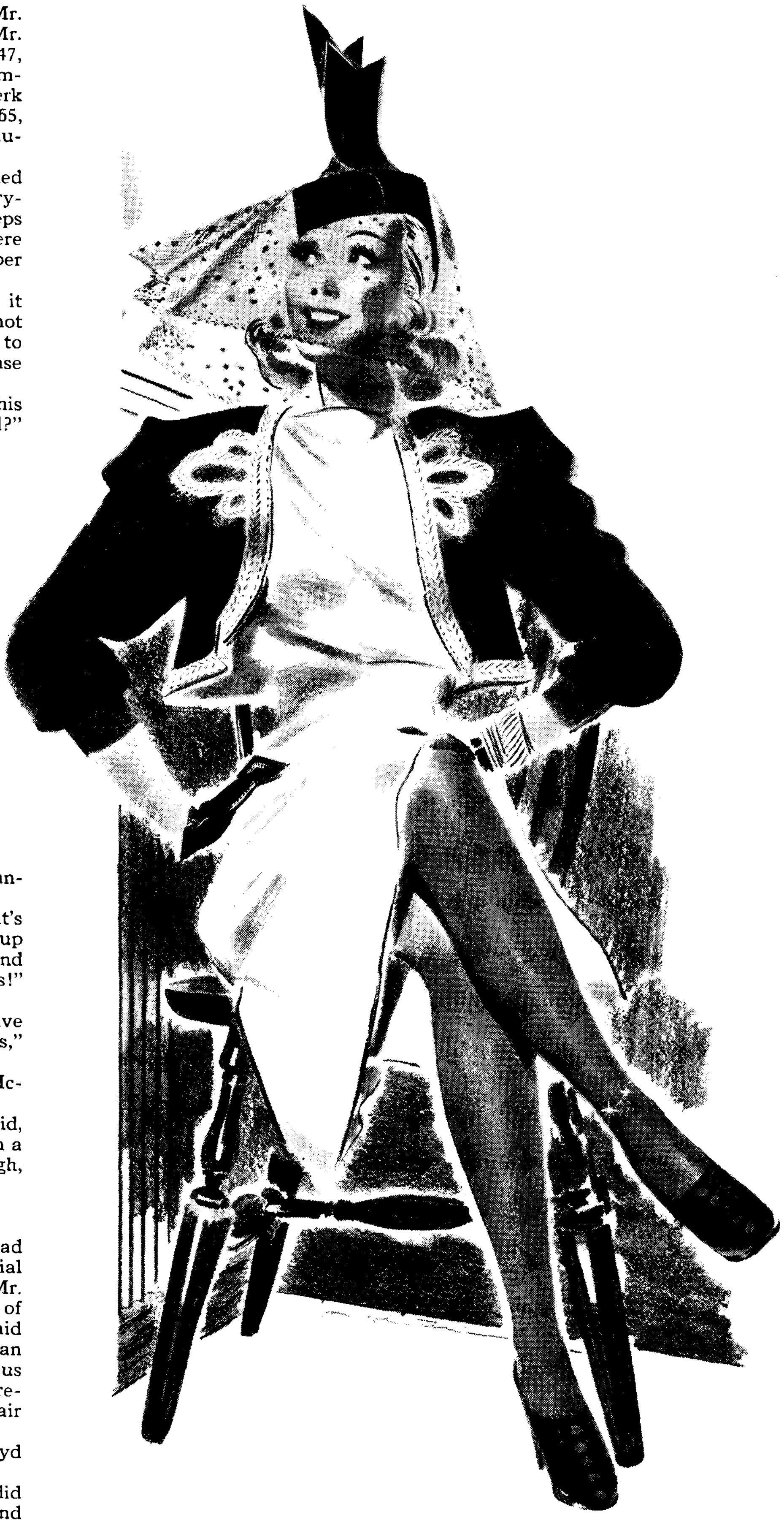
PRETTY soon, *Reba was sitting right* up in the jury box, front row, with all the other jurors. Ten of them were men and Reba was certainly glad that they had put Mrs. Lattishaw, a nice motherly old lady, on the jury with her. Because, even before the trial actually started, this young fella who sat in the chair directly behind Reba—Floyd Sommers, 26, filling-station attendant, 3841-A Pershing Boulevard—was acting up pretty gay.

This Floyd fella tickled the back of Reba's neck with a pencil rubber and whispered: "Oh, boy, am I glad *you* got on this jury!" The thing to do with a fresh fella like that is just simply ignore his advances. Then, this Floyd fella leaned over and whispered: "I like small ears and pretty hair on a girl!" He made other remarks of a complimentary *nature which Reba couldn't quite catch* because the judge, a crusty old oofty-goofty, was rapping for order and asking: "Is someone talking in the jury box?"

You would've thought that this would settle Mr. Smarty Floyd's hash, all righty, but he whispered: "I know what my verdict is gonna be—hang the judge and give the state's attorney life!" Well, this was a clever, original remark and Reba just had to giggle.

"Order!" said a bailiff.

That squelched Mr. Sommers for the



"She give me a come-on smile, with plenty of candlepower behind it"

moment and Reba had time to take a good look at Mrs. Valyrie Stilton Cutts, the young woman who had to be tried for shooting her husband.

Well, this Mrs. Valyrie Stilton Cutts surely didn't look like a member of high society, except for her clothes. The common thing was sitting there with her legs crossed and the hem of her slip showing. She was the chorus-girl type of character, like Alice Faye in the movies, but her clothes had cost plenty. She wore a swell suit, about a hundred and fifty dollars; very sheer beige stockings, four dollars; reptile shoes with genuine tortoise clasps, twenty dollars; a Suzy sailor hat of rough straw, thirty-two-fifty, and in her lap was an alligator bag with real gold clasp and initials, maybe seventy-five dollars, maybe more, you couldn't tell.

"LADIES and gentlemen of the jury," said the state's attorney, "this is the case of the People against Mrs. Valyrie Stilton Cutts, the woman you see sitting there beside Mr. Bockstein of defense counsel. I will now read the indictment—"

Reba, trying to listen carefully, thought it certainly was a peculiar way of saying that a girl had shot a fella. ". . . she did enter upon the said Cromwell Cutts and did willfully, maliciously, feloniously and with malice aforethought assail him with a deadly weapon, to wit . . ."

It seemed like, why, she shot him with a loaded gun on the night of February 21 about 1:35 A. M. and the said Cromwell Cutts did immediately thereafter die.

This Floyd fella poked Reba's neck. "I'm willing to admit the guy died," he said.

Although she shook her head and frowned, Reba could not but infer from this remark that Mr. Floyd Sommers was a pretty shrewd thinker, all righty. Reba herself had read every word of the Cutts killing in three different newspapers; she had discussed the case thoroughly with Lolita and Maudie. Mr. State's Attorney Crunden was not very bright to waste all this time. Why, the judge had to call a recess for lunch before he was halfway through telling about the shooting.

Reba and Mrs. Lattishaw were taken in charge by Mrs. Regan, the matron, and escorted to the ladies' room. There, Mrs. Lattishaw informed Reba that it was her third jury case. Mrs. Lattishaw's husband was out of work and laid up with kidney trouble; her married daughter in Quincy, Ill., had an infected wisdom tooth. Mrs. Lattishaw had voted to send a man to prison for five years for burglary, in her first case, and she had voted to acquit a certain Mr. Reeves of arson.

"Don't ask me how I'm going to vote this time, dearie," said Mrs. Lattishaw, "I really don't know. But it's certainly a blessing to have three dollars a day coming in for a while."

Reba asked just one question:

"Where—where will they make us sleep?"

Mrs. Lattishaw laughed.

"We have an adjoining room to the men, dearie. It's certainly a blessing. On my first case, we had three awful snorers!"

When Mrs. Regan and Deputy Sheriff Boelscher started to introduce Reba to the ten men jurors, this fresh Floyd fella stepped right out and said: "Oh, McMurty and I are old friends. We was in a breadline together in Syracuse!"

"We ain't acquainted at all," said Reba. "But I saw you in jail in Memphis whilst I was passing by. Remember?"

Well, that certainly held Mr. Smarty Floyd. Reba was made acquainted with Mr. Richey, 61, neighborhood bank cashier; Mr. Levy, 59, real estate; Mr. Crusett, 28, bookkeeper (married); Mr. Olderny, 42, druggist; Mr. Jones, 47, PWA foreman; Mr. Thomas, 35, unemployed; Mr. Davis, 23, shipping clerk (not married but fat); Mr. Allison, 65, retired; and Mr. Borgarias, 40, restaurant proprietor.

It was kinda exciting to be marched down the crowded corridor with everybody staring at you and down the steps outside, where Maudie and Lolita were waiting to wave, and the newspaper photographers and all.

But the best part of it was that it turned out Mr. Floyd Sommers did not truly mean to be fresh but could talk to a girl with some intelligence and a sense of humor, besides:

"Have you stopped to think that this is a little matter of life and death, kid?"

"Yeah. It kinda scares you and makes you think, don't it?"

"It sure does, McMurty. That Cromwell Cutts guy had twelve million bucks."

"Honest? The Dispatch said only eight."

"I'll settle for ten, kid! But that ain't the point. The point is—he had all that money and he's dead. Knocked off in a drunken brawl with the babe."

"Oh, was they intoxicated?"

"Stewed to the gills, both of 'em. A buddy of mine used to drive for Cutts. He had a hollow leg."

"A cripple?"

"Naw, that's a slang expression for putting it away pint after pint."

"Mr. Cutts certainly used his advantages in life—drinking alla time."

"That's the way it goes, kid. That's life. You got all the world wrapped up in a neat bundle and blooey!—a blond baby with a .38 special cuts the strings!"

Reba could not help but smile.

"You certainly got an expressive manner of saying things, Mr. Sommers," she observed.

Juror Sommers squeezed Juror McMurty's arm.

"It's a cockeyed world, kid," he said, "and a guy can't help but take it with a sense of humor. If you don't laugh, you'll cry."

"How true that is," Reba said.

IN THE restaurant where the jury had to eat all its meals, they had a special back room and a special menu. Mr. Richey, the bank cashier, was kind of appointed the foreman and he said grace. He was a kind of sweet old man and he finished off with: "And help us to weigh the evidence in this trial carefully and justly and bring us to a fair verdict with Thy guidance. Amen."

"And speed up that beefsteak," Floyd whispered.

Reba had to show Floyd that she did not approve of being sacrilegious and frowned at him.

"Excuse me," Floyd said, "I guess I talked outa turn that time."

And when Floyd saw that Reba really was shocked at his actions he had the good grace to apologize like a gentleman. A girl, why, she has to show a fella right off that some things are sacred to her and has high ideals and was brought up in a good Christian home and goes to the Senior Bible class at the Y. W. and is not against a good time but can be as merry as any nice girl, only she will not tolerate certain actions.

"You're dead right, McMurty," Floyd had the good grace to say. "A guy gets careless working around pump monkeys alla time."

So everything was okay and the jury marched back to the Municipal Courts building.

It is a funny thing about trials in court—at first, you think the State's lawyers are dead right. They make you shudder gooseflesh talking about the "deceased" and the coroner's report and the doctor's language and all. Whilst Mr. State's Attorney Crunden was telling what the State would prove Mrs. Cutts actually done, Reba just simply could not bear to look at the creature for such utter loathing.

But late in the afternoon, Mr. Bockstein got up and he said: "We shall show that this little girl is the victim of a deliberate combination of the yellow press and ambitious officeholders. We shall show that Valyrie Stilton Cutts did not shoot her husband, the late Cromwell Cutts! We shall prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that Cromwell Cutts was accidentally killed in a struggle with his wife for possession of this revolver. We shall convince you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Cutts attempted to take his life while in a fit of alcoholic melancholia; that this little girl whom the State calls a murderess risked her own life in a heroic effort to dissuade her husband from his insane act!"

Whilst Mr. Bockstein was talking, Reba took another good look at Mrs. Valyrie Stilton Cutts. She had changed her waist to a more girlish type, with a pretty ruffled collar. She did not have so much make-up on and it did not make her face look so sophisticated. And when Mr. Bockstein mentioned her husband's name, Mrs. Cutts began to cry. It kind of got you, her having to sit there and listen to Mr. Bockstein talking

(Continued on page 64)

Appointment with Death

By Agatha Christie

The Story Thus Far:

DYING, Elmer Boynton, governor of an American state, leaves his entire fortune to his widow (his second wife). From that time on, his children—Raymond, Carol and Lennox, born of his first marriage, and their half-sister Ginevra—are dependent upon Mrs. Boynton. The old woman—fat, grim-visaged, tyrannical—rules her household (which presently includes Nadine, Lennox's wife) with a rod of iron.

On Mrs. Boynton's orders, the entire family starts on a tour of the Near East. Journeying along the same route are Dr. Theodore Gerard, a noted French alienist, and Sarah King, a charming English girl. Both are struck by the very obvious unhappiness of all the Boyntons. And presently they discover the cause of that unhappiness: Mrs. Boynton was once the wardress of a prison; she is still a wardress to her children—she will tolerate no outside contacts by any of them!

In Cairo, Sarah King exchanges a few casual words with Raymond; and, unsuspected by her, the boy falls in love with her. But from that moment on, due to Mrs. Boynton's hostility, there are no further meetings. Nor will the old tyrant even permit Carol and Sarah to meet. Nevertheless, for some curious reason, Mrs. Boynton accepts the friendly advances of Mr. Cope, a dignified, middle-aged American; and he attaches himself to her party.

In Jerusalem, Gerard and Sarah go to the Solomon Hotel. The Boyntons are also there. When the Americans leave, Sarah steps up to Mrs. Boynton and gives her a brief lecture on the subject of civility. Mrs. Boynton freezes; then (not looking at Sarah, but over her shoulder) she gives utterance to a cryptic pronouncement: "I never forget. Remember that I've never forgotten anything—not an action, not a name, not a face! . . ."

Accompanied by Dr. Gerard, Lady Westholme (an English personage who is accustomed to dominate everyone about her) and Miss Amabel Pierce, an English spinster, Sarah goes to the fascinating ancient city of Petra. The first person she sees on her arrival is—*Mrs. Boynton!* An hour or so later, Raymond Boynton summons up the courage to speak to her; he tells her that he loves her: "If I pass you by or cut you," he adds—and he explains his predicament.

Sarah likes the boy. "You'll have more courage now, I am sure," she tells him.

For answer, Raymond bends, touches her hand with his lips—and strides rapidly away.

IV

SARAH went down to the big marquee. She found her three fellow travelers there. They were sitting at table, eating. The guide was explaining that there was another party here.

"They came two days ago. Go day after tomorrow. Americans. The mother, very fat, very difficult get here! Carried in chair by bearers—they say very hard work—they get very hot—yes."

Sarah gave a sudden spurt of laughter. Of course, take it properly, the whole thing was funny!

The fat dragoman looked at her gratefully. He was not finding his task too easy. Lady Westholme had contradicted him out of Baedeker three times that day and had now found fault with the type of bed provided. He was grateful to the one member of his party who seemed to be unaccountably in a good temper.

"Ha!" said Lady Westholme. "I think these people were at the Solomon. I recognized the old mother as we arrived here. I think I saw you talking to her at the hotel, Miss King."

Sarah blushed guiltily, hoping Lady Westholme had not overheard much of that conversation.

"Really, what possessed me?" she thought to herself in an agony.

In the meantime Lady Westholme had made a pronouncement.

"Not interesting people at all. Very provincial," she said.

Miss Pierce made eager, sycophantish noises and Lady Westholme embarked on a history of various interesting and prominent Americans whom she had met recently.

The weather being so unusually hot for the time of year, an early start was arranged for the morrow.

The four assembled for breakfast at six o'clock. There were no signs of any of the Boynton family. After Lady Westholme had commented unfavorably on the absence of fruit, they consumed tea, tinned milk and fried eggs in generous allowances of fat flanked by extremely salt bacon.

Then they started forth, Lady Westholme and Dr. Gerard discussing with animation on the part of the former the exact value of vitamins in diet and the proper nutrition of the working classes.

Then there was a sudden hail from the camp and they halted to allow another person to join the party. It was Mr. Jefferson Cope who hurried after them, his pleasant face flushed with the exertion of running.

"Why, if you don't mind, I'd like to join your party this morning. Good morning, Miss King. Quite a surprise meeting you and Dr. Gerard here. What do you think of it?"

He made a gesture indicating the fantastic red rocks that stretched in every direction.

"I think it's rather wonderful and just a little horrible," said Sarah. "I always thought of it as romantic and dreamlike—the 'rose-red city.' But it's much more *real* than that—it's as real as—as raw beef."

"And very much the color of it," agreed Mr. Cope.

"But it's marvelous, too," admitted Sarah.

The party began to climb. Two Bedouin guards accompanied them. Tall men, with an easy carriage, they swung upward unconcernedly in their hobnailed boots, completely foot-sure on the slippery slope. Difficulties soon began. Sarah had a good head for heights and so had Dr. Gerard. But both Mr. Cope and Lady Westholme were far from happy, and the unfortunate Miss Pierce almost had to be carried over the precipitous places, her eyes shut, her face green, while her voice rose ceaselessly in a perpetual wail:

"I never could look down places. Never—from a child."

Once she declared her intention of going back, but, on turning to face the descent, her skin assumed an even greener tinge, and she reluctantly decided that to go on was the only thing to be done.

Dr. Gerard was kind and reassuring. He went up behind her, holding his stick between her and the sheer drop like a balustrade and she confessed that the illusion of a rail did much to conquer the feeling of vertigo.

Sarah, panting a little, turned to the dragoman, Mahmoud, who in spite of his ample proportions showed no signs of distress.

"Don't you ever have trouble getting people up here?" she asked. "Elderly ones, I mean."

"Always—always we have trouble," agreed Mahmoud serenely.

"Do you always try to take them?"

Mahmoud shrugged his thick shoulders.

"They like to come. They have paid money to see these things. They wish to see them. The Bedouin guides are very clever, very sure-footed—always they manage."

They arrived at last at the summit. Sarah drew a deep breath.

ALL around and below stretched the blood-red rocks, a strange and unbelievable country unparalleled anywhere. Here in the exquisite pure morning air they stood like gods, surveying a baser world, a world of flaring violence.

Here was, as the guide told them, the "Place of Sacrifice"—the "High Place."

He showed them the trough cut in the flat rock at their feet.

Sarah strayed away from the rest, from the glib phrases that flowed so readily from the dragoman's tongue. She sat on a rock, pushed her hands through her thick black hair, and gazed down on the world at her feet.

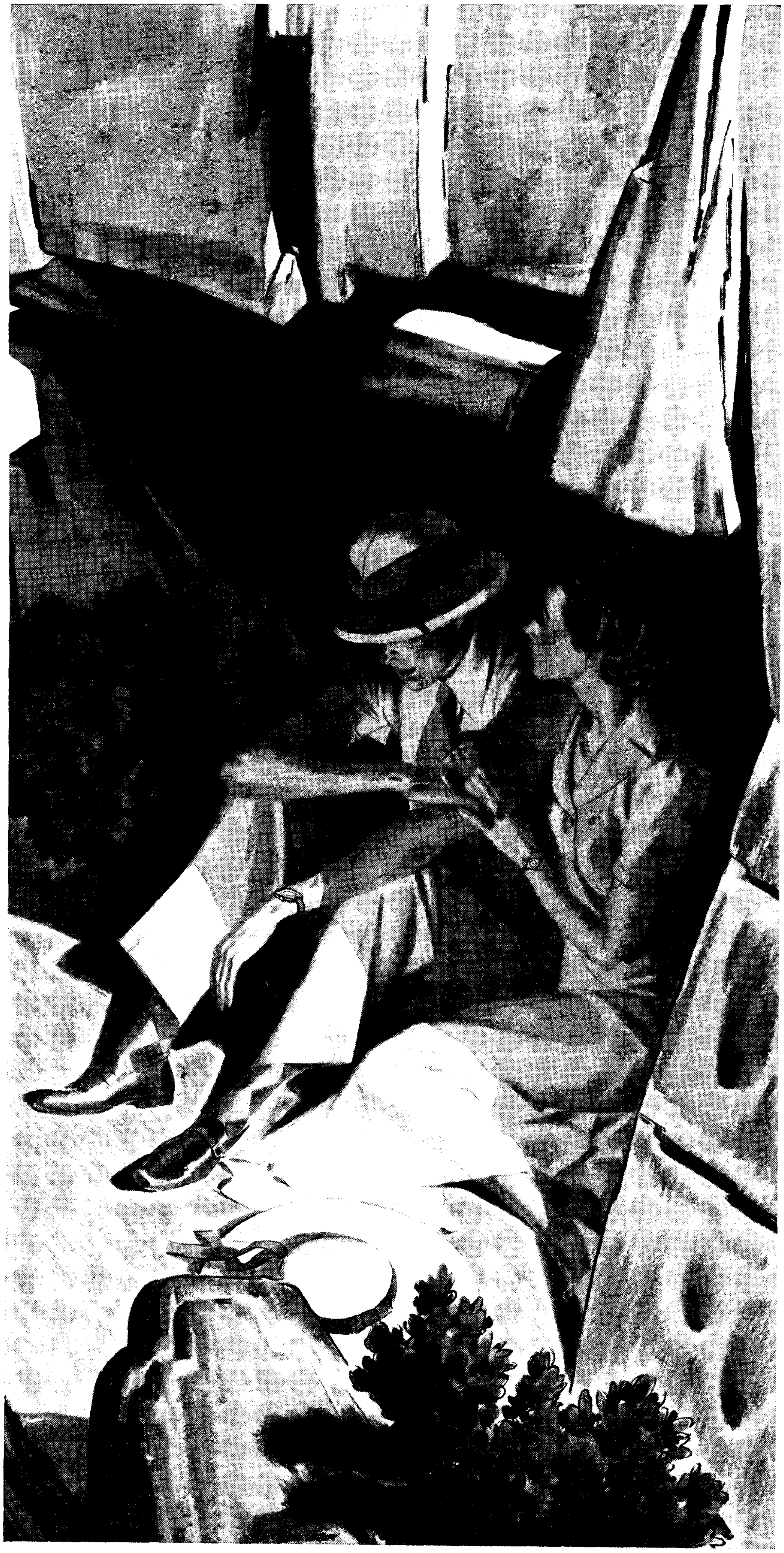
Presently she was aware of someone standing by her side. Dr. Gerard's voice said:

"You appreciate the apposition in the devil's temptation in the New Testament. Satan took Our Lord up to the summit of a mountain and showed him the world. 'All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' How much greater the temptation up on high to be a God of Material Power."

Sarah assented, but her thoughts were so clearly elsewhere that Gerard observed her in some surprise.

"You are pondering something very deeply," he said.

"Yes, I am." She turned a perplexed face to him. "It's a wonderful idea—to have a place of sacrifice up



"There's something I have to say and do," he said. "Once I've proved that I'm not a coward, then I shan't be ashamed to come to you"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

here. I think, sometimes, don't you, that a sacrifice is *necessary*. . . . I mean, one can have too much regard for life. Death isn't really so important as we make out."

"If you feel that, Miss King, you should not have adopted our profession. To us, Death is and must always be the Enemy."

Sarah shivered. "Yes, I suppose you're right. And yet, so often, death might solve a problem. It might mean, even, fuller life. . . ."

" 'It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people,' " quoted Gerard gravely.

Sarah turned a startled face on him.

"I didn't mean—"

She broke off. Jefferson Cope was approaching them.

"Now this is really a most remarkable spot," he declared. "Most remarkable, and I'm only too pleased not to have missed it. I don't mind confessing that though Mrs. Boynton is certainly a most remarkable woman—I greatly admire her pluck in being determined to come here—it does certainly complicate matters traveling with her. Her health is poor, and I suppose it naturally makes her a little inconsiderate of other people's feelings, but it does not seem to occur to her that her family might like occasionally to go on excursions without her. She's just so used to them clustering round her that I suppose she doesn't think—"

Mr. Cope broke off. His nice, kindly face looked a little disturbed and uncomfortable.

"You know," he said, "I heard a piece of information about Mrs. Boynton that disturbed me greatly."

SARAH was lost in her own thoughts again. Mr. Cope's voice just flowed pleasantly in her ears like the agreeable murmur of a remote stream, but Dr. Gerard said:

"Indeed? What was it?"

"My informant was a lady I came across in the hotel at Tiberias. It concerned a servant girl who had been in Mrs. Boynton's employ. This girl, I gather, was—had—"

Mr. Cope paused, glanced delicately at Sarah and lowered his voice: "She was going to have a child. The old lady, it seemed, discovered this but was apparently quite kind to the girl. Then a few weeks before the child was born she turned her out of the house."

Dr. Gerard's eyebrows went up. "Ah," he said reflectively.

"My informant seemed very positive of her facts. I don't know whether you agree with me, but that seems to me a very cruel and heartless thing to do. I cannot understand—"

Dr. Gerard interrupted him:

"You should try to. That incident, I have no doubt, gave Mrs. Boynton a good deal of quiet enjoyment."

Mr. Cope turned a shocked face on him.

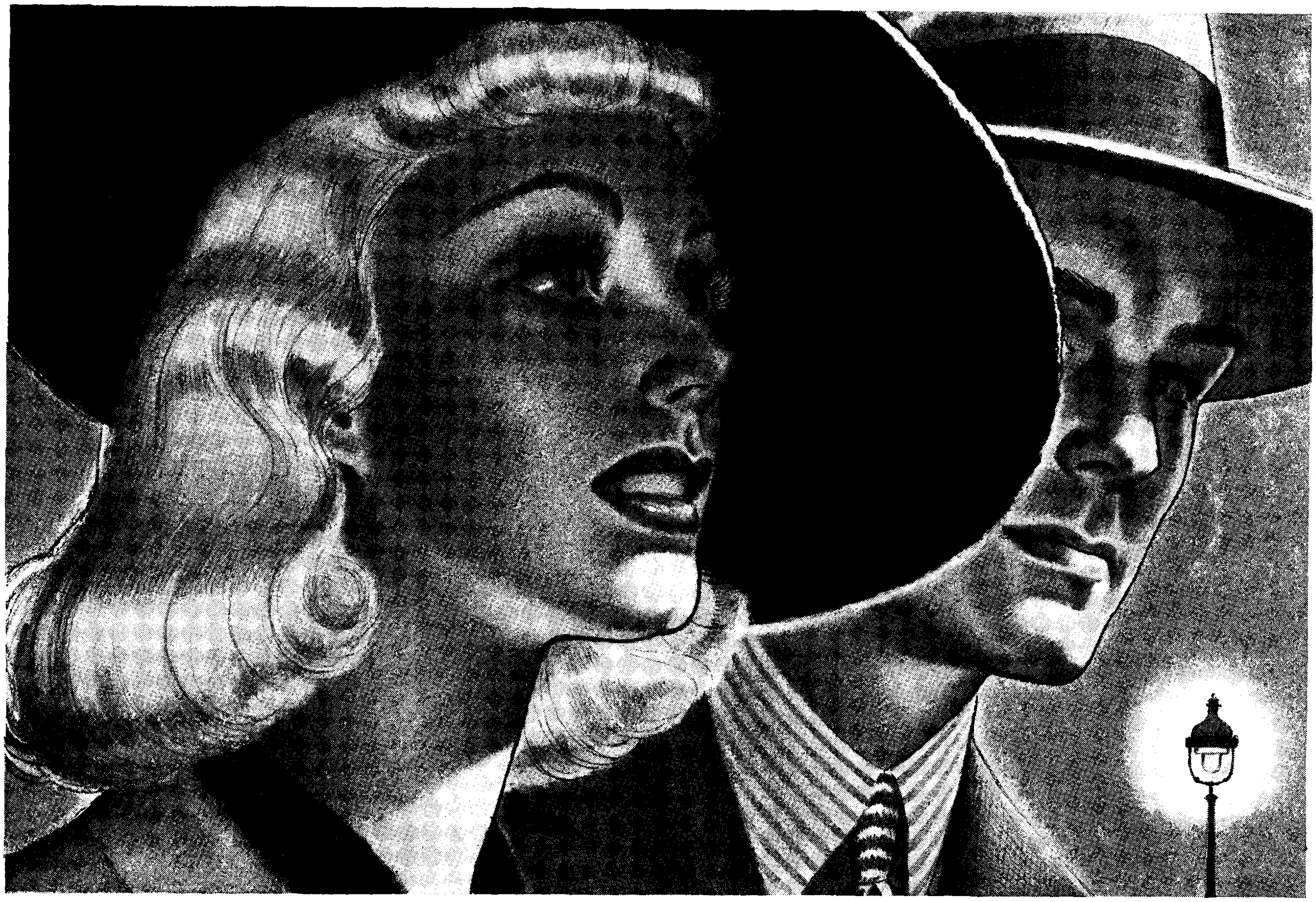
"No, sir," he said with emphasis. "That I cannot believe. Such an idea is quite inconceivable."

Softly Dr. Gerard quoted:

" 'So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun . . .' "

He broke off and said:

"My dear sir, I have made a life's study of the strange things that go on in the human mind. It is no good turning one's face only to the fairer side of life. Below the decencies and conventions of everyday life there lies a vast reservoir of strange things. There is such a thing, for instance, as delight in cruelty for its own sake. But when you have found that, there is something deeper still. The desire, profound and pitiful, to be appreciated. If that *(Continued on page 59)*



"Because of that, Peter," she said, "we cannot see each other any more. Not any more"

EARL CORDREY

Life Class

By David Hoadley Munroe

The story of a girl who placed duty before love—and the man who thought she was doing him a great injustice

IF YOU dined at the Maisonette Russe in the Rue de Verneuil during the winter of 1926-27, you will remember her—a slim girl, not very tall, with a mass of corn-colored hair and preternaturally grave, midnight-blue eyes in a white face. She sang three times every night, wandering slowly among the tables in a black taffeta dress cut well off the shoulders; and after that winter, when she was not there any more, quite a lot of people stopped going to the Maisonette.

She could not really sing. Although her speaking voice was lovely, with a soft Russian throatiness that curled around the words, warming them, she had no "voice." But the diners ceased talking the moment she appeared, and they listened in pin-dropping silence while she sang weary, sad songs, her voice low and husky, so that people cried. When she had finished you could hear the talk going about the room, of how young she was to be so sad, so serious-minded; and then she would burst into a wild, rapid, leaping song, and break off in the middle to laugh suddenly, a gay, excited laugh that filled the room with a sort of electric vitality; and Americans there would say, "Well, that's the Russian temperament for you!" and, "Why, she's really beautiful when she laughs!"

Only a few, a very few, ever guessed how hard it was for her to laugh like that, or realized that even while she was laughing she was terribly unhappy.

HER name was Nadya, and she was an aristocrat. Being an aristocrat did not matter much to her now, but it had mattered once: it had put her, in January of 1925, in a Moscow prison. Her father and mother were there too, and her mother was ill. The prison was quite clean, with a good doctor, and it had a window from which they could see a great sign that said, "Comrades! We are the builders of a new life!" But neither the sign nor the doctor nor the cleanness did her mother any good. Her mother died; and next morning, the morning of Nadya's nineteenth birthday, her father was taken out and shot. He had done many things, consciously and intentionally, against the government, so that Nadya never questioned the justice of it; but that didn't make it any easier to bear when the shots came to her faintly through the cotton she had stuffed in her ears.

For three days, not caring very much, she wondered why she was still alive. On the fourth she found out. He was a commissar, a big, bulky man named Boris Kareshenko, who had been born a peasant in the Ukraine. He told Nadya that perhaps he could get her off. He told her, looking her up and down with his black, round eyes, that if she would marry him, he would give her a divorce at the end of a year, and send her safely out of Russia. If not—he shrugged, and walked stolidly away. He was not an attractive man.

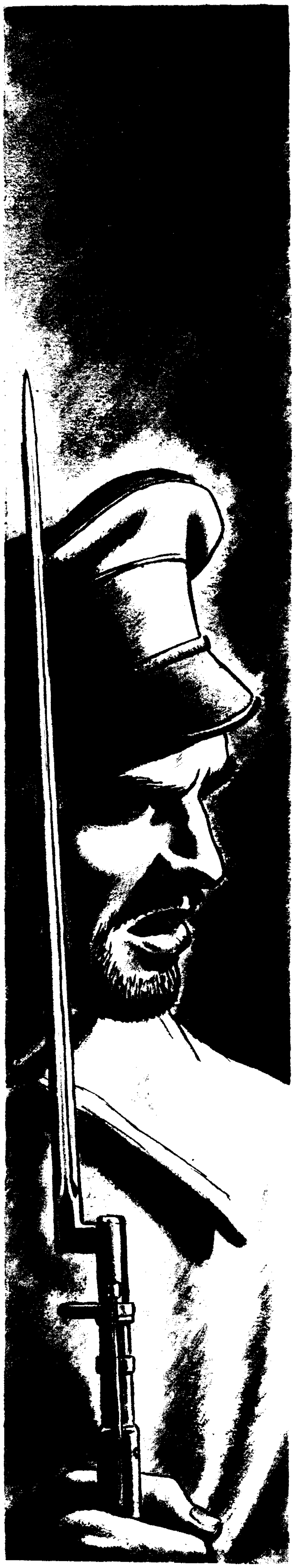
Nadya married him. She found that she didn't want to die, and it was her only chance. Also, eight years of the Revolution had made her a realist. Not bitter, she was never bitter about anything, but a realist, and very practical—so much so that she scarcely blamed Boris. In her experience men took what they wanted if they could get it; she actually felt that Boris had been, in the circumstances, remarkably generous. He could have taken her quite easily without marriage; and after all, as she said to Peter Browning in Paris, much later, no one had made Boris promise to let her go at the end of a year and certainly no one had made him keep that promise.

Because he did keep it. A month after they were married Boris' government shifted him to Soviet headquarters in Paris; he took Nadya with him and now—it was the spring of 1926—they were in process of being divorced.

PETER BROWNING, of course, blamed Boris rather thoroughly. Life had not made Peter a realist; his twenty-five years had been spent, pleasantly, in America. He was a lanky boy with a dark, quick face, and brown eyes that adored her openly, gaily. But when Nadya told him, smiling a little, that perhaps it was foolish to hate Boris so when he might have done things very much worse, his brown eyes would harden. He would stare straight in front of him, holding his black head rigid, and he would say grimly:

"Yes. He might have done any number of rotten things, some of 'em a lot worse. But that doesn't keep the thing he did do from being rotten."

"But he has been good to me," Nadya



would say gently, in her soft Russian voice. "He has—what? . . . No. I do not like being married to him. You know I do not, Peter. Never do we think the same about anything, about what should be, in the world. It is like a wall between us, always. Also, he is not to me attractive . . . But he has saved me; I am not shot. For that, I give to him a year of my life. But now—and no one makes him—he gives to me many years! Cannot you see how that is generous, Peter?"

Peter could not. He would shake his head stubbornly, and walk on very fast, so that she had to hurry to keep up; until he saw that she was smiling at him, a sober little smile, her midnight-blue eyes dark and tender. Then he would relax, and slow down, and say something that made her laugh.

"In a book," he would say, "I'd be brave. I'd take it with a smile. I'd take everything with a smile. Take that policeman with a smile, or that bridge. Come on, we're going to take that bridge with a smile!"

He could always make her laugh and she loved him for it.

"With you I am again young," she would explain to him, happily. "In your life have been no sad things. You are not afraid. You are sure we shall have happiness; you make me also sure, so I am again young. And I had thought I would not be, ever, Peter!"

She didn't really mind his hating Boris—it didn't matter. Nothing mattered now, nothing at all, because in three months—only three months!—she would be free, they'd be married, she'd be Peter's wife.

She would flush then, glancing at him a little shyly. He had wide shoulders, with big muscles in his chest, and his arms were hard. Yes. She could forgive Boris anything—but anything!

"If he had not done that which you call rotten," she would say softly, "then I am not here, alive, with you, Peter. So I think—I think I cannot hate him very much." She would press his arm against her side, and they would walk on, always keeping step, and go to dine at Michaud's, or at Armenonville. They loved Armenonville with its silver lake because it was there that he had asked her to marry him.

THEY were very happy. Too happy, Nadya told herself afterward, though she never regretted it. It was something to remember always, something that couldn't be taken away. But on a bright morning in June she and Boris met on the Pont de la Concorde, to go to the office of her *avoué* to sign papers about the divorce. She was radiant that morning with a happiness impossible to conceal; it was a delight just to move, to feel the warm strength in her arms and legs. When Boris saw her he stood heavily for a moment, and looked at her with his black, round eyes. A faint spark showed flashing in them, and died.

They met on the bridge, and walked, as no one who values life should walk, through the swirl of traffic in the Place de la Concorde.

The picture remained etched ever after in Nadya's brain. The Champs Elysées stretching away in the sunlight; ahead, the high stately line of the Crillon, then the car roaring down at them, brakes screaming, Boris' hand, rough on her shoulder, pushing her brutally, quickly, so that she landed sprawling, on hands and knees, but in safety. She remembered picking herself up and thinking, "I've torn my stocking, what will Peter say . . . ?"

Then she saw Boris. He had jumped, but not soon enough. Not far enough.

At the hospital the doctors were kind, very kind. And as doctors go, definite. Boris would live—but yes, without doubt. Three years, five years, or ten—who could say? Only—never again would he move his legs. One doctor, shrugging, to another, "Life, *mon ami?* Not life—only existence, very long, without change."

SHE was in a taxi, sliding through Neuilly. The trees were green and she was telling the driver to go slowly. It was necessary to think, because she was meeting Peter at the Ritz, in the long corridor with the gleaming mirrors. She must know, before she saw him, what she was going to say.

It didn't take her long to know. It was quite simple. Yesterday she had owed Boris nothing, nothing; but now . . . Today, for the second time, he had given her life. This time in exchange for his own.

Her chest hurt. She thought childishly, "Yes, that is my heart. I think it has cracked."

In the corridor she walked erect, her shoulders square, but her feet dragged a little. She saw Peter at the end of the long pink carpet; he was sitting in the gilt chair with the pink upholstery, his legs crossed, his black head tilted back, the way he always sat. Her face felt white and frozen, but she must smile. She must try to smile.

She never remembered what she said to him then. She knew she said it several times, because at first he could not understand what had happened, or what she said she must do. When he did understand he was angry. She had known he would be angry, and she didn't mind. A little, cool voice deep inside her said, "It is because he is so unhappy that he is angry."

"You can't do it!" Peter was saying. "I won't let you do it!" so violently that a man passing stood motionless for a startled instant, and then fought the desire to look back all the way down the corridor.

She sat very still and didn't look at him. She said wearily:

"One little push he gave me, Peter. Just one little push—so that the auto hit *him,* Peter. If he had not pushed, *I* would be there, in that hospital, with my legs—" She shivered.

"One little push!" said Peter grimly. In the extreme of his youth and his misery he was brutal. "I see. One little push—and so you're going to spend the rest of your life playing nurse to a—the rest of your life, Nadya! Have you thought of that?"

"Have I thought of that? You ask me, have I thought of that! Do you think I have not?" She closed her eyes and bent her head back. In the brightness of the corridor her throat was round and white. With her eyes closed she said:

"I wish to be your wife. I wish to live with you in your America. I wish it—you cannot know how much I wish it!" Her voice changed; it became low and tired. "But I must stay with my—husband. Sometimes you cannot do what you wish. Often you cannot. Life is like that. You are too young to know, Peter, but life is like that."

"I see. I'm too young to know—I'm five years older than you are!"

"Years? They are nothing. He has

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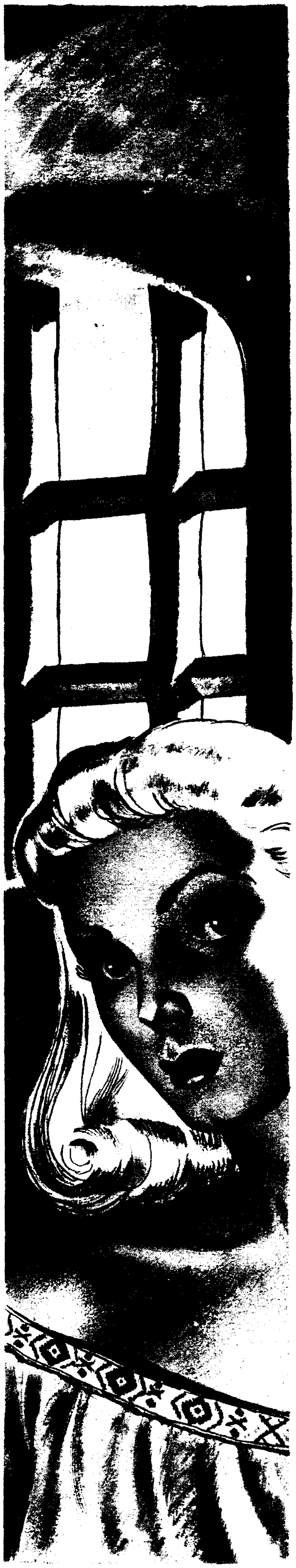

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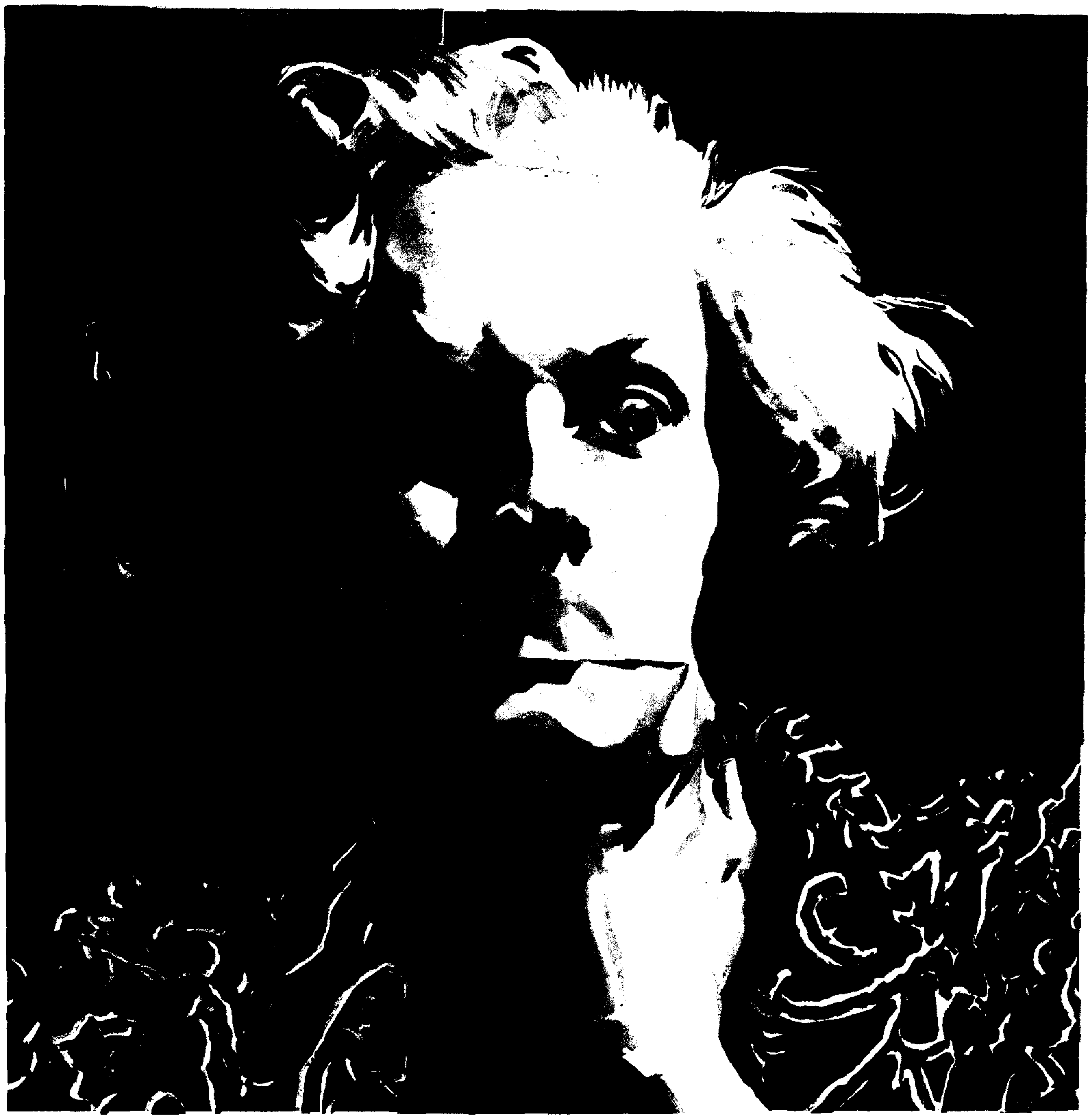


"Hate to do it, sister," he told her, "but I ain't giving you no chance to let out a yell"

Slow Music

By
Hugh MacNair Kahler

THERE were quicker ways of getting inside the building, and Lupo was in a hurry, but he believed in playing safe. He and Chink waited, therefore, in the little vestibule, pretending to be looking over the name cards above the mailboxes.

They had to wait for five minutes, maybe, but it seemed longer than that to Lupo. The old brownstone house, made over into cheap walk-up flats, held a lot of people, and all of them seemed bent on making as much noise as possible. Lupo had a sensitive ear and the noise bothered him. Loud voices, clashing crockery, radios that brayed and bleated, babies yelping spitefully, a tin-pan piano on which somebody was doggedly trying, over and over, to play Hearts and Flowers.

Just in time to save Lupo's nerves from cracking somebody opened the inner door and went on out. Chink and Lupo didn't turn their heads, but Lupo's heel moved backward and stopped the door just as its air-checked spring was shutting it.

He didn't mind the piano, now, although it was louder than ever as he climbed the steep stairs. He even grinned as he passed the third-floor flat where it was loudest. It might help a lot to have plenty of noise right there for the next few minutes.

There was only one flat on the fourth floor. Lupo guessed that the heat was the reason why the door stood wide open.

He slid past it quickly. Chink, a step behind him, shut it. A girl in a thin print dress was busy in a cupboard kitchenette, her back to the door. The thump of the piano downstairs covered any sound that Lupo's feet might have made. He was close behind the girl when she turned.

"Quiet, sister."

Lupo spoke just loudly enough to make himself audible above the racket.

"Don't worry. You ain't gonna get hurt."

He gave her time to begin hoping that maybe he meant that.

"Not if you play ball," he said. "All you got to do is tell us where we can find Joe Mahan."

She shook her head. "I don't know. And if I did I wouldn't tell you."

Lupo laughed. He fumbled in his pocket and brought out a little pearl-handled penknife. It looked innocent enough until he touched a spring and a long, slim blade slid out at one end of it.

"It's no use trying to scare me." The girl's voice shook a little. "Even if I knew where to find Joe I'd be killed before I'd tell you."

"Oh, we wouldn't do nothing like that, sister." Lupo gave her time, again, to begin hoping. He kept on playing with the knife, though. "Why, it wouldn't come close to killing you if we took off every finger you got, and I bet you'll be talking before we even start working on the second one."

HE COULD see that she knew he meant it, but she shook her head again.

"I don't know, I tell you."

"Okay. Slap the plaster on her mouth, Chink."

Chink took a wide strip of adhesive from his pocket. He flattened it on the table to rip off its protecting sheet of gauze. Lupo saw him bend forward suddenly and snatch up a pad that lay beside the telephone. He straightened, grinning.

"No use wasting no more time on the dame, Lupo." He crossed the room, holding out the pad for Lupo to see. "Richland 4900. That's the Rockland Apartments, where Rosie Quinn used to live. And 22-B is where we'll find Mahan. Le's go."

"He isn't there! He—" the girl's voice stopped suddenly. Chink laughed.

"What'd I tell you, Lupo. If Mahan wasn't there she'd be trying to tell us he was. All we got to do is ring the number and—"

"And if Mahan's there we tip him off. It's a cinch there ain't many people know where to call him. The dame might be the only one. And we can't take no chances. Come over here and watch her a minute."

He gave Chink the little knife and went to the telephone, spun the dial.

"Tony? Listen. Take the boys and beat it over to the Rockland. I got a hunch Mahan's there. If he is he'll be coming out on the run in about five minutes, so make it snappy. If he shows up, take care of him and call me back, River 5656, as quick as you can. If he don't show up in five minutes after you get there, leave the boys on the job and gimme a ring."

HE HUNG up. The girl's face, drawn and desperate, told him that he'd guessed right. He took up the strip of adhesive from the table and plastered it tightly over her set mouth.

"Hate to do it, sister, but I ain't giving you no chance to let out a yell while I'm talking to your boy friend. And anyhow"—he chuckled—"you only got to stand it a little while."

He sprawled comfortably on the box couch, keeping an eye on his watch. He always got a kick out of being clever. He was so pleased with himself that he hardly minded the sticky, stifling heat or the smells or the steady, pounding racket downstairs. The five minutes didn't seem long. He went back to the telephone, spun the dial.

"Rockland? Gimme 22-B. Hello." He twisted his head to nod at Chink as Mahan's voice answered him. He disguised his own as much as he could: "Mr. Mahan? Listen. A lady just got hit by a taxi out front of my store, down here at Sixth and Market. Only stayed conscious long enough to gimme your number and ast me to let you know. They took her to the Mercy Hospital."

He hung up and grinned at the girl. "Cheer up, sister. It won't be long now."

He watched the time. Three minutes. Four. The piano was making a lot of noise. So much noise that Lupo hadn't heard a footstep in the hall when the door swung open. He stared, open-mouthed, at red, grinning faces, blue uniforms, the wide, round, open mouths of guns.

"Hold it." The big voice was genial but convincing. Lupo held it. Steel shut on his wrists. The voice went on, cheerfully sympathetic.

"Pretty tough, Lupo. But you ast for it. What's the matter with your brains, Lupo, and your ears? Don't you hear that lad murdering the piano downstairs? Or didn't it strike you that Joe Mahan might've been up here and had to listen to him? So many times that when you called him up, with that racket so close to the phone that he couldn't help hearing it, you might just as well've come right out and told him your mob was outside the Rockland, waiting f'r him, and you was right here, waiting f'r"—the big voice chuckled affably—"waiting f'r us."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Kid Glover

By Quentin Reynolds

IFOR THOMAS

Bob Pastor, whose main aim in life is another chance at Champion Joe Louis

"Will I beat him? . . . I'll knock him out!" Bob Pastor speaking, and of course he's speaking about Joe Louis. And if you listen to young Bob long enough you may find yourself agreeing with him

YOU could look up through the pale white lights that bathed the ring and you could see the dark blue canopy of the sky. It looked as though someone had carelessly thrown a handful of golden dust up there and specks of it had stuck to the blue. It looked calm and cool up there but you had to bring your eyes back to what was happening in the ring.

"Box him, Jim, box him," the kid sitting next to me was saying to himself, thinking out loud.

Louis shuffled in, his rather bovine eyes without expression, his heavy leather-encased hands darting almost mechanically against Braddock's face. Braddock's head was lowered a bit and a shock of black hair dropped over his right eye every time one of Louis' blows landed. It couldn't hide the ugly open cut over the eye, though. Braddock's face by now looked like a stretch of bad road. A tooth had come through his upper lip but Braddock probably felt no pain. Braddock is a man without fear, with a heart so big that it refuses to acknowledge the existence of pain. Jim's big heart kept telling him mistakenly, "Go after this bum, you can beat him." He kept on after Louis, throwing wild, creaky right hands that left him wide open for Joe's sharp, short, cruelly effective punches.

"Don't mix with him, Jim," the kid next to me pleaded. "Box him; stay away and watch his left."

The Wrong Way to Fight Joe Louis

But Braddock knew only one way to fight that night. No fancy stuff for Braddock. He smiled lopsidedly and kept boring in and methodically Louis destroyed him. Bit by bit, as a woodsman cuts down and destroys a huge tree, Louis destroyed Braddock. Each punch shook Braddock and dulled another nerve or paralyzed another muscle. You can't knock out the Braddocks of this world with one punch, any more than you can chop down a tree with one blow of an ax. Finally, in the eighth round, Braddock began to quiver. One terrific stroke of the ax—it was that devilish left hook—and Braddock swayed desperately trying to keep his feet. He started to topple. Then with casual cruelty Lewis smashed him with a right hand and Braddock fell.

Louis walked to a neutral corner, but we were all looking at Braddock lying there shapelessly on the canvas. He looked like a tent that had blown down in a heavy wind. There was no movement and apparently no life in him as he lay there, his head twisted grotesquely to one side and one leg half doubled under him. They picked him up and where his head had been there was a dark, widening stain.

"Why did he fight like that? I tried to tell him how to beat Louis." The kid was puzzled. There was no sympathy for Braddock in his face or in his voice because, like Braddock, the kid was a fighter and broken lopsided faces and dark splotches on white canvas are merely incidents in the trade of fighting, to fighting men; not things that sicken you a little and make you feel a little disgusted with yourself because you have been watching the spectacle.

"Braddock should have boxed him, circled him and kept him from getting set with that left," the kid said. The kid was Bob Pastor and he knows quite a lot about Louis. He went ten rounds with him without getting his hair mussed.

A Prophecy from Mr. Pastor

So we all walked out of Comiskey Park, some 65,000 of us, and nobody was talking much because we were all thinking of Jim and we were thinking of the brave fight he had put up, brave despite the fact that it was a stupid fight. It was stupid because Braddock didn't have much in the way of natural offensive weapons nor did he have much in the way of defensive armor. What he had of each he didn't use intelligently. He has a nice left hand and he has a knack of holding his right hand high, which makes it hard for anyone to find his chin. But against Louis he just waded in throwing wild right-hand punches and though your heart warmed to him your judgment told you that it was a foolish thing to do. We were thinking of these things as we filed out of the ball park where the fight was held.

On the train going back to New York that night nobody talked about anything much except the fight. We were playing poker in the club car and Pastor kibitzed. He sat there eating pastrami sandwiches with onions and he talked about Louis.

"I'll beat that guy the next time we meet," he said calmly. "I'll beat him sure."

Mark Hellinger, the writing man, laid down three aces and said, "With what?"

Pastor held up his right hand. He clenched his fist and said, "I'll beat him with that. I would have beat him last time but I had a bad leg."

Ham Fisher, who draws the cartoon strip Joe Palooka, said dryly, "For a guy with a bum leg you did a lot of good running in that fight with Louis."

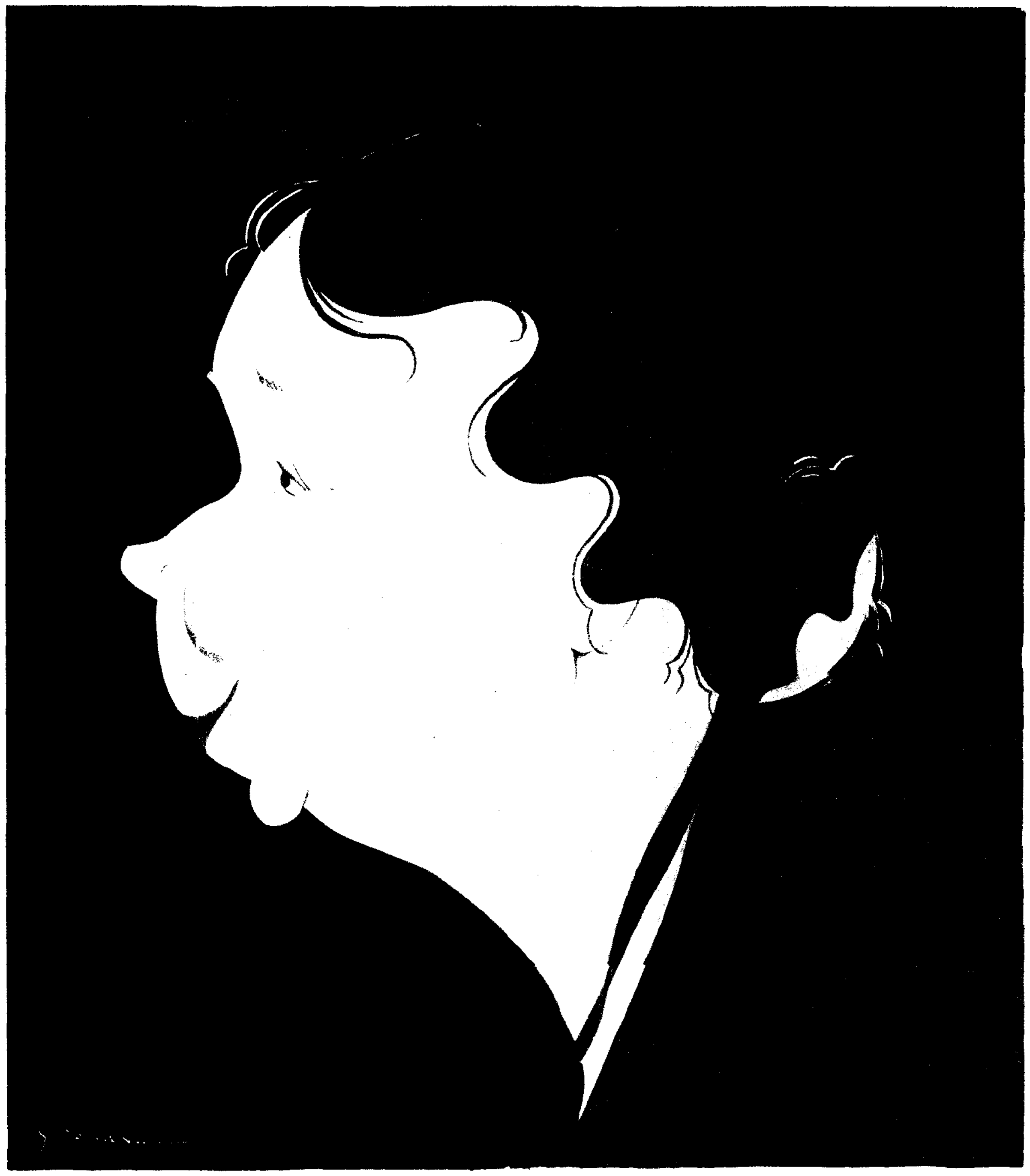
"I had to run," Pastor said. "Pop made me run. After the fifth round I knew I could beat Louis. I pleaded with Pop: 'Let me go after that bum.' Pop said, 'If you do, I'll kill you. I told you how to fight him. Do what I told you.' "

(Continued on page 58)

THE WOMAN WHO HOLDS HER TONGUE

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Mrs. Hattie Caraway, of Arkansas, is the only woman ever elected to the United States Senate

SLOWLY and somewhat painfully, Mrs. Hattie Caraway, senator from Arkansas, has emerged, finally winning acceptance by male colleagues as a human being in her own right, amply endowed with brains and good, hard common sense, and actually possessed of a mind, courage and convictions. A change indeed from earlier days, when the men favored the Little Lady with condescending smiles, and urged her not to bother her head with dull public questions, as they would tell her exactly how to vote.

A pretty difficult hurdle to get over, for, no matter how big and broad he may pretend to be, deep down in his heart the average male cherishes the intense conviction that woman's place is in the home. Moreover, there was no doubt at all that when the governor of Arkansas appointed her to fill out her husband's unexpired term, it was intended as nothing more than a chivalric gesture.

Even so, she was overcoming these handicaps and gaining credit for doing a good job, but before the new attitude had a chance to jell, Fate came along with a push in the face, sending her back right where she started. With Mrs. Caraway running for a full six-year term in 1932, none other than Huey Long bounded forward as her champion, staging a whirlwind campaign in her behalf that covered Arkansas from border to border.

"So!" exclaimed senators, press and public. "That's the way it is. Just Huey's echo. A poor, bewildered woman who's handing him her vote in return for his support."

"Nothing was ever farther from the truth." Leaning back in her office chair, Mrs. Caraway discussed the matter with the frankness that characterizes all of her conversations. "Why, right up to the day he made his offer, I hardly knew him. Of course, sitting side by side as we did in the Senate, we talked back and forth, and I always made it a point to be polite and pleasant, but I don't think we ever mentioned votes or issues. As I remember it, he did most of the talking, but, pshaw," and the round, happy face crinkled into a smile, "what man doesn't?

"So far from expecting it, I was struck all in a heap when he came over one morning and said he wanted to help me in my fight for re-election. To tell the honest truth, I was a good deal embarrassed, for, while the proposition had assets, it was not without its liabilities. And when I did decide to accept, I made up my mind to leave no room for future misunderstandings. I told him straight out that it must be *my* campaign, not his, and that I wouldn't stand for attacks on his personal enemies. I hate name-calling. I also made it clear that I meant to run on my record. Another thing I hate," and the black eyes snapped, "is sloppy sentimentality. On top of everything, I let him know that he was barking up the wrong tree if he thought he was going to give orders in event of my election.

" 'Mr. Long,' I said, looking him squarely in the eye, 'I wouldn't give a dime for my seat in the Senate if I couldn't vote according to my convictions and my conscience.'

"Well, he threw back his head and gave that big laugh and said that anyone with my splendid intelligence was bound to think like he did in the long run. So down into Arkansas he boomed with his sound trucks, his Bible and his gargles, and in the course of nine red-hot days he made exactly thirty-nine speeches in thirty counties. Talk about energy!" She shook her head in amazement at the memory. "Why, the man was a study in perpetual motion. I reckon the thing that helped him stand it was a regular gift for going to sleep in the front seat between speeches."

"And did he ever try to control your vote after the election?"

"Never. Just once he asked me to vote with him, and I don't mind telling you that I was mighty sorry not to be able to oblige." Mrs. Caraway's voice left no doubt as to the sincerity of her regret. "When we were having the fight over the World Court, he leaned across one day and wanted to know if I'd join with him in voting against it. I told him right out I couldn't, for, while I didn't have any great hopes of the Court, at least it was a move in the direction of world peace."

"Did he seem angry or put out?"

"Not at all. Just grinned, flipped his hand and said oke or something like that. Yes, indeed," and the soft Southern voice took on a wistful note, "there was a lot in Huey Long you couldn't help liking. He may have needed spanking sometimes, but under his flamboyancy were some mighty fine, generous human qualities."

Strangely enough, although Mrs. Caraway is America's one woman senator, and the only member of her sex ever to be elected to that august body in her own right, she was never a feminist nor even an active worker for equal suffrage. It is also a matter of record that when she came to Washington in 1921, brilliant Thaddeus Caraway having been sent to the Senate by the Democrats of Arkansas, she kept to her home, taking small part in the political and social whirl of the capital, and actually going as far as to deny clubs the benefit of her views on Nobler Thinking and the Higher Life.

"Not that I was against women getting the vote." Mrs. Caraway leaned across her desk to make this point clear. "Looking after a husband and raising a family left me mighty little time for anything else, especially as there were a good many years both in Jonesboro and Washington when I did all my own work. After equal suffrage I just added voting to cooking and sewing and other household duties. Of course," she laughed indulgently, "living in Arkansas helped a lot, for down there we don't have to bother about making a choice between two parties."

Even without her own confession of domestic tastes, Mrs. Caraway would stand convicted on the strength of her looks: Graying hair, parted in the middle and drawn back into a plain knot; a figure that scientific diet has never cabined, cribbed or confined; comfortable, roomy clothes, and a sense of complete capability, joined to an air of invincible placidity. While talking with her—as nice a way to pass an hour as could be imagined—one expects her to start shelling peas at any moment, or else ask judgment on a batch of bread.

Be not deceived, however. Ask any senator, and he'll tell you that Mrs. Caraway is in the first flight when it comes to a keen and comprehensive grasp of every public question. As a matter of fact, she understands "burning issues" a *(Continued on page 55)*

"THE NEW 60-HORSEPOWER FORD V-8 COMMERCIAL CARS ENABLE DRY CLEANERS TO CUT DELIVERY COSTS"

AN
EVENING FROCK
OR A
LOAD OF ROCK

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These two cases illustrate why Ford offers a choice of two engine sizes. Every type in the Ford V-8 Truck and Commercial Car line is available with the economical 85-horsepower V-8 engine. In addition, every type commonly used for light delivery service is available with the thrifty new 60-horsepower V-8. With these two engines and the wide choice of wheelbases and body types, Ford offers the equipment that will do your job at low cost. Ask your Ford dealer for an "on-the-job" test under your own operating conditions.

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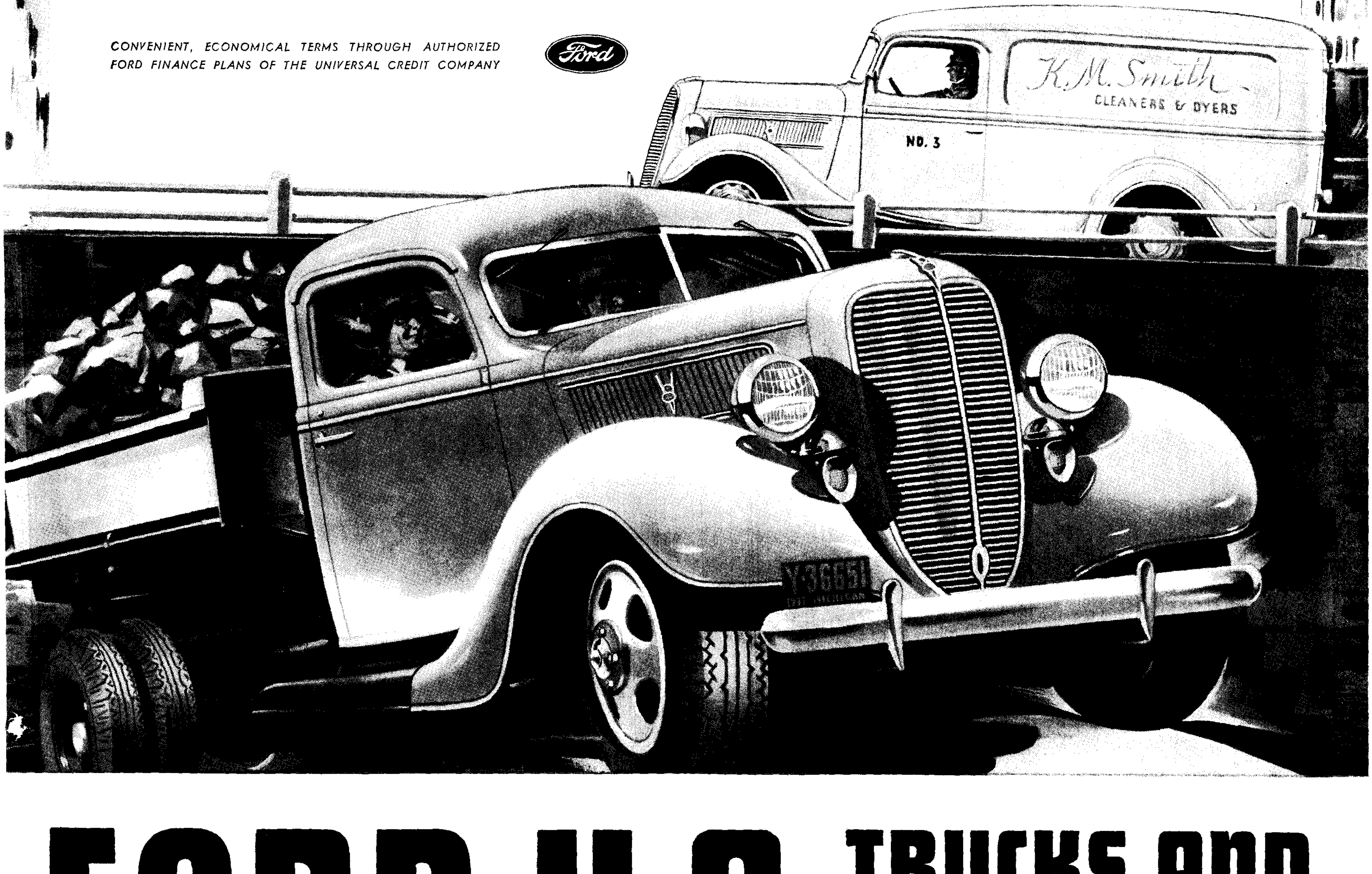

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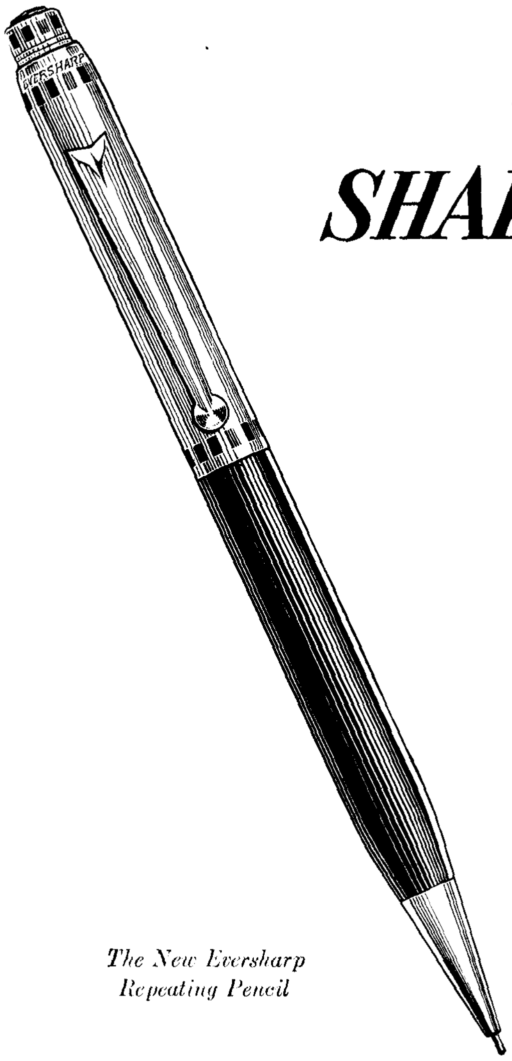
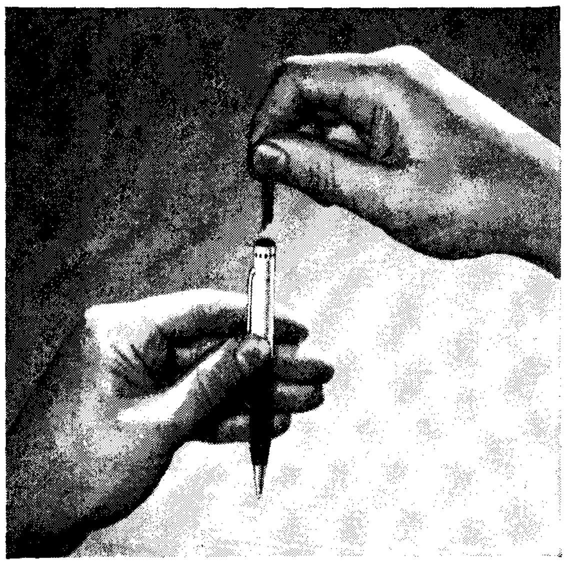


The New Eversharp Repeating Pencil

1 Click!—To keep a new-sharpened point, just press the top of this new Eversharp Repeating Pencil and a new point appears—of just the right writing length. When you want to put the point back, press the top and push back the lead.

2 Click!—When one lead is used up, you don't need to refill. Just press the top again and a new lead appears. It feeds leads continuously—like a machine gun—and it holds so many that you need reload it only twice a year!



3 Just drop 'em in!—Reloading this new Eversharp Repeating Pencil is as simple as dropping sugar in your coffee! Refill it in half a minute—and it writes for half a year. For a new point or a new lead—just press the top!

EVERSHARP
SQUARE LEADS
FIT ALL PENCILS
MEDIUM
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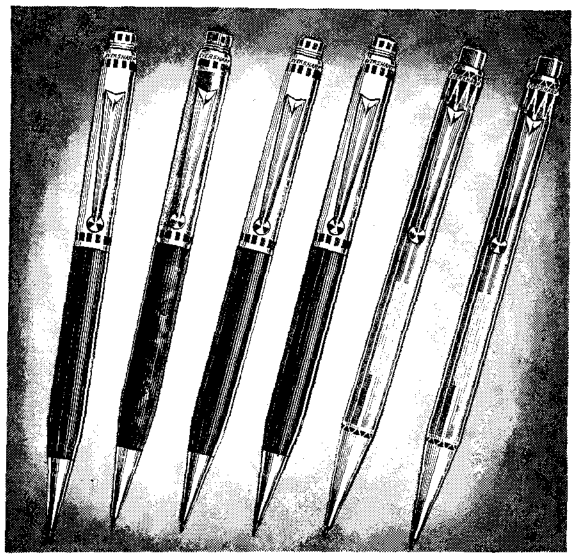
4 Takes Eversharp square lead—the lead that can't slip or twist. The lead that's stronger and tighter-fitting. The lead that writes smoother, blacker and—because of its square shape—*keeps a keener point*. Ask for the "Red Top" package.



5 Six models to choose from!—And when you see them, we think you'll agree that the new Eversharp Repeating Pencil is the *handsomest* as well as the handiest pencil you ever saw—see them today, at your Eversharp dealer's.

6 Handy as an extra hand!—Try the new Eversharp Repeating Pencil when one hand is busy with a 'phone and see! You'll be delighted! Black pyralin and rhodium, $2 (black with green pearl, $2.50); black or dubonnet pyralin and gold-filled, $3.50; full length gold-filled with black or dubonnet pyralin trim, $5. Made only by The Wahl Company, Chicago, U.S.A.

THE NEW EVERSHARP Repeating PENCIL

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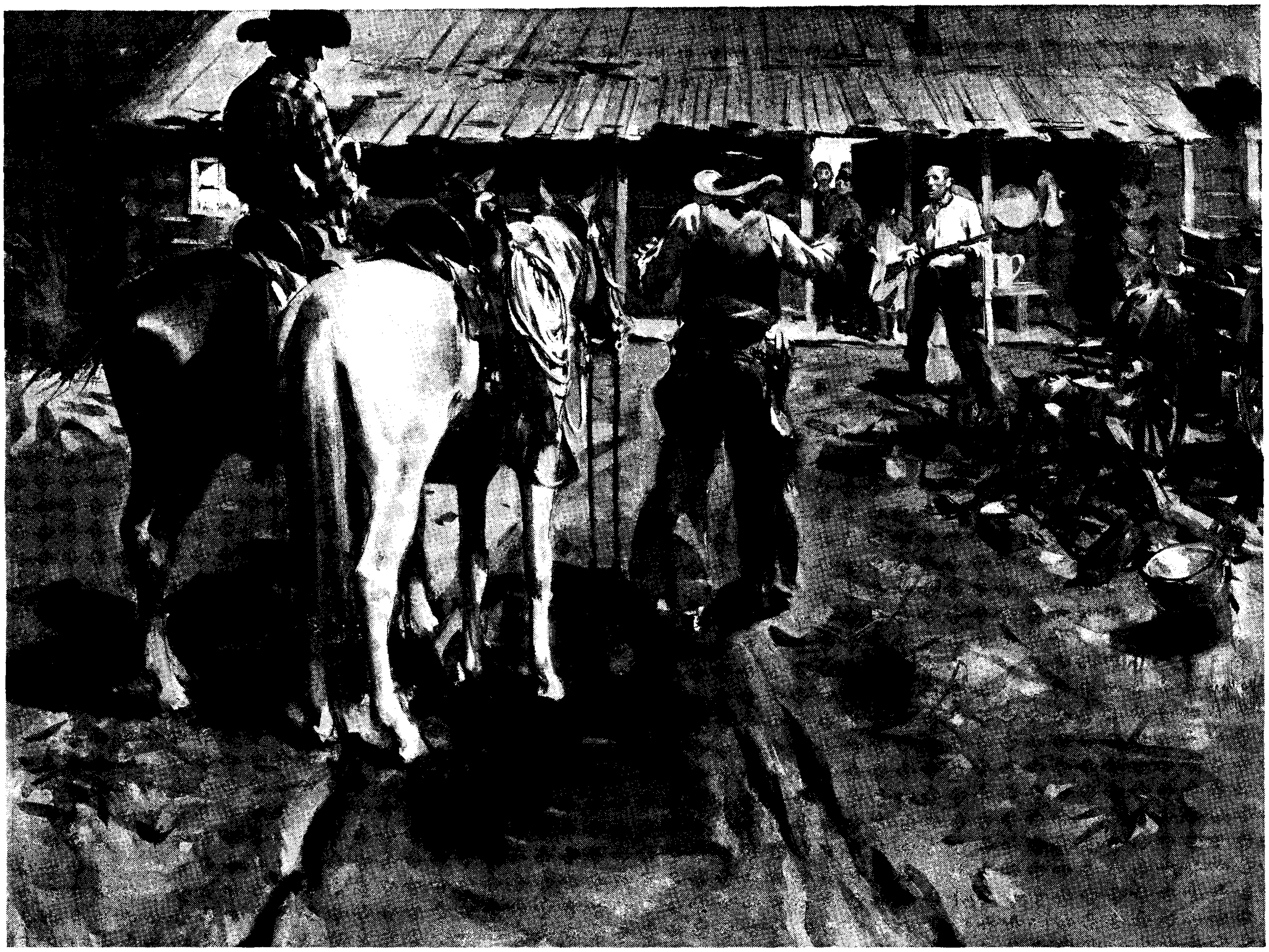


He went forward and knocked down the rifle. He said, "Pack up and move. This is cow country"

Rule by Power

By Ernest Haycox

He was peculiar to the West of the seventies. He took a fortune out of the grasslands with his two hands. He never had nor gave love; but respect was his. He would have liked his epitaph: The man was great. None of his sins were small

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

HE CAME up to the Reynolds ranch early that morning in a buggy drawn by two matched duns—not a big man, but stocky and resolute, with bright hazel eyes set in a high-colored face. When Madge came out to the porch she saw the confident quality of his smile, as though even then he realized his power over people and circumstances, as though he had some clear intimation of his life to come. He said, in a voice that poorly controlled his impatience:

"If you choose, we can make it to my ranch by dark. I think six months is long enough. You can have George or you can have me and God knows I'll give you everything a man can make out of this land. There's something ahead for us. I want you. I can't talk it, but you ought to see it. That's why I'm here. It's how I feel. Only, six months is time enough to wait and I won't come again."

She said in a soft voice: "Now, Jim? Right now?"

He said, "Now," and long years afterward she remembered the ring of that answer, its brusque and possessive rise. For a little while she stood before him, yellow-headed and very fair, so grave with her thoughts, so patient and practical a girl. She could feel the violent compulsions of his restless will, she could feel the burning heat of his ambition, and she knew she would go; yet even as she made her decision she had a voiceless, terrible regret for the things she was giving up and never would get from Jim Carran. Afterward she turned into the house. Within a quarter hour, all her possessions in the rig, she was on the way to Fossil with him.

Fossil was five houses rising freshly from a virgin prairie. All the land swept away to the far blue of the Wildhorse Hills and the wind at this hour was sweet with the warmth and growth of first spring. They were married at Rice Stewart's little land office and then returned to the street and found George Berryman paused by the rig, his easy-going face showing a shock that for one moment was actually wild. This was the time when Jim Carran, having won, could be a little tolerant and a little contemptuous. He said, "You lose, George," and left the two of them there, going into the adjacent store. Coming out later, he saw that his wife had taken her seat in the buggy and had turned so that she might not face George Berryman; for he, gripping the buggy's side panel with both his great fists, was watching her in a manner Jim Carran never forgot. Jim Carran was a sharp man with his eyes and he saw something in the tightness of his new wife's lips that ran a prowling doubt through him and set up his instant temper. He got up in the buggy's seat and called, "You're a slow man, George—and that's no way to get things in this world," and ran the buggy out of town.

It was thirty-five miles to the Forks, a lovely haze spreading over the land and softening all its undulant, sweeping folds. Jim Carran, absorbing it all with his bright hazel glance, laughed silently as he drove, stirred by things he could not express. There was almost nothing said between them, though once, when he saw her look back to the dimming shape of Fossil, he asked in his quick, half-impatient, half-sharp way: "Forget something?"

"No," she said. "Nothing."

At dusk they came upon the hills and the house and sheds and corrals of his ranch at the Forks, with his three hands waiting there for him. He said in his abrupt manner, "This is Mrs. Carran, boys." When they entered that long, low house on the Forks, Jim Carran was twenty-one and his wife nineteen; but in 1870 there was no twilight age between youth and maturity. Both of them had reached maturity five years before.

THE Wildhorse Hills rose directly behind the yard of his ranch, thick with pine, and now and then in the depths of the night it was the call of the coyotes that woke him and made him remember that he had a wife beside him. She lay wholly still, but from the strong and even run of her breathing he knew that she was not asleep. He could touch her and feel the passiveness of her body, he could sense its lack of resistance, its lack of answer for him. In the morning, sitting across the table from her, he understood that somewhere during the dark hours a part of her had slipped away from him. He had this acuteness; he had this power of knowing people; it was his strength always; it explained his whole life. Looking at her, so composed and so patient, with a pride that deepened her prettiness, he saw the wall between them clearly and his passion for completeness of possession made him say:

"Then why didn't you marry George?"

For a moment he thought she would lie or show fear—things that he forever hated. This was his mistake, for she looked at him with a directness no man could misunderstand. "I didn't love him."

"Nor me."

"There are things in you I like. And I could not stay single. I am nineteen, which is time to be married. What you want done, I will do."

This was his wife, governed by a realism of thought that he had to admire even while his impatient will struck against the reserve she showed him. In a way Jim Carran's mind had always been old, furnished in the beginning with a gray wisdom that controlled the restless energies boiling through his compact body. People could be persuaded, or bought, or broken. Most people. But he saw something in his wife that held him quiet in his chair and, during those few quiet moments, laid the whole pattern of his relations with her. She would bend but never break; soft as she was, she had her own will—and there was something in her mind or in her heart he could not own or share. This he knew to be so, though he didn't know why, and never knew.

She said: "You want me to go back?"

"No," he said, and his laugh was quick and full. In a way it was touched by the irony of this situation. "I wanted a wife. I wanted you. You never will be sorry."

Two mornings later he rode out of the Forks, bound for Texas with his foreman, Bill Gilbert, and three others, leaving one man behind to keep the place. Fifteen hundred miles down the trail lay Texas and cheap beef.

THIS was the central fact of Jim Carran's life, this sense of time cheating a man out of his good years. It made him hate delay and uncertainty, it made him drive others as he drove himself, with an inward fury. All this land was fresh and free and full of fortune to the proper man. There were times on that wild southward ride when Bill Gilbert, waking fitfully from a dog-tired sleep, saw Jim Carran crouched over the dying fire, stone-still and brooding out his thoughts; there were times on that hard trip when he saw Jim Carran's impatience spill over in great sudden swings of his hands against the saddle, as though he tried to use his physical strength to push the horse faster. Deep in Texas they bought up a thousand head of gaunt, Southern beef and turned it north for the fattening grasses of the Forks. At the Cimarron crossing they were jumped by a party of four trail cutters. Jim Carran said: "Gentlemen, what do you wish?" He knew what they wanted but he waited to be sure and when they told him he only added, "All right," which was a signal. After they crossed the Cimarron, Bill Gilbert looked behind him and saw the buzzards wheeling over the trail cutters now dead on the sandy earth.

In '75 the land was like that and men were like that. Bill Gilbert knew something about Jim Carran then that made his voice softer; and later, near a little town up on the Niobrara, he learned more. Jim Carran had gone in to have a drink. Three hours later, Bill Gilbert went in to see what delayed his return and found Jim Carran sitting at a saloon table with his back to a rear wall, laughing at the marshal who stood in the door and was afraid to fire. The saloon was broken up and there were two women sitting with Jim Carran, both laughing, and Jim Carran's hazel eyes were pale and bright with drink and with the little devils of a starved temper furiously alive.

So Jim Carran came back to the Forks with his thousand cattle and four cowhands ridden gaunt, though he himself remained untouched by the journey. The ruddy blood showed on his cheeks when he came before his wife, and his laughter was full and frank, rolling out the great vigor in him; and when he kissed her it was in his mind that the hardness of his feeling would reach through her gravity and melt the barrier between. But the passiveness held, and then they were two people face to face, with everything as it had been before. He had brought back a silver-mounted saddle, and a package.

"The saddle," he said, "is for the boy, when he comes. The package is for you."

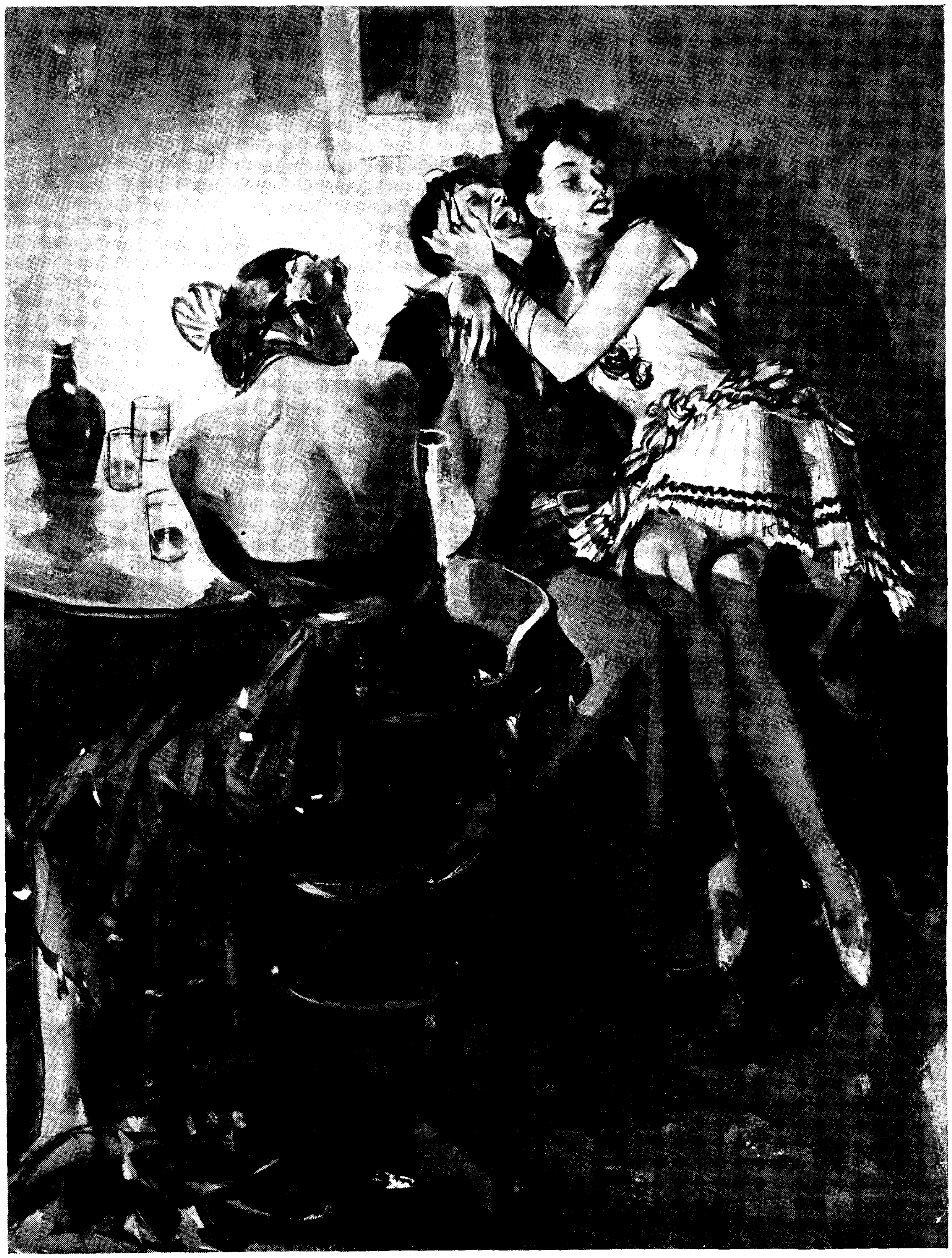
It was the costume of a Mexican dancer, even to the castanets and high bone comb. He saw the oddness in her face, almost like pleasure, and said: "I met her somewhere in Texas. She was a dark woman—and very pretty. But not like you, Madge."

HER expression changed and she said, "Thank you," and he never saw the costume again. The saddle he hung in the front room as a reminder of the son he expected; and at those rare times when he remained home Madge Carran used to see him come before it, his eyes held by the flash and glow of the silver trimmings. His compact shoulders had a way of lifting and his words had a swing to them, thrown outward by the gustiness of his will. "I intend to leave the boy something when I die."

But it was a girl and he was not there at the time. Talk of a railroad was in the wind and he had gone off to Omaha to use his influence. Threshing back to the Forks in the dead of winter, he found his wife in the care of a woman from Sixty-Mile ranch. There had been no doctor. He stood a while in the bedroom, showing very little of his feelings. Madge said: "I'm sorry you are disappointed."

"Her name," he said, "will be Caroline, which was my mother's name," and left the bedroom.

The second girl, Louisa, was born one year later; the following year the boy came. It was the last of their children and, as with the others, he was away from the ranch. He stood again in his



He found Jim Carran sitting in a saloon, laughing at the marshal who stood in the door and was afraid to fire

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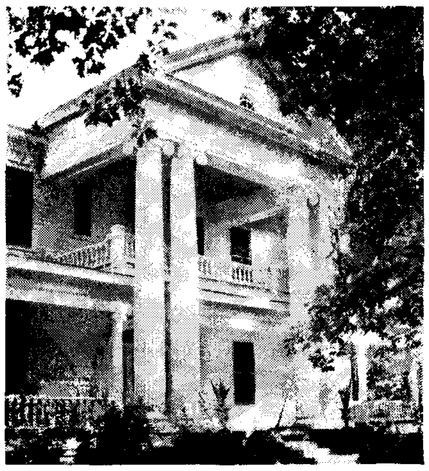

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wife's room, the ruddiness of his cheeks showing clearly the pride he felt; as though he had seen the long battle through, as though he had put his will to this and had won again. He said: "I am pleased, as any man should be. You will never regret it. His name, of course, will be Jim."

She looked up at him with that old expression which, sharp as he was, he could never fathom. And said: "Jim George Carran. You won't mind that?"

"No," he said. "No."

But when he next drove into town he went straight to George Berryman's store. "George," he said in a way wickedly civil, "my son has your name for a middle handle. It may be I was mistaken about you in the beginning."

Berryman's big hands roved the counter top, and stopped. He was a quiet man, an easygoing man. But he came out from behind the counter and his voice was new to Jim Carran then. "I do not like the way you treat her and I do not like your talk. You want any more?"

Jim Carran's hazel eyes brightened; they grew round and almost pleased. "No," he murmured, "No more talk," and sprang at George Berryman. The big man moved back, taking Carran's fists on his chest; and reached out and struck Carran down at a single blow. He stood there, his breathing a little deeper, watching Carran come up and come on again. The scuffle of their boots made low sounds in the store and the beat of Carran's fists laid flat echoes across the heat. George Berryman knocked him down again—and saw the little man come up, the expression of his face bad to see, and Berryman knew Jim Carran would kill him or be killed; and afterward Berryman slugged all consciousness out of Jim Carran in a sudden cold hatred and stood back a long while waiting for Carran to come to life. He had broken Carran's nose and beaten his lips to soft crimson. But Carran said: "All right, George. All right," and went out of the store.

THESE were the growing years. The road came through and Fossil's street crawled along the tracks, and loading pens appeared, and a man came in and set up a bank with Jim Carran's support. Settlers began to break the sweep of the land with their windmills on Dutch Flats. Once a nester came into the Forks country and put up his shanty, which pleased Madge.

She said: "I'll be glad to have them as neighbors."

That night Jim Carran took Bill Gilbert and rode the five miles across country to the nester's shack. There was a moment when it might have been bad, for the nester stood up against his house with a lifted rifle—a slim Missourian with a wife and half a dozen kids. "The land," he said, "is plumb free."

There was that moment when it might have been bad. But Jim Carran kept hold of the man's eyes and finally he laughed and got out of his saddle, and went forward and knocked down the rifle. He said, "Pack up and move. This is cow country." Half an hour later he threw five twenty-dollar gold pieces into the nester's departing wagon—and touched a match to the shanty. It made a great orange bomb in the sky as he rode home with Bill Gilbert and was even visible from the Fork's ranch. Madge Carran saw it and turned slowly away, not speaking. But two years later she made her answer: "Caroline will be ready for school next year and there are no neighbors here to make a school. We'll have to move to Fossil."

It was the day of the great, square stone town house for cattlemen, and Jim Carran, riding up to wealth on his blocky beeves, built such a house on the outskirts of Fossil and planted a double row of poplars entirely around it. He bought a great iron stag in Omaha and set it in the front yard; and high on the windmill tower he had the brand of his outfit painted in white letters: Lazy JC. So, seven years from the day Madge Carran stepped into the house on the Forks, she stepped out of it—and never lived there again. Riding into Fossil that day, she looked back once at the outline of the ranch quarters at the base of the Wildhorse Hills, and remembered the calling of the coyotes on the black night of her arrival; and turned about, her shoulders held rigid.

He saw little of her, and little of his growing children; for these were his great years. The days of the saddle trip into Texas went away with the coming of steel, but each spring found him on the roundabout train journey, to Abilene or the deep Gulf country. Fall saw him riding the growing reaches of his own range; and winter was the time he built his political influence, in Washington, in the state capital. For he was Jim Carran of the Forks now, a cattleman of the straight breed, and power fed on power and men could be bought or whipped or persuaded. Most men.

VICTORY was an easy thing to him and his restlessness rose greater. Yet now and then the fire intermittently flickered out and left him gray-minded and oppressed by some vague shadows whose substance he could never touch and never define; and these were the times when Jim Carran broke away from wherever he was and ended up in some smoky, wicked dance hall along the cattle trail, his compact shoulders hunched over a table, his stubby hands gripping bottle and glass while mystery closed down and had its terrible way with him.

It was in '79 that the bank he had so carefully nourished shut its doors, the cashier missing; and somewhere during the day a homesteader, bearing a redoubled hatred of Jim Carran, faced him on Fossil's street and put a bullet through his arm. Carran's replying shot killed the homesteader, but when George Berryman came running up, Jim Carran hadn't moved from his tracks. He said then, the blood dripping freely into the dust, "You're going to run that bank, George. You're the only man I have ever trusted. I'm personally responsible for every dime—and I will pay it."

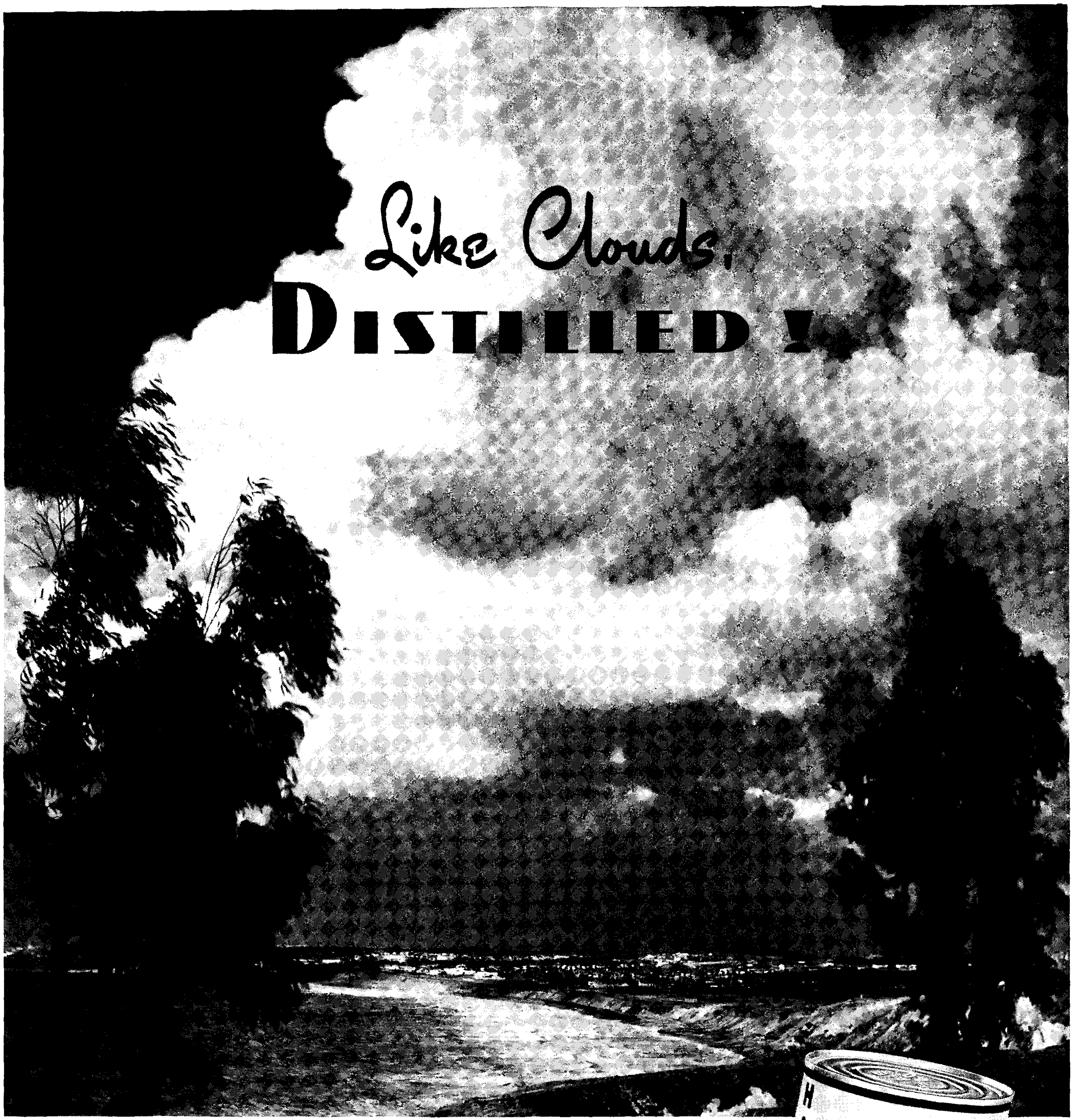
These were the times that the sources of his power showed through. Afterward, in the big stone town house he watched the alternate darkness and light give expression to his wife's eyes while the doctor worked on the torn arm. His son Jim-George stood beside his mother. Jim-George was eight years old, but white from what he saw.

It was that pallor which brought up something long dormant in Jim Carran: a resolution so far unkept. That summer he took Jim-George down to the Forks ranch, and rode through the Wildhorse Hills with him. It was Jim-George's riding he kept watching, and Jim-George's character; for Jim Carran's sharp eyes had seen something he didn't like. But he kept his own counsel for four years, giving the boy credit he would never have given another man. Until, one day from his seat on the top bar of a corral he watched Jim-George leave a bucker in a long, low dive. Dust settled and silence came on. Jim-George got up, one shoulder lower than the other, his chalky cheeks tipped toward Jim Carran and toward Bill Gilbert also watching.

"Hurt?"

"No," said Jim-George, and went back to the horse. Bill Gilbert helped him on; and the boy rode it through. But afterward Jim Carran said:

"You're afraid of horses, Jim-George,"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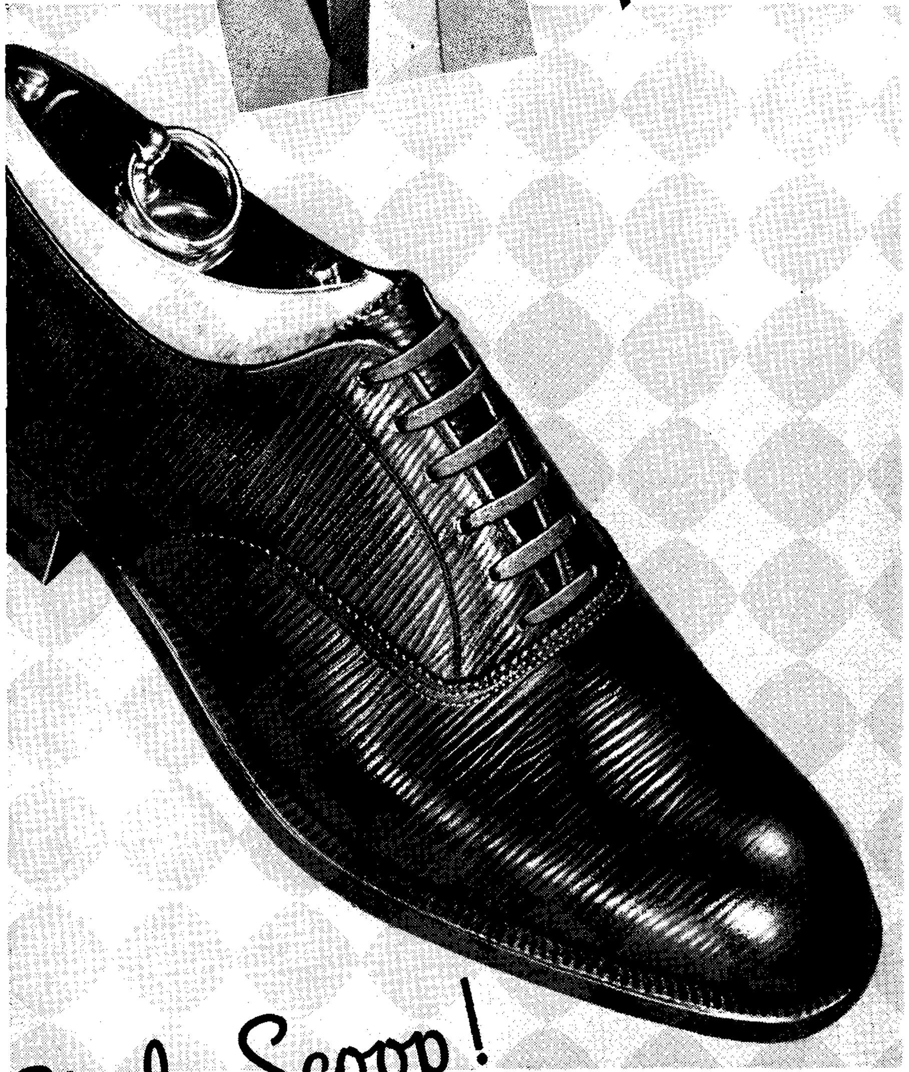
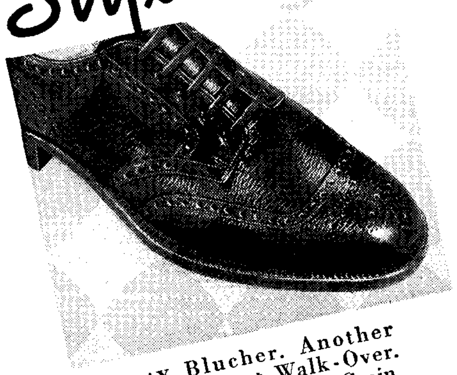




and left the corral. He knew then he had pushed his son definitely away from him.

It was part of the price he paid for the white heat of his will, which wilted all that came before it; his victories came of that heat, and his defeats came of it, too, for his wife lay somewhere behind a reserve impenetrable to him, and now his son withdrew. The youngest girl, Louisa, grew up in the image of her mother, the same patience and the same far thoughts in her young eyes, and only in the oldest child, Caroline, did he see the reflection of himself—the mirrored laughter and impatience, the almost greedy love of life. Between them, from beginning to end, was a speechless closeness, an understanding he could never reach with others. Yet, in the long soft evenings of fall when he sat on the porch of the house and heard her voice rise gaily among the voices of the boys in the yard, he sometimes sat quite still, held by a doubt and by a fear. He knew his own weaknesses; and saw them in Caroline.

SO THESE years went, the streets of Fossil growing a little longer and the shade trees growing up to first maturity on a soil that had been virgin in '70. Around this town lay the close-fenced homesteads of German settlers; and dusty roads began to lengthen away to other little towns and only in the far country about the Wildhorse Hills did cattlemen remain undisturbed. There was a time when the rustlers grew great and when Jim Carran collected his own chosen men and scoured the Wildhorse pines and left those men hanging dead from the cottonwood branches along the isolated creek bottoms. There was a time when the sheepman moved his herds up from the Colorado parks—and retired again with his sheep lying in white, lifeless windrows at the base of the Porcupine cliffs. Jim Carran was in that, too. These were the hard years, the great and winey years when his life rolled the turbulent crest and when his signature was good on a check all the way from Texas to Wyoming. He was stockier than in the beginning and the ruddiness of his face had permanently deepened, leaving faint blood veins tracked against the skin.

Madge said: "Caroline is eighteen and a little wild. You should talk to her. And I wish you'd not let Jim-George ride so many horses. He has broken too many bones."

He had nothing he could say to his daughter when she came before him. For she was a formed woman, red-lipped and laughing; and her eyes, as light as his own, knew all that he knew, leaving him helpless. It was in the spring of the year. She did something then she had never done before. She was laughing and she bent down and kissed him, but when she straightened he saw tears in her eyes. The week following she ran away from town with a transient man none of them knew. Once there was a letter from her with a St. Louis postmark. After that the long years closed down and they never heard of her again.

He knew, as soon as she left, that he had lost the only tie binding him to his family. And so it was a fear that made him take his son along on the next trip to Texas. Fear, and a desire to get nearer this son who, like Madge, stood so distant from him. Riding down the illimitable West, he kept remembering the look in Jim-George's eyes that day he had spoken of horses. It kept coming back to him, and impelled him to say: "Some men can ride, Jim-George, and some can't. It is no reflection on a man if he can't. But if he can't, all the trying in the world won't help. You're old enough now to know that. Better quit trying to ride the buckers." But from his son's deep silence he knew he had made no amends. The boy had a pride like his mother's pride—hidden far away in him, metal-hard.

The next day Jim-George started home with twenty carloads of beef and Jim Carran took the rest of his trip alone. He was somewhere on the border, a month later, when Madge's telegram caught up with him. Jim-George had been killed by a bucking horse.

He had been a week late for this boy's birth; he was a week late for his funeral. Standing alone—so thoroughly alone—in the soft prairie twilight, beside the freshly mounded earth, Jim Carran went down into the blackness that could come only to a self-sufficient man from knowing what self-sufficiency had done to him. He remembered the way Jim-George had last looked at him across that wide gulf neither of them had ever been able to bridge; and he knew his few careless words, spoken so long ago, had killed Jim-George. The kid had tried to overcome his fear of bad horses, and in trying had died. It occurred to Jim Carran at this moment that Jim-George had, somewhere in his heart, wanted to be like his father.

There was a silence in the big stone house for Jim Carran, that terrible silence following the sound of voices and laughter and young people calling. Sitting in the living room with Madge and Louisa, who was another Madge in every gesture, Jim Carran found himself tight in his chair, waiting for Jim-George to speak, waiting for Caroline to come gaily through the front door. And then it was hard to let his muscles go slack and sit and watch Madge's fingers work through her knitting needles. Once he said:

"The blame is mine."

It was all he ever directly said. Madge Carran's fingers came to a complete stop. She looked at him and, in the long interval, he saw, because his eyes had never lost their sharpness, that she was trying to find words that would ease it for him. Trying and failing. When she did speak it was to say something he never quite understood, such being the strange distance of her thoughts. "There are times, Jim, when I think I have misjudged you."

"Maybe we better go south for a trip this fall."

"Louisa is to be married then. Anyhow it is a little late for that."

IT WAS a little late for a good many things. Riding out the summer along the old trails of the Wildhorse, he had certain spots on the hill heights from which he could see his range strike away in low undulations toward a misty horizon. All this belonged to him, the fruits of his restless years and his hard years. Yet he knew his time drew nearer its end, as with all the other great cattlemen. He was an island against which the waters of homestead settlement slowly rose and nothing held this range together but his own will. After him came the breakup. In Fossil now were the spindles of barbed wire and the long piles of fence posts and the red-painted plows awaiting that breakup.

So, then, what was his life for? This was the question that lay in Jim Carran's fertile mind as he rode his graze and saw his white-faced cows browsing, as he sat by night before the campfire of his roundup crew and watched the flames with the same furious energies having their way with him. This was as Bill Gilbert used to see him in the old trail days, and this was as he still remained, though times had changed and Bill Gilbert was gone. It was the thing he thought of on the long trips to the south, and in the murky confusion of the roadhouses on a trail almost vanished, and in the rooms of many a Western hotel where he stopped to cement his business deals and brighten old-time friendships.

There were, he saw, gray heads among those friends; and it reminded him suddenly that his own head was likewise graying, though this knowledge he kept pushing away.

For him there was no mellowness of age to absorb the shock of growing old; no dying out of the full fire of his will. In the beginning he had known his power, and knew it now in a way that made him brace the high desert wind and stiffen his shoulders and look into the distance with the desire to be again driving forward. Only, there was a difference. Once the distance had been empty; now there was no emptiness left for him to ride.

There was the time when he received notice of a pioneer's convention to be held at Ogalalla. He read it and tore it up angrily, in the front of George Berryman. "Pioneer, hell. I'm a young man and I don't go around croaking of the old days." But later that night he asked Madge in a slow, slow voice: "Has it been that long ago? What's happened to all that time?"

COMING out of the Wildhorse Hills one fall day in 1905, he stopped to open a gate of the Forks ranch and let his rifle slip awkwardly from his hands; and took a bullet into that arm which, years before, had been ripped by the crazed homesteader's shot.

The doctor in Fossil ordered him to bed, but he would not go until, on the third day, he felt the hurt climb slowly out of his arm into his shoulder. Then he knew the resistance of his youth was gone.

On the fourth morning he called in George Berryman. "I want you to send two thousand dollars to Doña Anna Ramirez of Phoenix."

"Paying your bills?" asked George.

"I never dodged one."

"No," said George Berryman, gravely, "you never did, Jim."

This was a thing his mind dwelled on as the fever went up and his thoughts began to cross into that strange land of confusion. He had paid his bills, every one, and it was a source of satisfaction. There were other people in the bedroom, their faces blurring. And a voice kept saying: "I remember the time when Jim and me—"

Jim Carran said: "Jim-George come back from the Forks yet?"

"No, not yet."

"Tell him I want to see him. Why does Caroline stay out of the room so much?"

"They will come, Jim."

But he was thinking of something else. "Another time and another place and I might have made something of my life."

"Jim, what do you regret?"

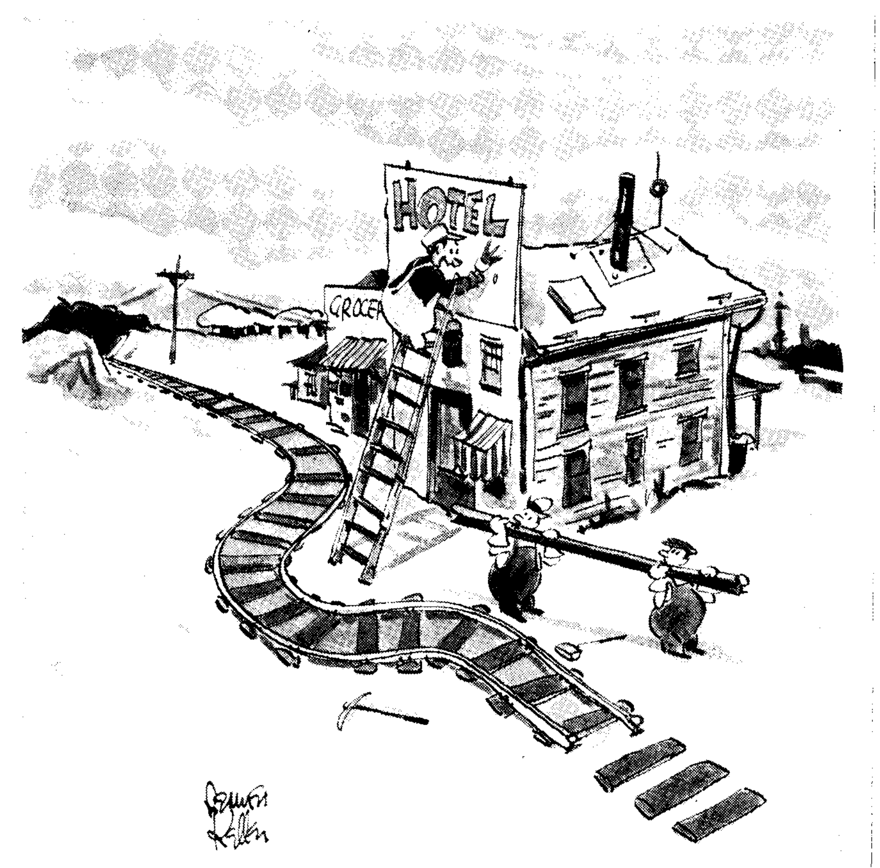
It was a question that drew him back, out of a hot, bright land into a cool one. Lamplight glowed against evening's long dusk, and Madge stood over him. The tick of an alarm clock made an abnormally loud noise. He tried to lift his hand toward his wife, but though his will went into his muscles his arm never stirred; and he knew then he had come to the end of his time. She wasn't, he saw, crying and that didn't surprise him. She had never been a woman to show her feelings, or give way to the things most women did. It was a pride that held her up; it was a pride that even, in some of his smokiest hours, laid a gentleness and a mystery on him. She was a fair woman, looking down with a gravity that touched him, and supported him as he went out.

He said, distinctly, "I am a wealthy man, but I have lost too much. That is what I regret. It occurs to me that in all these years I have never said that I loved you. I do. You are the one woman in the world I have ever loved, or respected."

Just before he died, and while he was aware of the outer world, she reached down and kissed him; and then he saw that there were tears in her eyes. Her fingers held his arm; they made a steady pressure, as though she were guiding him on his trips. It occurred to him then as his final thought that this gentle and grave woman had guided him all his days and had colored his world for him in strange ways. And so he died, as close to the meaning of his life as he ever got.

George Berryman came in at that moment and saw this little scene, with Madge Carran bent so gravely, so still beside the bed. He didn't speak till she had risen. Then he said:

"The man was great. He really was. None of his sins were small."



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PLAYGROUND

PHOTOS BY LENOIR

A Negro children's playground in San Antonio

Machine Made

By Owen P. White

REGARDLESS of present status, I know of no current Texas politician who will be as worthy, when his time comes, of posthumous consideration as the recently deceased Charlie Bellinger of San Antonio.

In real life he always got plenty of consideration. For example, look at the lustrous names signed to a petition for his pardon, which was rushed up to the federal Mercy Seat just about three months before the last national election. Look also at the signatures of prominent Democrats whose names were affixed to personal letters addressed to the same benign authority. Mr. Bellinger, despite his color, which was mahogany, and despite his careless attitude toward the income-tax law, which at last corralled him, was too valuable a citizen to linger long in prison.

But how was he valuable? To get the answer, step into the elevator of one of San Antonio's office buildings and tell the Negro operator to let you off at the tenth floor. Arrived there, you enter a splendid reception room whose principal features are soft music, soft chairs and hard liquor. For this last there is no charge. From the reception room you go into the room adjoining, where, if you feel that way, you may drop into a swivel chair in front of a roulette wheel or a faro layout. If you prefer to lose your money in a more riotous fashion you can stand up at the craps table and go to it.

The Citadel of the Shakedown

It's gambling de luxe, as they do it in Palm Beach and Hot Springs, Arkansas, and San Antonio is full of it. It's also full of cheap dives and pin games, the combined take from all of which must be tremendous. The shakedown for protection also is tremendous. Within a week preceding this writing I was reliably informed that twenty-five per cent of the gross earnings of the gamblers has to be turned over to collectors for the political powers.

Nor are the gay gamblers the only industrialists in San Antonio who have to kick in regularly to these collectors.

I asked two of San Antonio's prominent men, separately, what was the most disgraceful feature of their city government. Without hesitation they both replied: "The Health Department." Generally a health department is designed to promote the public welfare. In San Antonio it is used as an agency through which collectors shake down that poor, miserable class of females who make their livings as members of the world's oldest profession.

In San Antonio many of these girls pay two dollars a week for health cards. This means, according to my information, *not* that the girls get health or even medical examinations but that the collectors get two dollars.

But that isn't all. Two dollars a week, you see, isn't enough for these girls to have to contribute to the luxurious upkeep of San Antonio's politicians; every so often each one of them is forced to plead guilty to a charge of vagrancy and pay a fine of around twenty dollars.

Protection and Profits

Even that doesn't close up the channels of graft in San Antonio. San Antonio has hundreds of saloons; it is illegal to sell liquor in Texas by the drink, so that there again it is up to somebody, who naturally gets well paid for it, to protect the booze vendors, along with the prostitutes and the gamblers, against any efficient molestation by the authorities.

But who provides it? Up to the time of his death, just a short while ago, did Charlie Bellinger? Certainly not. According to the best people in San Antonio Charlie never got one penny of the shakedown money which the white folks of his town always paid out for the privilege of illegally enjoying themselves. Nevertheless, for perhaps the last fifteen years, if Charlie hadn't been willing for them to go to hell according to their own notions they couldn't have done it.

Charlie owned enough votes among the colored people of San Antonio to swing any county or city election any way he wanted it to go. It meant he could either close or open the channels of graft that we have just been talking about.

On a very hot day in September, 1890, when Charlie Bellinger, a thin, hungry colored boy, was only fourteen years old, he suddenly straightened up and wiped the sweat out of his eyes with his ragged shirt sleeve.

"I'se done," he said. "I ain't never again goin' to pick no mo' cotton." And he didn't. Leaving his half-filled cotton sack behind him, he tramped into the town of Lockhart and before night he had a job as a porter in a white man's

★

It's the hidden values that determine your money's worth—remember there is

No Reclaimed Rubber In General Tires

Just 10 short years ago, America went through an epidemic of putting reclaimed rubber in tires—based on the false premise of rubber conservation.

America knows the disastrous results of that costly experiment—using 3 sets of tires to go the distance one should travel, blowouts, constant trouble.

General Tire warned motorists then that "You can't save rubber by using less of it."

Today, history repeats. When crude rubber was 3c a pound all manufacturers used it extensively. The price of crude rubber has soared—it is up 110%.

But here is the important fact. The necessity for using the same quantity of good rubber for the sake of quality does not change regardless of fluctuations in rubber prices.

Putting reclaimed rubber into a tire is as fundamentally wrong as the subterfuge of putting water in milk. It saves money for the manufacturer, but it dilutes the quality of the entire rubber structure.

When you buy General Tires you buy tires made from fresh, pure, virgin crude rubber stock. Never an ounce of reclaimed rubber.

You should know the facts. There is no economical substitute for quality. See the General Tire dealer today and find out how easy it is to get America's Top-Quality tire on your car.

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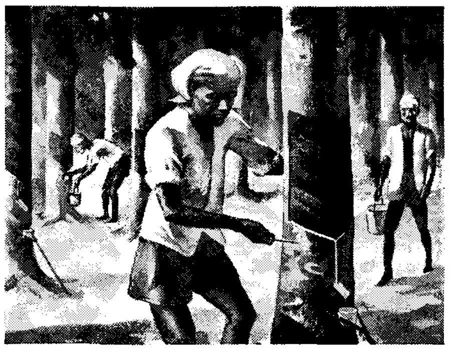
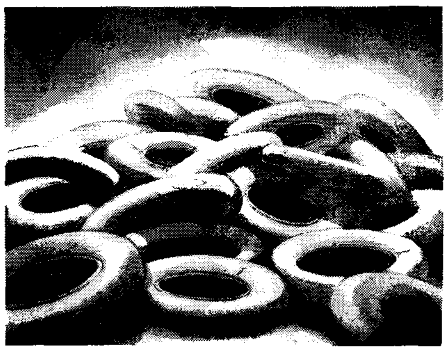
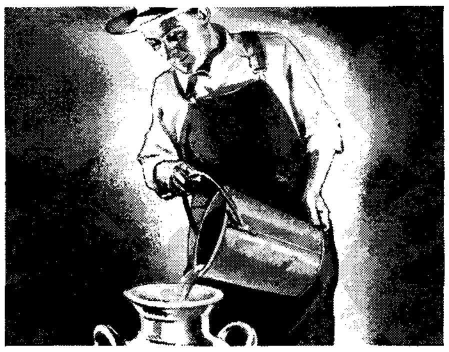


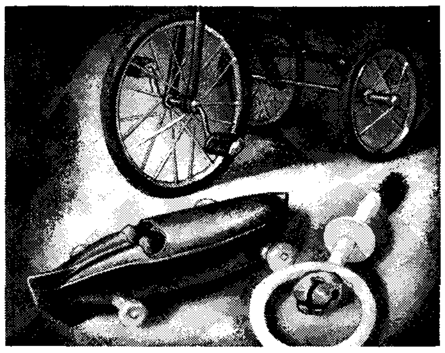
FRESH RUBBER comes from the rubber plantation. Nature gives it its resiliency. Only fresh, plantation grown rubber is used in General Tires.



RECLAIMED RUBBER is made from tires that have run out their span of life. This rubber has lost its freshness, its strength and elasticity. It can never get it back.



WATER IN MILK. Putting reclaimed rubber into a tire is as fundamentally wrong as putting water in milk. It dilutes the quality of the entire rubber structure.



SOLID RUBBER. Reclaimed rubber is all right for the toys your children play with. Solid rubber products don't need the soft, resilient strength that pure, fresh rubber gives to tires.

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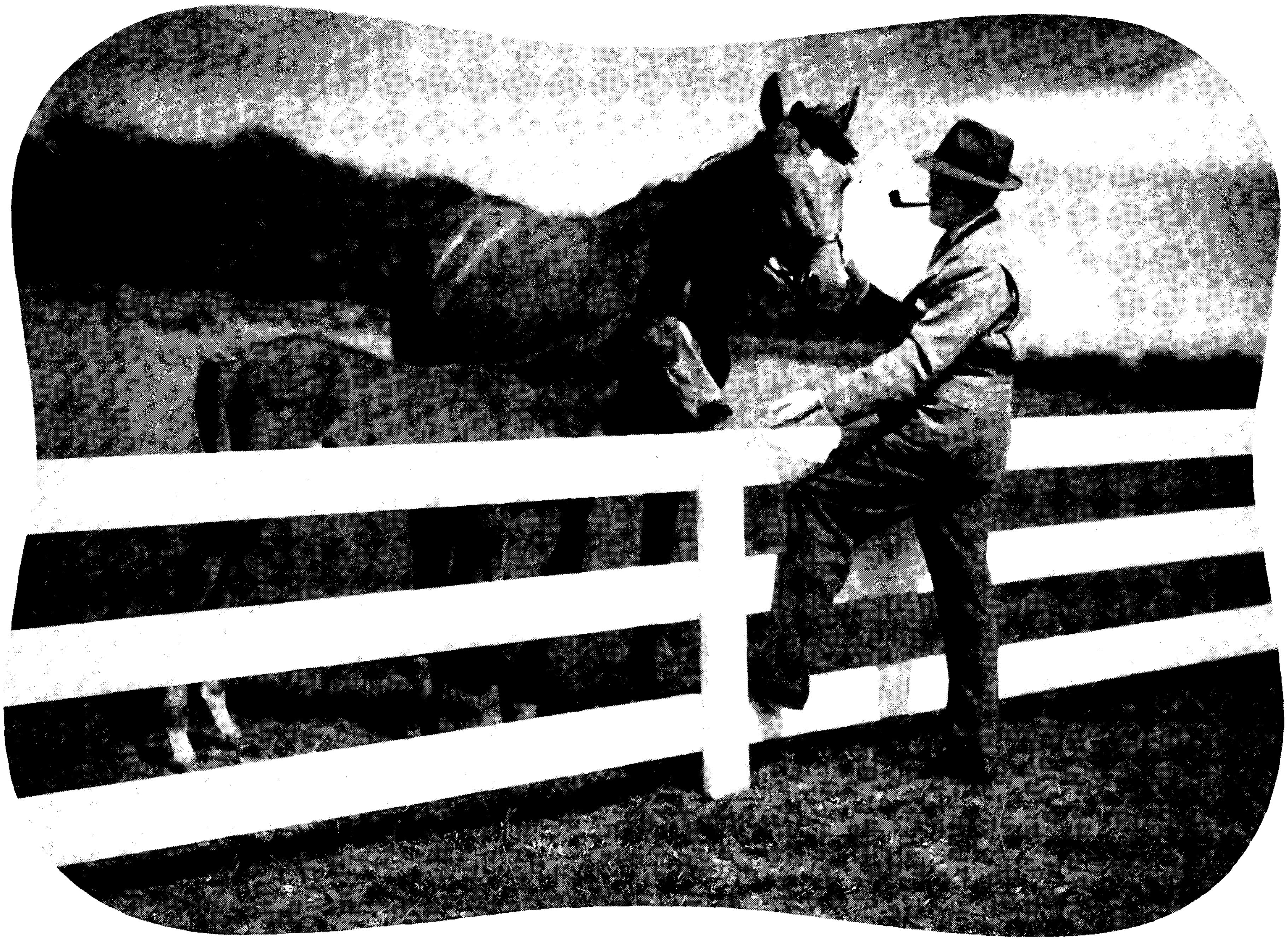


How to prepare yourself for doing nothing

DEEP in the soul of virtually every man is a good healthy hankering to quit work—to sometime devote his days to doing nothing.

And this is not mere "laziness." It is the natural and wholesome desire to fill one's lungs with the clean sweet air of freedom. To make the chief objective of each day's effort the expansion of the soul rather than the filling of the stomach.

Nearly all of us have this dream. But few of us acquire sufficient money to make this dream come true, yet . . . most of us can! *You* can.

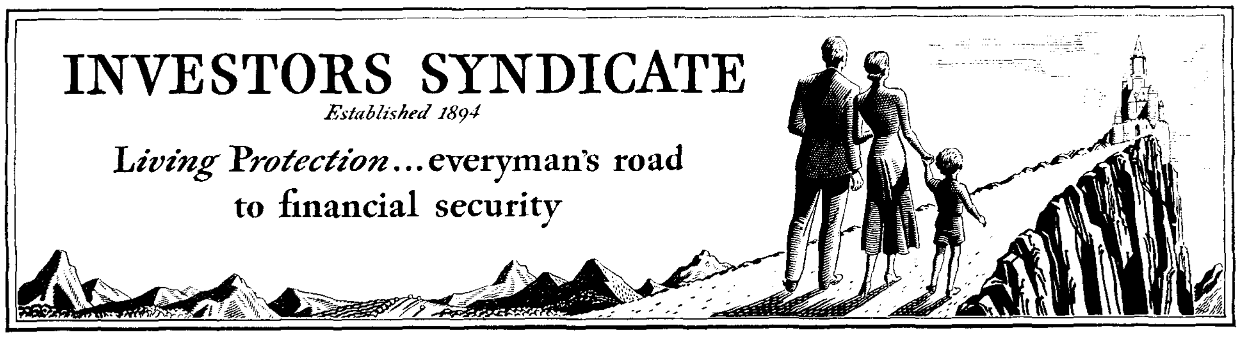
If you earn even a modest amount—and you have ten or fifteen productive years before you—you can prepare yourself right now for "doing nothing."

By putting aside small sums persistently you can acquire $5,000, $10,000, $25,000 or more through the Investors Syndicate plan of *Living Protection.*

By means of this plan, money to send your child to college, money enough to buy a farm or start your own business, money enough to assure you an ample retirement income can be yours.

Here is a sane and easy way to success, sponsored by an institution which has enjoyed the endorsement of authorities in sound finance for nearly half a century. An institution so soundly managed that it has met every obligation on time, when due.

Ask an Investors Syndicate representative to tell you more about this plan. Ask him to see you. And write Investors Syndicate, Dept. C-79, Minneapolis, Minn., for a booklet you will find worth reading—*A New Plan of Life.*



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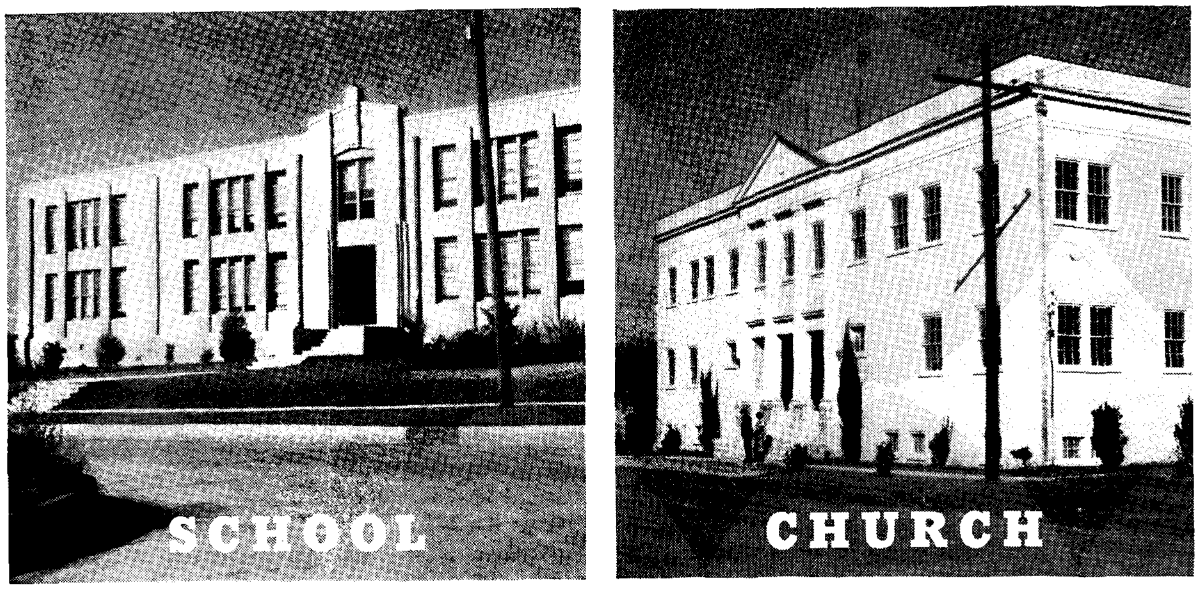


Two more of San Antonio's unofficial memorials to the late Charles Bellinger

saloon. He held that porter's job thirteen years.

During that period, he learned much regarding the proper way in which to manipulate cards, dice, and the whisky bottle. In 1906 when he checked up and found that he had seven hundred dollars in cash—which was a lot of money for a Negro in those days—he suddenly decided to step out and go to California.

He stepped, but not as far as California. San Antonio, when he saw it for the first time, looked big enough for him. Within less than two weeks after his arrival he had dealt out so much misery to the dusky sports who sat in with him at his game that he was already spoken of as "the boss gambler of Austin Street."

Charlie's Ace in the Hole

Being smart, Charlie knew how best to use that reputation. After only a couple of years he was able to go into another line of business. For years the colored people of San Antonio had needed a bank to borrow money from, and as Charlie had plenty of easy cash on hand he provided one. The interest rate was Charlie's personal idea, not the government's.

Next, Charlie branched out very quietly into the real-estate business. The Negro section of San Antonio at that time was dilapidated and worthless. So Charlie was able to acquire very cheaply whole blocks of shacks which were without light, water or sewer connections.

In San Antonio's colored section there were then eleven churches, all of which were practically isolated from their congregations during the rainy season because of the terrible condition of the streets. That was Charlie's ace in the hole. It grieved him deeply that his people couldn't attend services. So he went to the eleven pastors and told them—without, however, stressing the fact that paving would greatly increase the value of the property he had quietly acquired—that if they would help him get control of the voting power of their congregations he would make the city pave the streets up to the door of every one of their churches.

That scheme, which couldn't have been conceived in the mind of any but a political genius, worked perfectly, and it's been working ever since. With from five to eight thousand votes in his pocket Charlie Bellinger was, for the last fifteen years, able to control any election in San Antonio or Bexar County.

San Antonio as it is today is the direct result of that kind of political bargaining. The white-owned Mexican quarter where the crib girls live is dilapidated and unsanitary while the colored section of the town is well-paved, well-serviced with light, water and sewer connections, and has up-to-date schools, station houses, fire houses, parks, a modern public library, playgrounds, and a handsome public auditorium.

About ten years ago Charlie decided to increase his wealth by going into the lottery business. Through a friend he organized the Cash Premium Investment Company, which was most successful, grossing as much as seven hundred dollars a day. Hardly any of this or of his other income was reported to the government.

Then W. R. Smith, Jr., came to San Antonio as United States Attorney, and one of his first jobs was an investigation of Charlie's income. It took two years to get enough evidence, all in connection with the lottery business, to indict Charlie, but seven days later the colored man paid a fine of $30,000 and was on his way to Leavenworth to serve a sentence of eighteen months.

Charlie still had those eight thousand votes in his pocket and there were two elections in the offing: the national disagreement of last November and a city contest due in May. So Charlie started to dictate from his Leavenworth cell.

You have read what results he got. Charlie's "or else" message, read by the vote-hungry Democratic National Committee, clearly hinted that if he wasn't released promptly a whole congressional district in Texas was certainly going Republican in November. He got his parole.

At once everybody around the city hall and the sheriff's office began to breathe freely again. Charlie's return meant certain victory in the city election, which in turn meant that the organization was assured of a continued flow of graft for two more years.

Mr. Maverick Spills the Beans

Everything turned out exactly as planned. The November result was all that the gang wanted it to be. So was that of May, and yet, although sin continued to flourish in San Antonio, and the municipally conducted white-slave, booze and gambling rackets continued to return large profits, there was something moving under the surface that was not wholly pleasing to His Honor, the mayor.

Charlie Bellinger, of course, was causing the unrest. For doing so no one could blame him. The offense he had committed was a financial, not a moral one, he thought, and his conviction carried with it a stigma that he did not like. So, as an additional consideration for his continued support of the ring, his demand was, so I am informed, that they get him a presidential pardon.

Within a week after his overwhelming victory in May, Mayor C. K. Quin, accompanied by Mr. Phil Shook, Sr., left on a "pleasure" trip to an unnamed port. In due time they were back, the mayor stating that his journey had had no significance.

Simultaneously with this announcement came the real story of their trip. Congressman Maury Maverick, the Texas Firebrand, who doesn't like the way San Antonio is being run, told the home folks that their mayor and Mr. Shook had journeyed all the way to Washington to ask the President to grant a full pardon to a Negro convict out on parole. They had made one mistake—they had called upon Maury Maverick and had asked him to arrange the presidential interview for them.

The Last Bellinger Gesture

Everybody in San Antonio had a grand laugh when two stories—one from the mayor, stating that his trip had "no significance," and the other from Congressman Maverick—appeared in the same issue of the same newspaper.

Behind that laugh, however, was resentment. The town was sore. A number of prominent citizens told me they would tolerate the alliance between the city hall and Charlie Bellinger no longer.

Charlie solved the problem himself. He always was an accommodating man, and whatever his white friends wanted he always gave them. So, just when his connection with the administration for which he was responsible was becoming very embarrassing, he died, suddenly.

Now that Charlie is gone, who is there in the town who can control the colored vote and keep the organization in power? At the moment of this writing no answer to that question is available. Certainly, so I was told, there isn't a colored man in the city of San Antonio who can take Charlie Bellinger's place, but couldn't Mayor Quin do it? San Antonio is now wondering about that. Next July there will be a county election and already there is much speculation as to what will happen.

The fate of the organization that is now fattening on graft in San Antonio depends on the answer to those two questions. If the Negroes, out of gratitude to Mayor Quin for his loyalty to the late Charlie Bellinger, will vote as he directs, the organization may survive. Should they forget, the ring is doomed, because now that there is a chance to win an election the better element of the white folks of San Antonio have made up their minds to treat their town to a real cleaning.

What a KICK in an Ingram's Shave!

INGRAM'S CERTAINLY FEELS SWELL ON MY FACE!
OF COURSE—IT'S ASTRINGENT. I ALWAYS USE AN ASTRINGENT TO CLOSE UP LARGE PORES.
RIGHTO—AND IT CERTAINLY LEAVES MY FACE TONED AND REFRESHED.
A MAN NEEDS A FACE TONIC JUST AS A WOMAN DOES—IT GIVES YOU SOME COLOR—A YOUNGER LOOK!
THINK OF IT — SHAVING CREAM, TONIC AND LOTION FOR THE ONE PRICE. IT'S MARVELOUS!
LUCKY YOU! YOU PRACTICALLY GET A COMPLETE MASSAGE WITH EVERY INGRAM SHAVE. YOUR SKIN LOOKS 100% BETTER.

WHAT A SHAVING CREAM—*this Ingram's!* Because it's *concentrated for economy,* the smallest morsel billows up into a cloudbank of lather that makes quick work of the most stubborn beard. Your razor glides through without pull, sting or nick. But it's the bracing "kick" in Ingram's that makes it unique—the freshening, astringent, tonic "lift" that leaves your face looking *younger*—your skin smooth and comfortable not for minutes *but the entire day!* Shaving cream, lotion and tonic in one—*that's Ingram's!*

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

Back Talk

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Miss Jean Muir divides her time between affronting the front office and helping in a material way to support it

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

Tasty combination: Barbecued spareribs and Miss Jean Muir, of the movies

JEAN MUIR has spent practically all of her Hollywood career in the doghouse. The gentlemen up in the front office never love her, make up their minds that the time has come to fire her and end up by renewing her contract at better money.

In between such periods there are generally a few months of truce, the amenities are maintained with strict courtesy on both sides and then Jean makes another speech. A thousand orators could screech to the heavens, a million loud-speakers could make a din like the coming of Judgment Day, but if Miss Muir so much as utters one slight note of opinion, the Warner brothers begin running around in circles biting each other.

The last offense had to do with a statement by the lady that the average movie star worked twelve to sixteen hours a day whereas a steelworker was finished at the end of eight. From the resulting furor one would have thought that the scoundrel had denounced love as a cardinal virtue, and hence ruined the cinema industry.

"Well, this is the last," the wise boys were saying as they stood with one foot on the curb and one foot in the gutter at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Indeed Warner's went into the situation as if it were to be part of a general offensive on the Western Front. They turned loose their statisticians and came forth eventually with tabulated figures to show that Miss Muir never worked more than five hours a day on a picture in her life. Analysts kept the light burning far into the night providing proof that the stress on a movie celebrity who spends seven hours a day knitting at a jacket for her pooch is not to be compared to the labor of a Slovak workman who spends two hours, eleven minutes and fourteen seconds a morning hurling slag at an open-hearth furnace.

The odds were ten to one that Miss Muir, whose option was up at Warner's, wouldn't get another contract from the irate brethren. However, at the most critical moment, the phone rang in the Muir apartment.

"This is Selznick," said a voice. "Will you come over and make a test for The Prisoner of Zenda?"

And Peace Broke Out Again

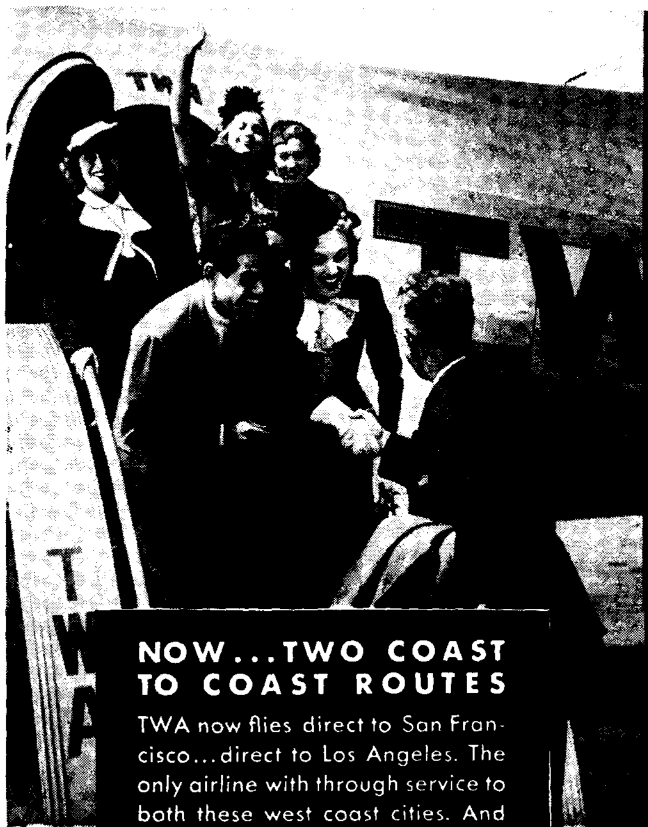
There was a second call from Walter Wanger wanting a test. At this point, the Warner general staff decided that, speeches or no speeches, goofy notions or no goofy notions, they could use the Muir girl as well as the next. They exercised the option, promised better parts for the lady and peace is currently reigning.

Miss Muir traces her rebellious ideas to the time when she was attending Parsons Playground for Backward Children in Ridgewood, N. J. She was born Jean

(Continued on page 56)

THE LINDBERGH LINE IS *The Luxury Line*

$10,000 extra per ship for luxury . . . de luxe interiors . . . each seat cost $500 . . . 17 seats in planes spacious enough for 25 . . . separate lounge and sleeping section on Skysleepers . . . swivel chairs, or side-by-side lounge seats on Skyclubs.



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TWA flies the newest, largest, most powerful land planes...200 miles an hour cruising with 45% power reserve. Only three stops—15 hours and 10 minutes overnight Los Angeles to New York. Non-stop Chicago to New York.

You'll sleep *soundly* from coast to coast. TWA berths are as big as full-sized twin beds, mattresses soft and deep, finest pillows, linens and blankets, reading lights, complete privacy.

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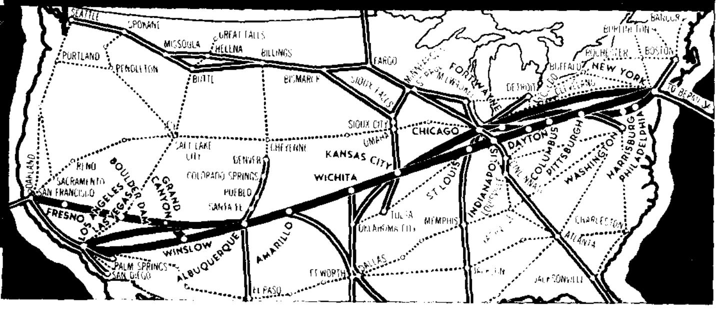
By day your berth becomes an enclosed compartment. It's spacious—fitted with every comfort and convenience. Play bridge, backgammon—work, or take it easy.

Member, National Safety Council

Cradle yourself in solid comfort, relax in adjustable divan chair. Each chair cost TWA $500.

TWA *first*

SHORTEST-FASTEST-OVERNIGHT COAST TO COAST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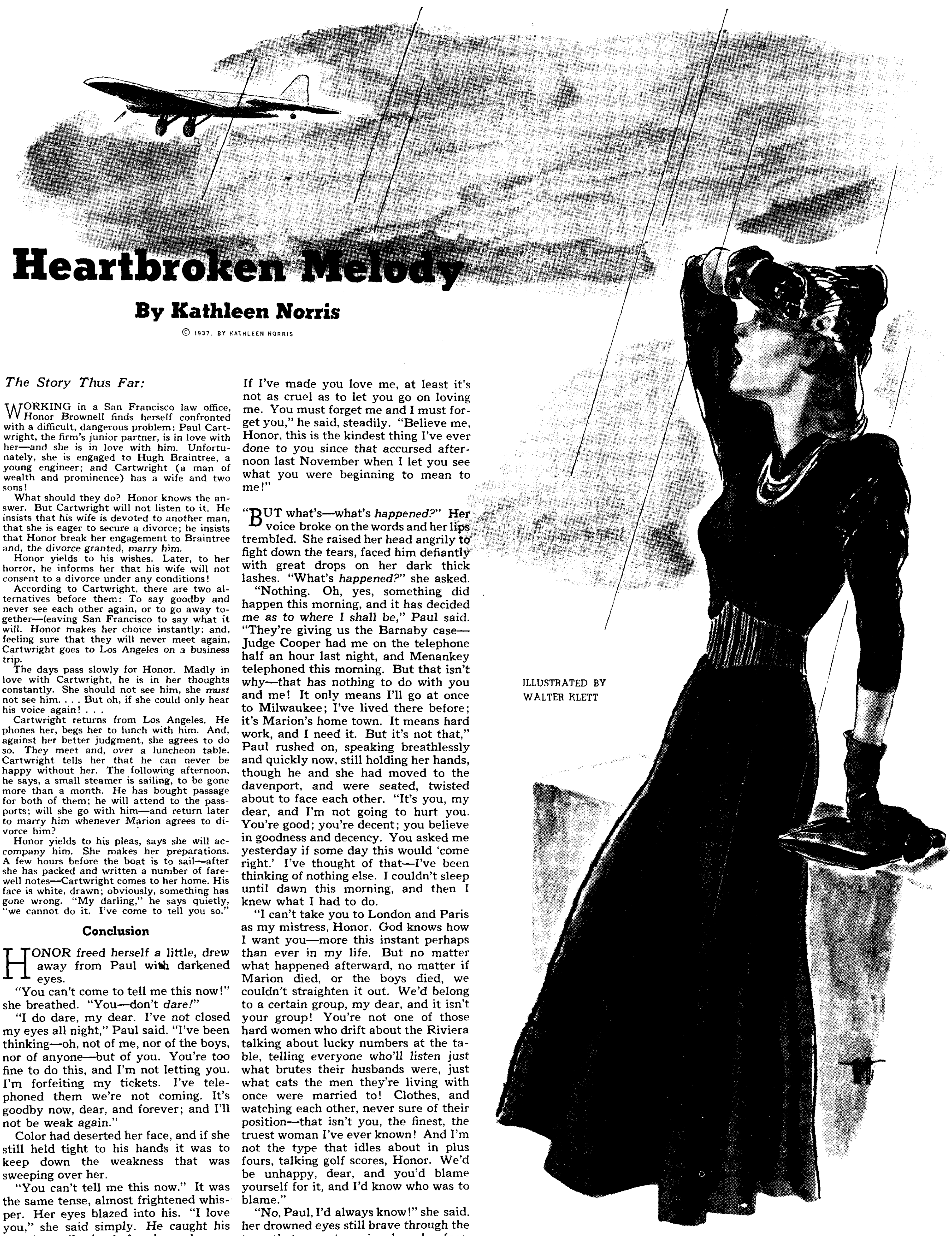

Heartbroken Melody

By Kathleen Norris

© 1937, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER KLETT

Honor watched the rise of the great machine and stood rooted to the spot

The Story Thus Far:

WORKING in a San Francisco law office, Honor Brownell finds herself confronted with a difficult, dangerous problem: Paul Cartwright, the firm's junior partner, is in love with her—and she is in love with him. Unfortunately, she is engaged to Hugh Braintree, a young engineer; and Cartwright (a man of wealth and prominence) has a wife and two sons!

What should they do? Honor knows the answer. But Cartwright will not listen to it. He insists that his wife is devoted to another man, that she is eager to secure a divorce; he insists that Honor break her engagement to Braintree and, the divorce granted, marry him.

Honor yields to his wishes. Later, to her horror, he informs her that his wife will not consent to a divorce under any conditions!

According to Cartwright, there are two alternatives before them: To say goodby and never see each other again, or to go away together—leaving San Francisco to say what it will. Honor makes her choice instantly; and, feeling sure that they will never meet again, Cartwright goes to Los Angeles on a business trip.

The days pass slowly for Honor. Madly in love with Cartwright, he is in her thoughts constantly. She should not see him, she *must* not see him. . . . But oh, if she could only hear his voice again! . . .

Cartwright returns from Los Angeles. He phones her, begs her to lunch with him. And, against her better judgment, she agrees to do so. They meet and, over a luncheon table, Cartwright tells her that he can never be happy without her. The following afternoon, he says, a small steamer is sailing, to be gone more than a month. He has bought passage for both of them; he will attend to the passports; will she go with him—and return later to marry him whenever Marion agrees to divorce him?

Honor yields to his pleas, says she will accompany him. She makes her preparations. A few hours before the boat is to sail—after she has packed and written a number of farewell notes—Cartwright comes to her home. His face is white, drawn; obviously, something has gone wrong. "My darling," he says quietly, "we cannot do it. I've come to tell you so."

Conclusion

HONOR *freed herself a little,* drew away from Paul with darkened eyes.

"You can't come to tell me this now!" she breathed. "You—don't *dare!*"

"I do dare, my dear. I've not closed my eyes all night," Paul said. "I've been thinking—oh, not of me, nor of the boys, nor of anyone—but of you. You're too fine to do this, and I'm not letting you. I'm forfeiting my tickets. I've telephoned them we're not coming. It's goodby now, dear, and forever; and I'll not be weak again."

Color had deserted her face, and if she still held tight to his hands it was to keep down the weakness that was sweeping over her.

"You can't tell me this now." It was the same tense, almost frightened whisper. Her eyes blazed into his. "I love you," she said simply. He caught his breath, swallowing before he spoke.

"We can't say that now. Never again. If I've made you love me, at least it's not as cruel as to let you go on loving me. You must forget me and I must forget you," he said, steadily. "Believe me, Honor, this is the kindest thing I've ever done to you since that accursed afternoon last November when I let you see what you were beginning to mean to me!"

"BUT what's—what's *happened?*" Her voice broke on the words and her lips trembled. She raised her head angrily to fight down the tears, faced him defiantly with great drops on her dark thick lashes. "What's *happened?*" she asked.

"Nothing. Oh, yes, something did happen this morning, and it has decided me as to where I shall be," Paul said. "They're giving us the Barnaby case—Judge Cooper had me on the telephone half an hour last night, and Menankey telephoned this morning. But that isn't why—that has nothing to do with you and me! It only means I'll go at once to Milwaukee; I've lived there before; it's Marion's home town. It means hard work, and I need it. But it's not that," Paul rushed on, speaking breathlessly and quickly now, still holding her hands, though he and she had moved to the davenport, and were seated, twisted about to face each other. "It's you, my dear, and I'm not going to hurt you. You're good; you're decent; you believe in goodness and decency. You asked me yesterday if some day this would 'come right.' I've thought of that—I've been thinking of nothing else. I couldn't sleep until dawn this morning, and then I knew what I had to do.

"I can't take you to London and Paris as my mistress, Honor. God knows how I want you—more this instant perhaps than ever in my life. But no matter what happened afterward, no matter if Marion died, or the boys died, we couldn't straighten it out. We'd belong to a certain group, my dear, and it isn't your group! You're not one of those hard women who drift about the Riviera talking about lucky numbers at the table, telling everyone who'll listen just what brutes their husbands were, just what cats the men they're living with once were married to! Clothes, and watching each other, never sure of their position—that isn't you, the finest, the truest woman I've ever known! And I'm not the type that idles about in plus fours, talking golf scores, Honor. We'd be unhappy, dear, and you'd blame yourself for it, and I'd know who was to blame."

"No, Paul, I'd always know!" she said, her drowned eyes still brave through the tears that were streaming down her face. "I'd always know that we decided on it

What's wrong with this picture?

Why, the rear quarter windows, of course—because that Safety Glass is made of ordinary window glass. Wavy glass that mars the beauty of an otherwise smart car design . . . windows that hurt pride of ownership and make each mile an endurance test against eyestrain and fatigue. Yet, such discomfort can easily be avoided, for today many motor car manufacturers completely equip their cars with Safety Glass, made of the finest polished PLATE Glass, at no extra cost to the purchaser.

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Safety PLATE *Glass*

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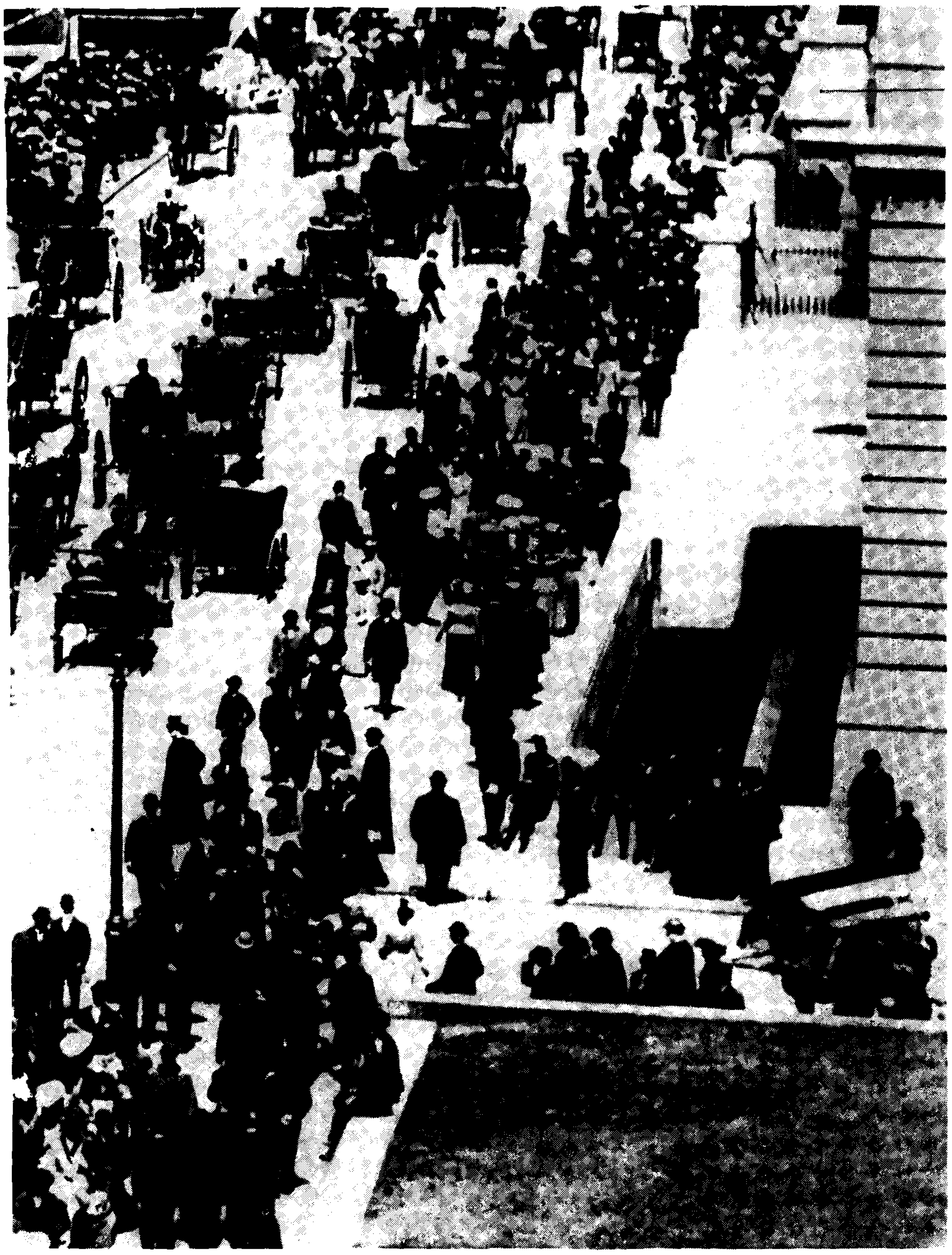
CITY HAD 19 "AUTOS"



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DO YOU SEE that lonesome little "auto"...chugging its way up the Avenue among all those hansom cabs?

We've circled it so you can find it quickly.

Well, when this picture was taken, New York didn't have many "autos"...and the point is...

Probably all of them used Mobiloil!

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CURE YOUR CAR'S HUNGER FOR OIL "BETWEEN MEALS"

SAY, BIG BOY, HOW COME YOU USE LESS OIL THAN LITTLE ME?
SIMPLE, SHRIMP I HAVE SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS
WYNDHAM KING

ENJOY "DRAIN-TO-DRAIN" OIL MILEAGE . . . AS THOUSANDS HAVE . . . AFTER INSTALLING

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

WHEN your car begins to beg for oil just after you have "drained and filled," it's time to halt this needless extravagance. For you can stop your car's hunger for oil "between meals" . . . easily, quickly and economically. Sealed Power Piston Rings are usually all your car needs.

These sensational piston rings were created for cars like yours—cars that are costing $2, $3, $4 or more a month for oil. Sealed Power Piston Rings abate this oil appetite. In fact, after installing them, thousands of motorists find the oil stick still registers "full" when it's time to drain and fill again!

You see, Sealed Power Rings have an inner spring of Swedish steel which expands the specially constructed outer ring so that it conforms to the out-of-round shape of the cylinder wall. This "seals" the power. Keeps the gas *in* the combustion chamber. Keeps the oil *out.* Oil economy is thus restored. Pep, speed, power are restored, as well!

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Sometimes valve guides, new bearings or new Sealed Power Lo-Ex Pistons are needed to get 100% oil economy. In such cases, no piston ring in the world (despite some ridiculous claims) can restore economy. Ask your Sealed Power ace mechanic to inspect your car. You can depend on him.

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SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

together. I'm not afraid. If you—if you do this, what's left for me? Don't—don't throw me down."

He looked at her steadily for a long minute, cleared his throat as if he would speak, checked and was silent again.

"I'm not throwing you down," he said presently, in a low tone, looking away with a frown.

"But you are!" She had affected him and she knew it. "Paul, I've written them letters; I've done everything!" she began again eagerly. "Let's—take the chance."

She stopped, trembling with eagerness, waiting for his reply. When she saw him smile—the smile that seemed to her the most wonderful expression that ever man's face wore in the world—she smiled too, through her tears.

"You're twenty-three, Honor," he said slowly. "I'm thirty-six. I was older than you are, three years older, when I was married. I had my wedding night, my bride in her lovely scented lacy things, my honeymoon. I'm not going to steal your youth from you, just because I could set it against a background of travel and theaters and all the things that girls love! My dearest, that wouldn't be fair!"

Her eyes moved somberly over his face.

"This—isn't fair," she said heavily.

"No, this isn't fair," he agreed quietly, holding her hands tightly. "I've not been fair to you—right through. I know it, now."

"But Paul, we love each other—"

His keen eyes were fixed on hers; she read aright the expression of his thoughtful, concerned face, and her voice dropped, her words dying away into silence. For a long minute they looked at each other without speaking, then Honor drew back, straightening her shoulders, and walked to the window. Paul followed her, and they gazed out together at the dingy descending hills of the city, at the bay across which streamers of slow-moving fog were gathering, at the spring day that was suddenly dimmed and sunless.

Honor spoke over her shoulder.

"You're afraid," she said somberly.

"Yes," he answered after a second. "I'm afraid. Will you forgive me, Honor?"

She shrugged, not turning her head. He walked a few feet away, came irresolutely back.

"Believe me, you're going to thank me some day, Honor."

She spoke slowly, thickly, after a silence:

"You couldn't care for me as I do for you—not one tenth as much, and do this."

"Leave it at that, then," Paul answered briefly.

"What of my bags?"

"They're here. They're in my car, parked just down the street. I'll have Trainer bring them in."

HONOR stood immovable, looking out. She seemed turned to stone. She heard him turn away, after a few moments heard sounds that she could interpret as the footsteps of the chauffeur, the thump of the heavy old black bag on the hall floor. And still she did not move. Then Paul was close to her again.

"I'm going now; I'm going down to Burlingame. Some night this week, probably Thursday or Friday, I'll leave for Milwaukee. This is goodby, Honor."

She turned, raised shadowed eyes to his, spoke in a lifeless tone:

"Goodby, Paul."

"Goodby." He stooped and kissed her lightly on the forehead, and went away. *Honor heard the street door close* behind him. Minutes ticked by, ticked by. The sound of the clock in the hall seemed to fill the whole house.

After a while she picked up her breakfast tray and carried it into the kitchen, straightened the room, folded the newspapers carefully for Aunt Lucie's microscopic perusal after dinner this evening. Dinner this evening; it was her turn to get it. What would they have?

She went to the door and took away the pinned note; found and destroyed the notes that had been intended for her aunt and her sister. She unpacked her bags, dressed herself, not forgetting powder and a touch of lip red. Her eyes were swollen; she considered various explanations, *decided upon a cinder.* A cinder had somehow gotten into her eye this morning; it had hurt her frightfully, too! Tom Borrow's wife, Betty, would say, "Oh, too bad!" in heartbroken tones, and little Tom and Betsy would go over and over the tragedy. "Did it hurt you, Honny? Did it hurt her, Mummy?"

THEY were late calling for her. One o'clock struck. Honor was back at the window, staring out blankly. A sturdy little steamer had worked herself free of the clutter of the water front, turned her head toward the Gate and the rippling soft fog that hid the great seas beyond. The Europa was on her way. Honor watched her go, apathy veiling her spirit just as the ocean mists were veiling the world.

But this could not be the end, of course. He had tried to leave her before, and had failed. Through the endless hours of the day and evening Honor was possessed of but one thought; this could not be the end. Mind, body, spirit strained toward him; the streets were full of men, any one of whom might be Paul; he might come about the nearest corner; he might telephone.

Somehow she got through Monday, through Monday's interminable evening, but Tuesday was insufferable.

All night she lay awake, and on Wednesday morning was all but actually ill. At four o'clock, quite simply, she dialed the offices of Cooper and Cartwright. Could she speak to Mr. Cartwright, please? This was the office of Hunter and Hunter.

" 'S'at you, Honor?" said Mrs. Bell at the other switchboard, pleased. "I knew your voice, honey. Listen, Mr. Cartwright's not been here today, except for about half an hour this morning. Mr. Menankey's here from Los Angeles, and they're up at Judge Cooper's. Sure, the judge has been quite sick, but he's all right now. Listen, you knew we got the Barnaby case?"

When the conversation ended, Honor hung up the telephone and sat thoughtful for a while, her eyes narrowed under a faint frown, her look far away. She had debated the wisdom of telephoning; there was no question about it now. She must hear his voice again. Tomorrow at the office, or tonight at home?

She chose the latter, finding a moment after dinner when she could slip out to the drugstore and telephone the Cartwright house in Burlingame. But she could only talk to a maid. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson were giving Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright a goodby party, Ellen explained.

"Oh, and what night is Mr. Cartwright leaving for Milwaukee?" Honor asked. "This is Miss Brownell, of the office, speaking." Ellen'll never know that I've left the office, Honor thought.

"Tomorrow night, denk you," Ellen said cautiously. Honor had to ask her two more questions, and to say cheerfully, "Please say that Miss Brownell called," before she could elicit from Ellen the fact that Paul was to fly east on the ten-o'clock night plane the following evening. "But you ken call 'em in de mornin'; hay tall you," Ellen concluded anxiously.

"I'll do that. Thank you, Ellen!"

She left the drugstore and went into the dull street, climbing the long block up the hill home. Cousins had arrived in her absence; they were all going over to some Italian place for dinner and marionettes. She was swept along in the crowd; her entire preoccupation, while she talked and ate and laughed, the consideration as to how she could get a telegram to Paul without embarrassing him.

She finally phrased it. "Please call Hyde three two three two important." She would send it to his office. No; then Miss Morrisey would get it. That wouldn't do; Miss Morrisey knew Honor's home telephone number.

"What did you say, Tom?" One of the cousins had spoken to her.

"I was saying that these people are tops in Italy, you know. They are crazy about them over there."

"The marionettes? They're really extraordinary." She'd send the telegram as coming from the offices of Hunter and Hunter. That would not rouse any suspicion at the other end. "Please call Kearney eight three hundred at ten tomorrow morning. Important." And she could sign it—well, certainly not "Honor." But what? "Hyde Vallejo." Would he guess what "Hyde Vallejo" meant, and would anyone else suspect? The Brownells' cottage was on Hyde near Vallejo Street. But of course Paul's heart was as filled with need of her as hers with need of him; he'd be waiting for a sign as eagerly as she. Honor finished the evening in a dream, sent the telegram before she slept.

Then it was morning; dark with spring clouds and threatening rain. Her heart beat high with hope as she finished her breakfast, walked downtown; entered the office with her cheeks glowing. Just nine o'clock. In another hour she would hear his voice.

Ten o'clock struck. She could keep her mind on nothing. She went to the files, came restlessly back to her desk, roved to the window and stood looking down at California Street, dark on this dark morning, with the gallant old brown and yellow cable cars dang-danging their ways up and down. Motorcars and motorcars. Perhaps he would come and see her in her new office, rather than telephone. The thought made her pulses race. She watched various cars turning and stopping, starting up again. None was his.

The minutes ticked on and on, and eleven struck, and the half hour after eleven, and there was no sign. Honor fought back her first sick suspicion that he was not going to telephone, as long as she could. Noon found her sitting at her desk apparently busy with a great yellow-backed volume of law cases, in reality entering a region black with despair. What to do now? She had strained toward a stolen moment with him as toward a goal that could not escape her. Now she had lost her way; there was no goal, and she could run no farther.

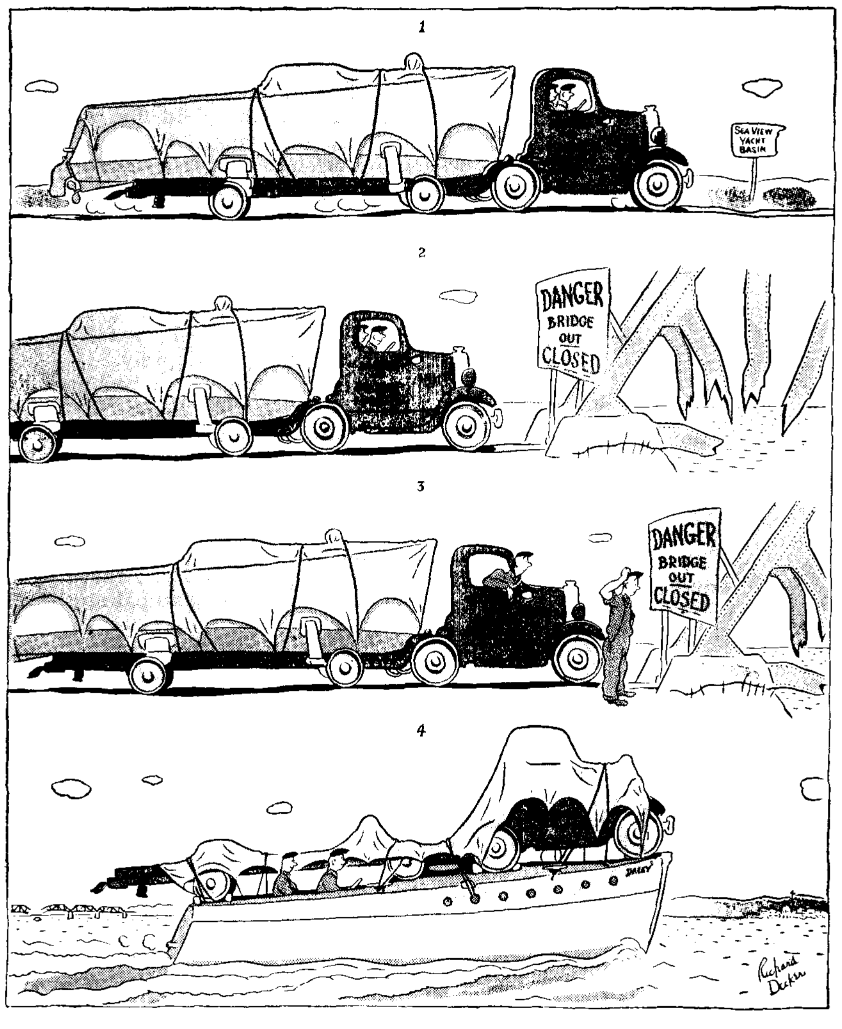
YET even now, said the hope that would not die within her, even now he might lift her from this pit at any second. Even now he might come in, with that grave smile of his, and the gray coat over his arm, and the gloves in his brown hand. And in one second the whole world would change, be quivering with rightness and joy again!

Honor would not—indeed could not—leave the office. To miss him on this last day would be to destroy her reason, she thought.

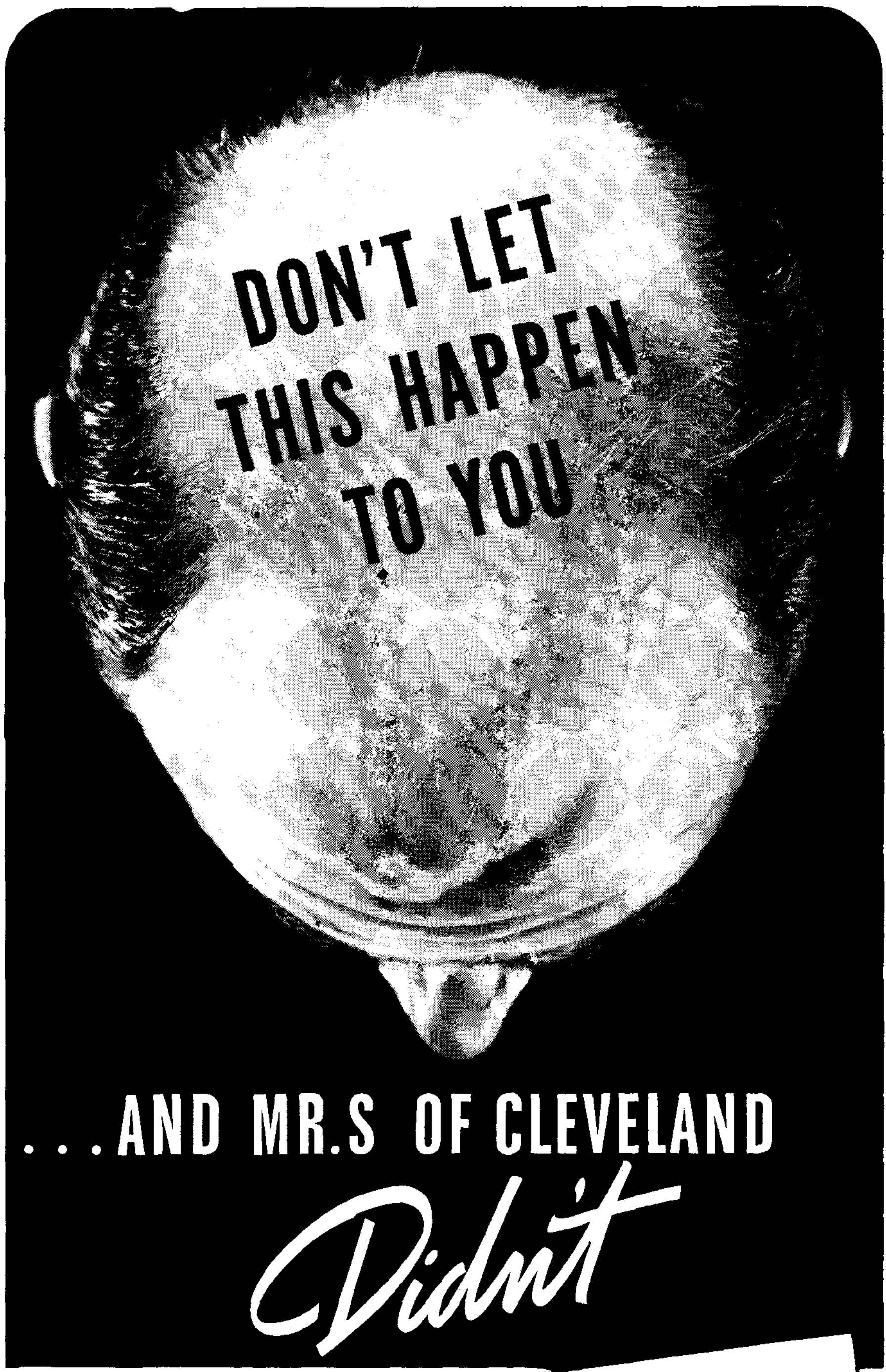
She sent Carey, the office boy, for a cup of coffee and a sandwich, drank the hot liquid gratefully, nibbled at the solid food, sent the tray away again. And now it was afternoon, two o'clock, three o'clock, four. . .

"Staying late?" someone asked her. They were shutting up desks now, covering typewriters, snapping off lights. Five-o'clock whistles droned in the street that had been brightened with uncertain spring sunshine a few minutes ago but that was now shining with sudden rain.

"I've got—a little work—to finish—" Honor said, somewhat uncertainly. The



RICHARD DECKER



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others drifted away. The big elevators came up and down, doors opened and closed, and still she sat on, her heart beating with slow heavy thumps.

Alone in the big dim place, she quite suddenly dialed for an out-of-town number, called the Cartwright house in Burlingame. Was Mr. Cartwright there? Who was it, please?

Stupidly, she had not anticipated that question. She gathered her scattered senses desperately.

"Will you say a young lady from the office? A telegram from New York has come in—"

"Just a minute!" There was a long delay. Her heart continued its uncomfortable rapid beating; her face flamed. She was cheapening herself; she could not help it.

The little click and rattle that indicated that someone was at the other end of the line drove the blood from her face, made her feel absolutely faint with expectation. But it was only the maid again; Honor heard the toneless flat voice with a sensation of actual shock.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cartwright isn't here."

"Oh?" There was nothing to say to that. He was not there. He probably was there, but he had told the maid to say that he was not. All right; if that was the way it was to be.

She telephoned home. Luckily it was Aunt Lucie who answered; Honor need merely say lightly that she was delayed downtown, and would be home early and explain. Aunt Lucie was not curious or suspicious.

WELL, so that was that. Now what? It was twenty minutes to six. Scrubwomen with steaming pails were advancing across the office floor. Honor slowly buttoned her coat, adjusted her hat at the right angle, picked up her purse. Her face was serious; she was trying her best to think; she could not think. Paul had been deliberately cruel; he had chosen to be cruel. They had said their last word to each other; now she was to be left with only this memory of cruelty.

Walking rapidly, yet aimlessly, up Market Street, she spoke to a policeman:

"Can you tell me where the headquarters of the air lines are? Do they let you ride down to the field even if you're not flying?"

"Sure, they do, if there's room. You could go up there and find out. Which plane are you meeting, lady?"

"I have a friend going at seven; I thought I'd ride down with him."

"Sure." He pointed, gesticulated, explained. She might have been a stranger in the city as she listened to his directions, nodded her head, went on her way.

The big limousine accepted her without question; she paid her fare. Except for herself it was empty, but it was to stop for passengers at three of the big hotels. Paul would be at one or the other, having a last cocktail with friends. He would be amazed, he might even be annoyed, to see her, but he could not keep her from her right to a last word and smile, for all that! If his wife were with him, Honor would say casually, "I'm meeting a friend arriving from Los Angeles," and drift away from them as soon as they reached the field.

But his wife would not be with him! Marion was not that kind of a wife. She would probably be playing bridge after the dinner party tonight at the Burlingame Club. Oh, to see him one moment, to hear his voice, to stop this constant gnawing need of him, satisfy it just for a few minutes! Then, Honor felt, she could go on again.

As the various passengers entered the omnibus from their hotels she assumed absent-mindedness. She was not interested in them. Let Paul discover her, not she him. The omnibus made its last stop, turned on its way toward the field. Paul was not in it.

Honor set her courage like a shield, buckled it on. She would not break. She was exhausted from sleepless nights and barely tasted meals; she had had nothing all day long except two cups of coffee, and she began to feel giddy and faint with disappointment and weakness, but she would not break. The omnibus rumbled its way southward toward Mills Field. . . .

She got out at the field and, rather than sit in the overlighted waiting room, walked up and down in the dark outside. The rain had stopped for a moment; there were rifts of starry sky between the long woolly drifts of cloud overhead. Pools of water had formed on the cement. She walked around them.

SHE was down at the end of the building, a hundred feet away, when Paul's party came out of the waiting room and stood laughing and joking at the gate in the wire fence. Paul, and Marion with him, furred in pale brown to match a pale brown suit. There were others with them, five or six men and women, three or four children. Honor could come near enough to see them without leaving the protection of the black shadows.

"Marion, you're not going!" a woman protested.

"I am. I love Milwaukee; all my old gang is there! Besides, I have to take care of Pauly."

Paul stooped to kiss the small boys' faces.

"Be good boys now, and you'll come on in just a few weeks to join Mother and Dad."

"It feels quite honeymoony, Paul," Marion said.

"There's *nothing* honeymoony about the Barnaby case." But Paul's voice sounded interested and excited too. "I'll ship her back if she doesn't behave," he said.

"Not behave!" echoed Marion. "With both my brothers there, and my aunts, and everyone! Goodby, darlings," she added, kissing the children.

It was raining heavily, warmly, now. Honor was being soaked to the skin, but she could not move. Even under the awning that had been stretched from the building to the fence the gay party was getting spattered. The great steel bird from the south zoomed in; another plane ran up the field like a pheasant with spread wings. Paul and Marion went through the gate, turned to wave, were gone.

Honor watched the rise of the great machine, saw it dwindle to colored dots of light against streaming black sky overhead, stood rooted to the spot, staring after it. Her feet were icy; she shuddered with a long chill, she felt her head beginning to ache stupidly.

Well, there must be omnibuses going back. She turned about the corner of the building and caught full in her eyes a blinding white blaze of light; a truck was coming toward her at full speed. Starting back against the wall she heard a man shout; then something struck her shoulder and she lost her breath, and was down flat in the mud, her cheek against its wet softness, her two palms plastered in it.

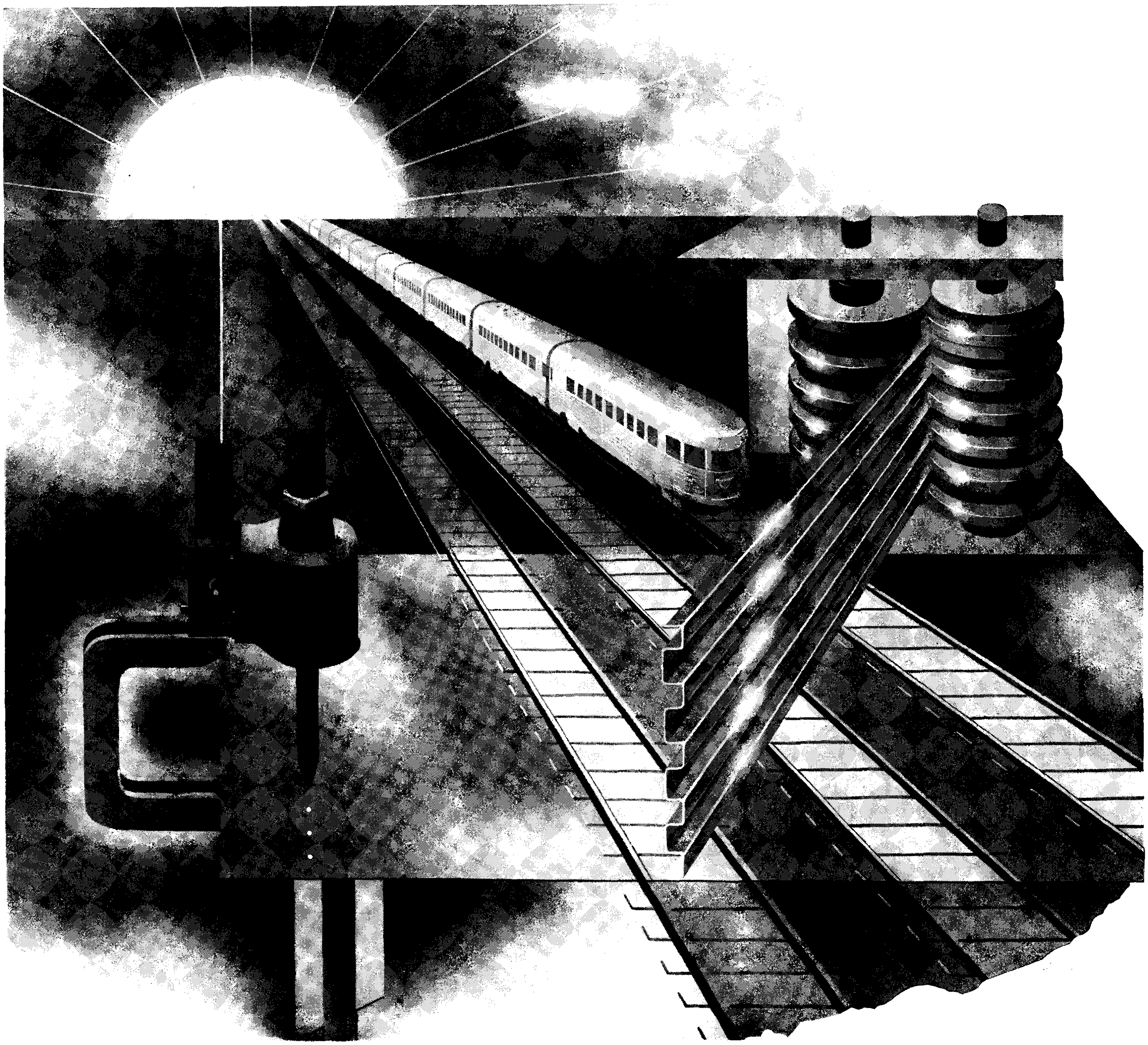
After that there were shouts and lights and voices, a nauseating pain in her arm that seemed to radiate in stars of agony through her whole being. And then instantly came blessed blackness.

FOR a long time she lay with her eyes wide open; then she said gently, in just her old tone: "Hugh."

The man, who had fallen into a sort of daydream, started and brought his smiling glance to the bed. Honor lay back in frail laces against the big pillows, and answered his smile with a faint smile of her own.

"Hugh," she said again.

Hugh spoke gently, as if afraid to



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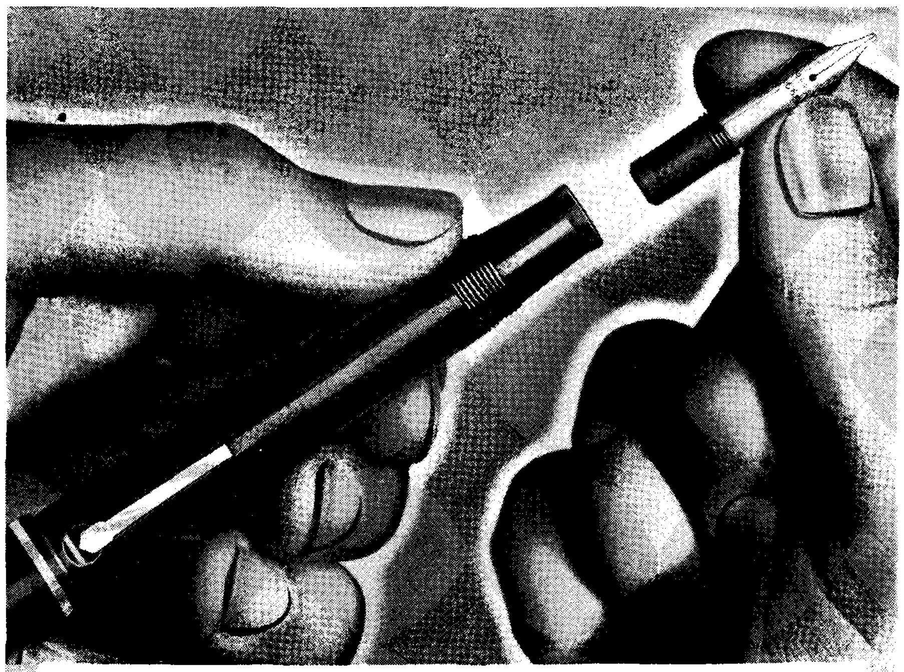

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shatter her with any too-abrupt sound.

"Well, how do you feel?"

"Wonderful. I'm all right!" Honor said faintly. "But I didn't know whether it was you or just a—sort of fancy."

"Is it good to hear you talking again!" Hugh encouraged her.

"I could have talked sometimes, but I didn't know what it all was!" Honor confessed, in a tone infinitely fatigued. "And it made my head ache," she added, suddenly serious, turning her head aside with a sigh, her eyes filling with tears.

"Then I wouldn't make too much effort," Hugh suggested uneasily.

"Oh, I'm fine now. But d'you know," Honor said, still adding word to word slowly and wearily, still faintly frowning, "d'you know I've had the funniest feelings, lying here? Lots of times I wanted to talk, but I was so horribly tired and hot all the time. And then it seemed to me Grandma was here, and Addy, and everyone, and that you used to sit in that window, so I'd see your silhouette, every day. How many days is it, Hugh?"

"That you've been here? About—well, this is the seventeenth."

"Seventeen days! It seems like about nine years. Or else it doesn't seem like any time at all. Nurses in the night, and bells." Honor's voice sank away dreamily, and he thought she dozed. But if so it was only for a moment, for immediately she opened her eyes and asked, "*Did* you sit against that window, Hugh? That seems to be the thing I remember."

"Sometimes," he said. "You were a little lightheaded for a while, and you asked for me. So I used to drop in."

"Lightheaded? I thought I only broke my arm?"

"With pneumonia. You've had pneumonia."

"I have!" But even the slightly stressed accent did not indicate real interest. "What a horrid time I've given you all," she said, "and what a—what a fool I am!"

"Why fool?" Hugh's voice was mild, not especially soothing. He smiled as if he were amiably curious.

"Ah, you know!" she answered. For a long time there was silence.

"How could you get away from the office so much, Hugh?"

"I—explained."

She had closed her eyes again; he saw a faint color stain the clean cool magnolia-petal of her cheek.

"You—didn't go—up to the Walburga?"

"Yep; and came back. They're getting it all straightened out again. They had a washout on top of their other troubles."

"Is it lovely up there now?"

"Lovely. Everything smells of the pines. When I was up there, there was a lot of wild lilac all over the hills."

"WHEN I felt so hot," Honor said, "I used to think of those big horses drinking; do you remember? They were bringing them down to the trough, and they would plunge their noses deep into the water, and lift up their heads dripping cold, cold water. And I was so hot!"

"You're all right now," Hugh said.

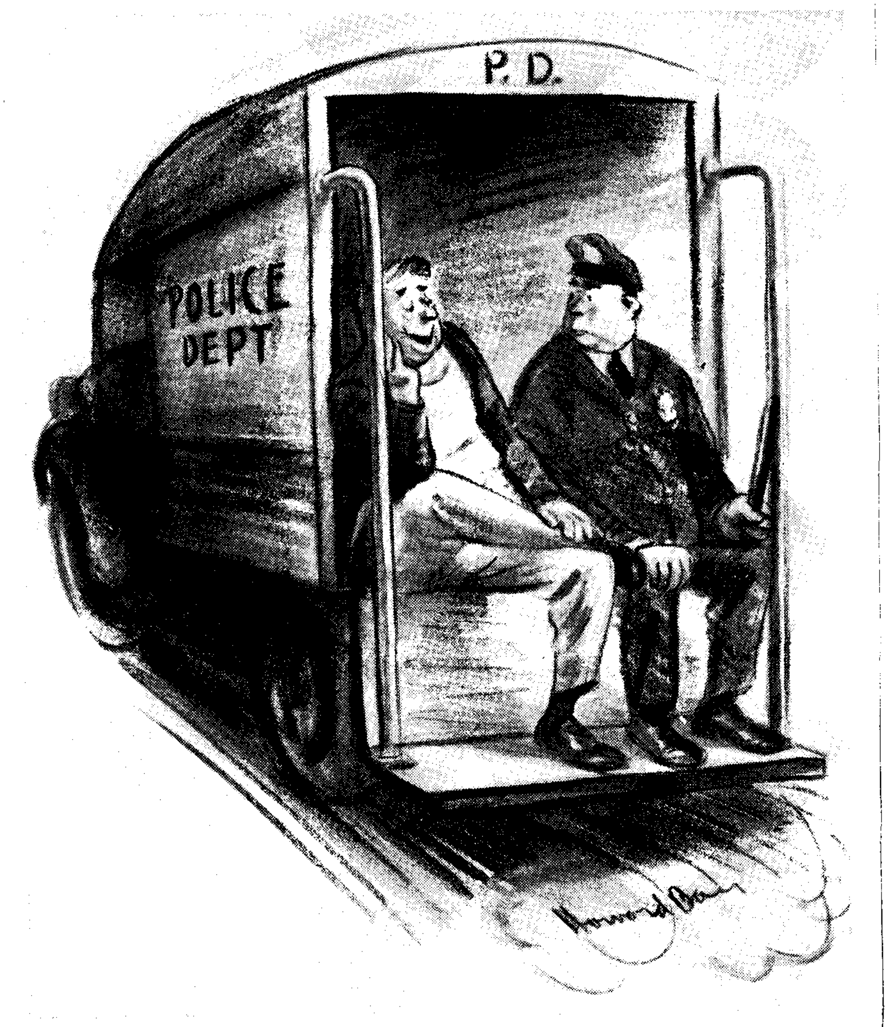
"Oh, yes. Except that I feel so wretchedly—*tired*."

"That won't last."

"No, I know. Hugh, did I talk a lot?"

"Well—muttering. And now and then they'd hear my name, so they came after me. I'd quiet you down."

"I seem to remember that—a little. I felt that if I could once get to you, it'd all come right. And now—" she said, speaking still in a dreamy, weary tone, and looking far away, "now it's as if I'd been through some great—well, what? Laundry, maybe. As if I'd been washed clean, soul and mind and body, and almost been killed in the process. All that—all that's been washed away. It's all—gone. You know what I mean. I just feel horribly tired." She paused. "And horribly ashamed of myself," she added in a lower tone. "Do they all hate me?" she asked, suddenly.



"Nice out here on the steps, isn't it?"

HOWARD BAER

"Nope," Hugh answered briefly.

"They ought to." Her beautiful eyes were somber and shadowed.

"They know you're the star of the outfit," the man said simply. "Whatever you do seems right to them, because you contribute more to the lives of every one," Hugh continued mildly, "than anybody else. They're all crazy about you!"

This was so extraordinary a speech for Hugh that Honor opened her eyes wide to look at him.

"You ought to know what went on the night you were really sick; they were all here, your grandmother and all!" Hugh added. "You know, Honor," he went on, speaking somewhat awkwardly now, "there's nothing I won't give you, if you'll let me. Travel, I mean, and Paris and the Riviera. I'm not going to stick at the Walburga all my life—"

"Oh, please!" she said, a painful flush rushing over her face. "Please don't talk that way, Hugh! You're so fine, so much the finest person I've ever known, and I'm so—so rotten. You know—if I've been talking about the Riviera—you know just what I am. I'd lost my mind, I think, for a while, anyway. And perhaps—and this is what makes me afraid," she went on, "perhaps when I'm stronger it'll all come back, perhaps what I'm thinking now, as I lie here, is just part of being sick and convalescing."

"No," he said in his thoughtful pleasant voice, "it won't come back."

"I was going away with him," Honor said suddenly. She faced the man squarely. "My father's daughter," she added, "and I was going away with him."

"I know it," Hugh said.

"They all know it?" she asked bravely, looking at him hopefully for a denial. He made none. "He was the one who wouldn't go through with it," Honor made herself continue.

"Well," Hugh said, "if he did it was because a man like that wouldn't dare face what a woman like you would feel when she—woke up."

"I'm awake now," Honor said thoughtfully and sadly, staring into space. "I've been asleep all my life. What a prig I've been, Hugh. Well, I'll never be so sure of myself again. There's *that* gained.

"It's all gone now. It's burned out of me with the illness," she went on, as he continued to watch her without speaking. "He's just—Paul Cartwright again, the man who's always been so nice in the office. The man who has two little boys, and a stupid, society sort of wife. If he came in here now, I'd only want to say, 'This is very nice of you, Mr. Cartwright.' "

SHE stopped short, wondering at it, thinking aloud.

"Sure?" Hugh asked.

"Sure now. Sure today. But would I be, Hugh, if once I was strong again—out again, walking about?"

"I think so," he said.

"That's what makes me afraid." Honor confessed, her eyes fearful.

"When you're stronger you won't be afraid."

"But how'll I ever know, Hugh?"

"Oh, fast enough. Because there isn't anything *real* to that sort of thing," Hugh said unalarmedly. "There are wonderful marriages, Honor, but they never begin that way. They begin—sane. That isn't sane, it couldn't have lasted. That was fever."

"And burned away with the rest of the fever," she said, as if to herself.

"Well, sure. You're still you, the finest person in the world," Hugh said. "That kind of thing wasn't for you, and he knew it."

"It doesn't *seem* like me. It was all fire and excitement—" her voice died away into silence; she lay thinking. "It's so—so darned *humiliating*," she said. "How to face them! How to live it all down! I wish it was the middle of next year."

"It will be. Things are always happening in the family," Hugh consoled her. "You're not the only one. But you're beautiful, and every man who sees you wants you, and it's harder for you."

"You're terribly decent. You're terribly kind to me," said Honor, gratefully.

"I tried to make Sally Towner go away with me," Hugh presently observed, in a musing voice that corresponded to her own. Honor was instantly alert.

"Hugh Braintree! Before she was married?"

"Nope; she was married to Towner then. She's four years older than I—four or five. I'd had typhoid—down at Coronado, remember? I was laid up in a hospital down there for about two months, building up. Mother came down and was sick too. Sally was there with Jack Towner, and very unhappy. She used to come in and sit on my bed and I fell in love with her. Just about that time I came in for Grandpa Suggett's money, and I tried my darnedest to get her to elope with me. Towner wouldn't give her a divorce, and she used to cry, and kneel down and put her arms about me and say I was her Sir Walter Raleigh—"

HUGH stopped to grin shamefacedly, but there was no bitterness in his voice. Honor lay watching him, stunned.

"How old were you, Hugh?"

"Oh, twenty-three or -four, I guess. It was only four or five years ago—five years this August."

"But—good heavens! We hadn't said anything about it, but you and I—before that—at least it was understood, wasn't it, that you and I were going to be married?" Honor stammered, the first happy color that he had seen there staining her cheeks an apricot pink.

"Oh, sure it was; we were sort of engaged," the man admitted. "But—I don't know!—I suddenly got Sally under my skin. I was just out and out crazy, if you know what I mean?"

"If I know what you mean?" the girl echoed, faintly ironic. "Hugh," she said slowly, deliberately, "will you forgive me?"

"Stop!" Hugh protested impatiently.

"I hurt you," she said. "I acted like a fool."

"Shut up," he said, uncomfortable and embarrassed. This was a new role for the wonderful Honor; he did not know how to receive it.

"If you'll trust me I'll make it up to you some day," she said.

"Don't talk like that, Honor."

Her wide-open eyes were fixed on his, and he saw in their depths a new beauty and a new consciousness.

"Shall we be married right away, Hugh?" she asked. "Could we run away from them all, and get up there to the deep woods—"

"No; we couldn't," he said smiling, as she paused. "You're to go down to Barbara's, to meet the new boy—"

"Oh, has she got her boy at last? Is Aunt Harriet wild with joy?"

"They're all pretty happy, and the girls are spoiling him already. And Barbara wants you down there for May, and perhaps June, fooling 'round with the kids, swimming and climbing Deer Hill—"

"It sounds so delicious!"

"And then if you feel like it—" He left the sentence in mid-air; they looked steadily at each other, smiling through a sudden dazzle of mist.

"Oh, I love you, my dear," he said.

THE END

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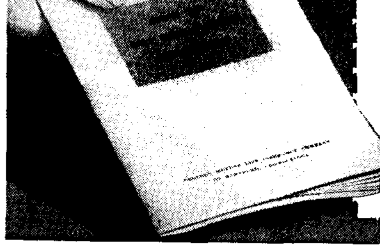

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...then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

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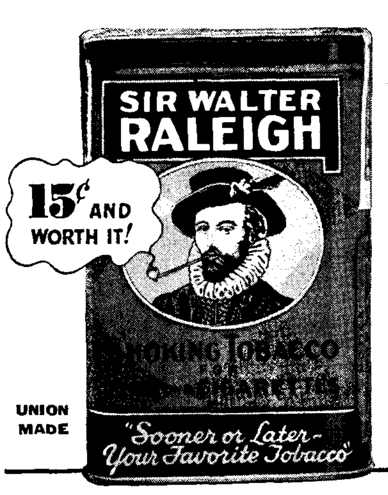

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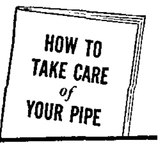

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra and Morton Bowe NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10:00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

Life Class

Continued from page 19

been good to me, Peter. In his way, he has loved me."

"He chose," said Peter through his teeth, "a damn' funny way of showing it. *Made* you marry him, just because he wanted you, and had the power—"

"But naturally, Peter! But naturally, for what do men have power if not to get what they want?"

He stared at her, his face angry and miserable.

"I understand," he said roughly. "You really care more for him than for me, don't you?"

Slowly she shook her head.

"You cannot think that. I do not mind, because I know you do not think that. Naturally you wish to hurt me. To you I have done something—will you now go please away from me, Peter? I do not wish to cry here," she said; and he went, blindly.

Next day he took a ship, from Cherbourg to New York. He had come to Paris to learn something about being an architect. He went back to be an architect, having learned—something.

THE *rain had stopped but it was still* wet underfoot. As she came round the corner from the Rue Castiglione into the Place Vendôme she saw headlights shining through the early dusk, their bright shafts reflected glimmering in the wet pavement.

A man came toward her along the sidewalk, tipped his hat, and walked on. She turned to look after him, searching her memory. He was short, squarely-built, well dressed. . . . But of course! The little man who had come every night to hear her, when she was singing at the Maisonette!

It was so nice of him to remember her, after almost six years. So very nice. It made her feel young, attractive. She stood straighter, and walked springily. Young, and attractive.

She would go through the Ritz! Her clothes were not very good, no, but there would be not many people to look at them. She would enjoy going through the Ritz. Also, it was shorter, a quicker way to get to her bus.

She smiled faintly. She had not been in the Ritz since she had said goodby to Peter. At first because she couldn't bear it; and after that . . . she shrugged. She wasn't leading that kind of life any more, fortunately. Very fortunately. She had been wise to leave the Maisonette. Marguerite had been wise, too, in her shrewd French way. Marguerite had said, "We shall have a shop with things that French people buy! Then, if the foreigners go—*hein?*"

Nadya went up the steps and into the wide lobby. She turned left into the corridor—and her heart stopped.

Very far away, at the end of the long pink carpet, a man sat in a gilt chair upholstered in pink. A tall man, lanky, with his legs crossed, his black head tilted back.

It was a dream, of course. She was quite sure of that. The corridor was bright with mirrors and she was walking between them, swiftly, so swiftly that the carpet moved under her feet, swaying from side to side, and the man was standing up, coming toward her, smiling—yes, it was a dream.

"You are having a dream," she told herself aloud, sensibly. "It does not happen, this. It is only a dream—" and his voice hit her like a blow.

"I shouldn't think so," he said. "I shouldn't think so." He took her hand, he was holding it, tightly, painfully. "I never saw that dress before. I couldn't have dreamed of you in that dress."

She said automatically, "No, not in this dress. It is not good, this dress." Then, incredulous, gasping for breath, "But—it is really you, Peter! You hurt me, my hand. I—I must sit down."

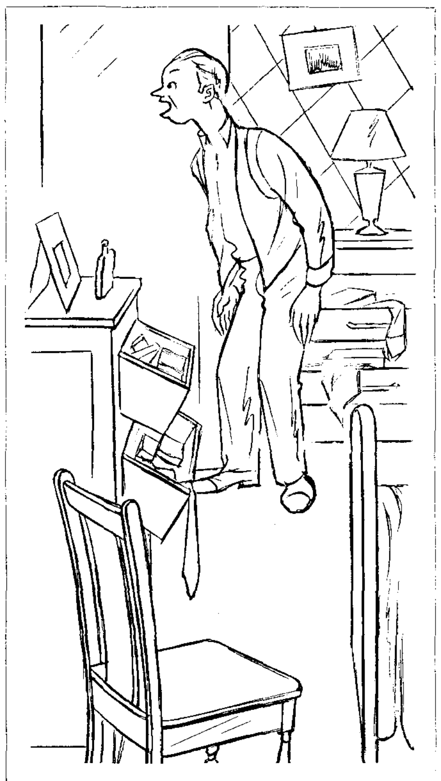
She was laughing shakily with her back pressed against pink satin. From the next chair Peter was staring at her through the smooth, bright silence, and she was staring back, unable to speak.

He was so changed, so very changed. His dark, quick face had fined down, hardened. There were new lines around his mouth, his brown eyes were steady, tolerant.

"Nadya, I'm incredibly glad to see you!"

"I, too. I am glad." In a small, wondering voice she said, "But how are you here, Peter?"

"Entirely," he said, "by chance." His brown eyes twinkled. "Because an Englishman, a Frenchman and a Greek are building a casino on the Isthmus of Corinth!"



"Darling, where did I hide my safety razor from you?"

BEN ROTH

"Peter! That is—"

"God's truth," he said, and grinned. "My firm happens to be building it for them. I'm here seeing the Frenchman."

"So. You are an architect. I am glad. It is what you wished always to be. You will give me a cigarette, please, Peter?"

He gave her one, took one himself, lit them both. They sat silent, looking at each other across the chasm of years, smiling. She thought, "It is different, everything. I do not understand," and all at once she did. Six years ago she had been the older of the two; now he had caught up, and passed her; he was the older, and strange to her.

"I do not now know anything about you," she said. "But it does not seem of importance, because I have such joy to see you."

"Hmm—yes. That's just what I was thinking, as a matter of fact."

He was looking at her with the same faint half-smile.

"You live in Paris, of course."

"Yes. I live in Paris."

"I see." He tossed his cigarette through the open French window into the garden court. "I see. And Boris?"

She felt herself stiffen all over. She did not want to speak of Boris—she did not know why; but she would not speak of him! She said hurriedly:

"He is as you would think. You, Peter, you are here for long, in Paris?"

The pause between her question and his answer was barely perceptible.

"I may be here a week," he said. "Or more. I don't know. It depends on this French fellow. You see, the Greek law says—" and he went on, steering the conversation smoothly, easily, away from Boris into impersonalities.

She sat watching him, barely listening, but feeling grateful. It was nice of him, she thought, to understand. Six years ago he would not have understood.

Presently they fell silent. From behind them, from the bar, a headwaiter appeared, bowed politely, and passed on down the corridor—a broad, portly figure with gray hair. He halted to look into a showcase, Nadya could see his face, red, jowly, and she thought, "I remember—it is Georges, he was here *then*—"

"I don't suppose," said Peter quietly, "I don't suppose you could have dinner with me tonight."

"But Peter!"

The headwaiter moved on, turned the corner, and disappeared.

"But Peter!" She stared at him soberly. Then she smiled.

"Yes, Peter! Yes—that I am going to allow myself!" She laughed, her sudden, electric laugh. "I shall have dinner with you, yes!" She was on her feet, warm, excited. "First I must telephone, and then, tonight, we shall be gay!"

THEY were gay. Ever afterward Peter remembered the dinner they ate that evening in the Passage des Princes as a monument to gaiety. For two hours they talked and laughed; then, of her own accord, calmly, and easily, she told him about Boris.

"It is as the doctors have said," she told him. "His head, his arms, them he can move. Sometimes he is a little better, and sometimes—but there is *no* change, really. To sleep, always he must have medicine. He is good, Peter, so good. The doctor comes every week; today he has come. We live in a small *apartement* near to the Etoile. We have a Breton woman, Louise, very big and strong. She is there, for Boris, when I am out. I am out all day at my work. In the evening we read or play some little games. Sometimes in the evening I go out, but not often. That—that is my life, Peter."

"What do you work at, Nadya?"

She said proudly, "I have good work. In a hat shop, in the Rue St. Honoré. I am one of the managers. I make every month twelve hundred francs, Peter!"

Slowly he grasped it. Twelve hundred francs—and three people—three people!—lived on it. . . .

"There is not much of being gay, but I am content, now." He saw the color mount into her white neck, but she didn't look away. "For three years," she said, "after you went, Peter, I loved you. Then I did not any more, and I became content. I am content now."

Very carefully he arranged four crusts of bread into a square on the tablecloth. She was content. Content with nothing, it seemed to him. He had more, any amount more, than she, but was he content? *He was not.*

"Have you married, Peter? You have not the air of one who has married."

"Married? Me? No. No, Nadya. I—

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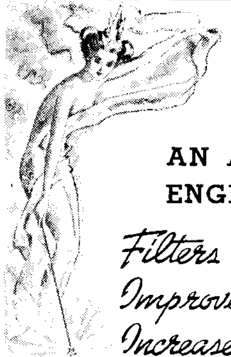
the Phantom Filter Circuit



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AVOID IMITATIONS—MAKE SURE YOU GET GENUINE SARÁKA

you see, I loved you for quite a long time, too. And after that—" he laughed abruptly—"I don't know. It just wasn't any good."

"I should not be glad to hear that. No, I should not." She looked down, then up again, demurely. "But I think I am glad. I like very much to be flattered. Is that so wrong of me, Peter?"

"Wrong? Why, you—" He stopped. He said lightly: "You never did anything wrong in your life, Nadya! Well, I suppose we ought to go—*garçon!*"

Only one other thing took place that evening that mattered. As they said good night before a tall, narrow building in a little street off the Avenue de la Grande Armée, Peter spoke evenly.

"I don't like the idea of not seeing you again," he said. "Do you think we could do this some other night?"

"But, Peter, do you not think—" She turned her face away. He could hear her breathing in the dark beside him, her foot tapping the pavement.

"Today, it is Tuesday," she said. It was almost a whisper. "Friday—I meet you Friday, in the corridor." Then she was gone; and Peter strode away down the street, pursued by his echoing footsteps.

FOR two days he lived suspended in space, and carefully refrained from thinking. Six years ago he had faced an impossible situation without knowing it; now he knew the situation was impossible and refused to face it. He blinded himself to the facts, deliberately; and when at last he did face them, on Friday morning, over his breakfast, he found with dismay that knowing what he ought to do and doing it were two singularly different things.

There was no doubt at all, he told himself, looking at his coffee instead of drinking it, as to what he ought to do. He ought to leave Paris now, right away, without seeing her again. No doubt at all about that—why? Because—he came out with it defiantly—because he was in love with her again. Yes. He ought to get out, immediately. If he didn't. . . .

Even while he argued with himself he knew he was going to stay. He drank his coffee grimly, aware that he was behaving badly and would probably behave worse.

Her dress was royal blue with a darker scarf that matched her eyes. A gay, rakish, black straw hat lay slanting on her fair hair; she smiled at him as she came down the corridor, and the grace of her walk stirred him.

"You look," he said, "charming."

"You say nice things always, Peter." She laughed, pirouetting before him. "My new dress—is it not nice?"

"Charming," he said again and turned toward the door. "Shall we go?"

She glanced at him quickly. "Yes, let us go," she said. Her voice was bright, steady. "You have chosen, I am sure, a fine place to dine! And your Frenchman, Peter—what does he say of the Greek casino?"

He told her, in considerable detail, but brusquely. It lasted through the soup. He felt hard, bitter, angry at himself, because he was behaving as he might have six years before, and knew it, contemptuously—angry at her, unreasonably, because she smiled, ignoring his brusqueness, and because he was burning up with things that he wanted to say, knew he mustn't, and was afraid he would. He tried not to look at her; he sat silent, listening, while she talked pleasantly of things that didn't matter.

They ate roast duck, string beans, slim little fried potatoes. He was conscious that beneath her talk she was watching him calmly; he felt irritated because she was calm, because she could be calm.

"Well," he said, and reached for the menu. "Anything more?"

"No, Peter. I do not want anything more. I think you do not, too."

He looked up. He didn't speak.

"I am a better actor than you, Peter," she said. "That is all the difference. If you will pay now, then you will walk with me a little, by the river?"

It was dark along the quais, and warm, and quiet.

They walked for several minutes without speaking, her hand light in the crook of his elbow, beside them the long line of bookstalls, dark, closed, padlocked. Below, the river flowed in smooth silence; the air smelled of it, and of boats.

"Well?" said Peter.

They stopped. Nadya leaned back, her elbows on the closed lid of a bookstall. In the darkness her face was white and cool to look at, with shadows for eyes.

"I do not know if you will understand," she said. Her voice was tired. "But I ask, please, that you listen, Peter."

"All right. I'll listen."

"To explain to you, about Boris, it is difficult. Since he has been like this, as he is, he has become very—very sensitive. Because he cannot move, he has learned to use his other senses very well. He can tell the things people think, and feel. The very little things, that other people do not notice. You can understand that, Peter?"

"Yes. I think so. Yes."

"That night when I dined with you, when I came home, he looked at me. He said, 'You have been happy. I am glad.' And tonight, when I was dressed to go, he said, 'You go to be happy again. I am glad.' "

She turned and looked down over the embankment at the river. Peter said gruffly:

"I've behaved like the devil tonight. I'm—I'm sorry." He shrugged in the darkness. What good did being sorry do?

She was leaning on her arms, still looking down at the river.

"You do not need to apologize, Peter. I know. He said that he is glad. Yes. But I—I do not know if he is glad. I do not know that. And if he is not, if he is instead unhappy—then I have failed him, Peter."

THERE was a long silence. A tugboat pulling a barge was coming upriver, sliding along over the black water with an even, steady beat of engines. From its funnel sparks shot high in the air, then fell and died, hissing.

"With him, I cannot fail," she said clearly. "I cannot! It is all that I have!"

She turned, straightened; he could see her face now.

"Because of that, Peter, we cannot see each other any more. Not any more."

The tugboat was passing them now, lowering its funnel to go under the Pont des Arts. A cloud of smoke billowed toward them; it was hot, stinging to the nostrils.

"You do not understand, Peter?"

He made a hoarse little sound that was meant for a laugh.

"I understand," he said. "Yes, I understand—this time . . . Well—" and without knowing how it had happened, he was holding her in his arms.

He had one moment of comfort, with her warm against him. Then she pulled away.

"No!" she whispered. "Oh—no, Peter!" and she began walking, very fast.

They found a taxi just across the bridge. Nadya sat pressed in the far corner; she accepted a cigarette, a light, without speaking. He tossed the match through the open window, and watched the dark blank wall of the Louvre slide by. Now they were passing the Tuileries; he could smell the flowers. Once, in the Champs Elysées, crossing the brightness of the Rond Point, he looked at her. She was sitting erect, staring straight ahead; her cigarette had gone out.

They circled the Arc de Triomphe, and swung downhill into the Avenue. Peter said quietly:

"I've never had a picture of you, Nadya. I wonder if you have one you could give me."

"Yes. There is one."

The taxi stopped, and she got out.

"Louise, she will bring it. I shall not come down again . . . My Peter—goodby!"

He waited, while the meter ticked the time. He waited a long time. Then a shape stood against the cab's door, a voice spoke in harsh Breton French.

"*Monsieur Brov-ning? C'est pour vous.*"

It was not a picture. It was a slip of paper, folded twice. He unwrapped it carefully.

> Peter, he has killed himself. Too much sleeping medicine he has taken. So, I have failed. Goodby.

He held it stupidly in his hand.

"There's no answer," he heard himself say. "Wait! Tell Madame—yes, tell her I understand . . . *Allez, cocher, allez vite!*"

THE man at the American Express shook his head dolefully. There were no boats, no boats at all, sailing for two days. It was most regrettable, but Monsieur must wait until Monday. Monday, then? *Bien.*

Peter said, "Yes," and "Thank you," and went out into the Rue Scribe. No boats for two days—well, then he would sail in two days. It didn't matter. He had thought it would, but it didn't. Nothing mattered; he didn't feel anything about anything; he had no emotions.

He had lunch with his Frenchman, and talked about the Greek casino. They decided to have a golf club too, with a big clubhouse. After lunch he went to a movie; it was a good movie, and he enjoyed it, mildly.

That night he slept as if dead. He spent Sunday in the Bois, walking, eating lunch at Longchamps, seeing the races in the afternoon. He came back to the hotel and again slept perfectly.

He got up early next morning, and dressed himself in a gray flannel suit, blue shirt, blue necktie. He ate breakfast in his room, wished absently that it were not furnished in gilt and pink upholstery, and informed the desk, over the telephone, that his luggage was now entirely ready and should be sent for. He prepared tips—for the porter, the *valet de chambre, the femme de chambre*—and was looking out of the window into the Place Vendôme when the rap sounded on the door.

He called, "*Entrez, entrez!*" and leaned farther out. He could just see the center of the Rue de la Paix—a policeman was arguing with and gesticulating at an angry taxi driver. They were ridiculous and amusing; the air was warm and he felt the sun on his bare head.

The door opened behind him. He said over his shoulder:

"Those four bags there, please. I'll carry the coat."

There was no answer. Unreasonably irritated, he snapped, "Those four, right in front of you—take 'em along!" swung round—and stood frozen.

She stood just inside the door, motionless, very straight. Her face was flushed and she was breathing hard, as if she'd been running. She wore a severe black dress, but no hat—her fair hair was a light in the room.

Peter said, "But—but what—" Then his throat tightened and closed.

She lifted her right hand. It was trembling. It held a sheet of paper.

"This," she said. "This—that I have found. Two days ago I have found it. It had fallen, behind his bed. Two days ago. . . . Until this morning I did not know."

He tried to speak, and couldn't. She said simply:

"Because it is in Russian, I must read it to you. He said, 'Last week the doctor has told me I do not live long. Three, four weeks, and there will be suffering—I do not understand, but that is what he has said. I have asked that he does not tell you. Now, because I know that you—that you have a great happiness, I give, like before, just one little push. If I do not live long, if I do not wish to suffer, it is not bad, but one little push? So, you will have your great happiness. I am glad.'"

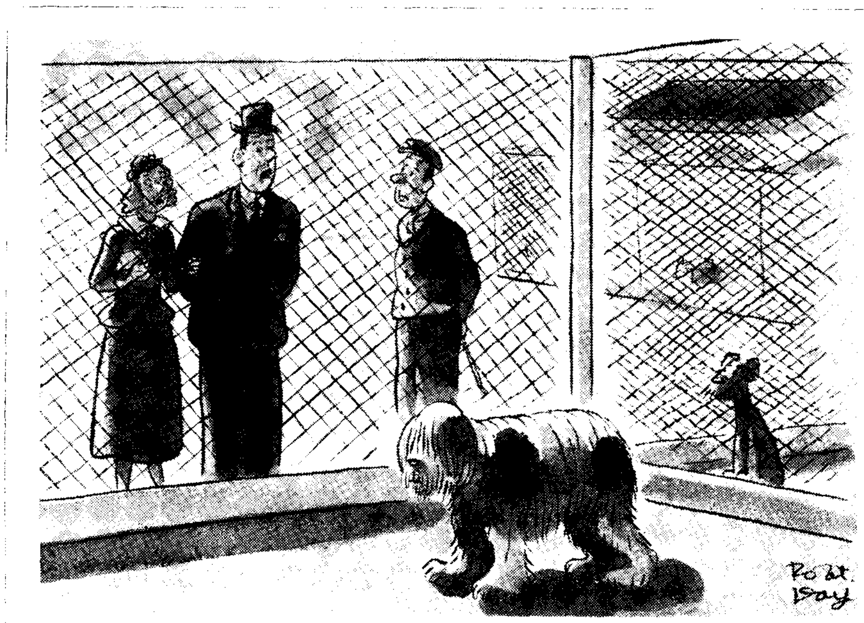
Someone knocked on the door. From the hall a man said:

"*Monsieur? Pour les malles?*"

"Go away!" said Peter. "Go away!" He didn't recognize his voice.

"He wished to tell me I have not failed, Peter. Do you not think that is so? That I have not failed? Only this morning did I understand. Then I came." She smiled, a little, shy smile. "I am too much a surprise for you, Peter. Yes. But after a time you will become accustomed to me, will you not? Ah—I have so feared you would be gone, my Peter!"

He made a sound in his throat, and started forward.



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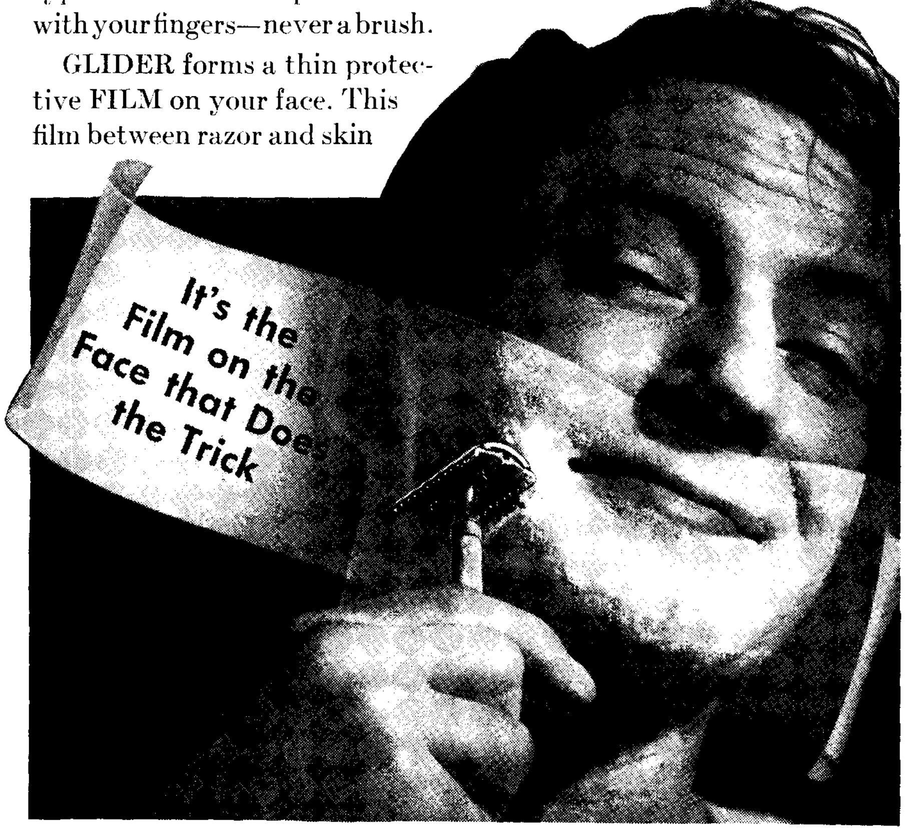
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The small home is coming into its own, at last. Comfort, beauty and efficiency no longer depend on the dollar sign, for never before would your budget cover your dreams so thoroughly

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

A good architect can give you the most house for your money

THERE'S a big stir in the building business. And it's the small house that is coming in for the honors and the attention. Architects are concentrating on small-house plans as never before. Manufacturers are rallying round with valuable aids. At Purdue University a special housing research project is under way, devoted entirely to the small, low-cost house. For the small house is the most popular building in the country today, the one most in demand.

It is also one of the most intriguing to build, for a good small house is not just a large house pared down, but a marvel of ingenuity and flexibility, combining as it does so much comfort, privacy, convenience and beauty in so little space. So if you are setting out to build a small house, expect the excitement and fun of a game, plus the joy of a house of your own to show for it.

But any house is a large investment, not to be entered upon lightly. Prices have gone up, and caution has mounted with them. So your ingenuity must stretch to get the most house for your money. No one can lay down hard-and-fast rules for you to follow to do this, because local conditions and personal tastes are the final uncontrollable factors. Which is fortunate for the sake of variety. But it is possible to point out pitfalls and possibilities in house economy, to give you real saving without later disillusionment.

Your first great economy is a good architect. Far from being the luxury you may have imagined, he will save you his fee many times over before he is through. He is trained to devise a more workable, economical plan than either you or a builder could do, as any good builder will be the first to tell you. He will superintend construction to make sure you get the workmanship and materials specified. He has a passion for sound construction and an eye for good design that will be money in your pocket later on in the way of low upkeep cost and easy salability.

The soil may be so poor you will never be able to grow the garden you want

But before you and he can set to work, you must have a definite building site in mind, because its position, orientation and contour will decide many things about your house. A sound way to save money is to choose a site on which it will not be costly to build. Consult your architect about it before you buy. His trained eye can spot a dozen things you won't. The picturesque hillside you love may be just the thing, offering good natural drainage and permitting a garage in the basement at considerable saving, if the land slopes up from the road in the right way. Or it may be so pitched that it will require expensive retaining walls and driveway and built-up terraces. It may be rocky, meaning costly blasting and landscaping. Newly filled land needs deep, and consequently expensive, foundations to reach solid footings. The low-lying land you want may require drainage and waterproofing to keep your cellar dry. The soil may be so poor you will never be able to grow the garden you are counting on without costly imported topsoil. So look the land over carefully.

Now with architect and land well chosen, the sport begins, the actual designing of your house. Here ingenuity can make you proud not only of the good-looking, livable house you accomplish but of the economies you can effect. For wise design can save you space, materials and labor without cutting down a jot on the comfort and pleasure your house can give you.

Simplicity, the basis of good design and of good taste, is also the basis of sound economy. So let it be your constant rule when your architect consults you about your choices. It takes less labor to build a simple, straightforward house of one material than it does to fit together a jigsaw of brick, stone, stucco and fake half timber. A plain roof costs less for framing, roofing and flashing than one bedecked with gables and fake towers. All fakes cost money.

The rectangular two-story house is normally the most economical to build, giving the maximum of space for the minimum of wall, foundation and roofing, and being the easiest to heat. In a climate where heating is no problem, a longer house or an L shape is a possibility, and an attached garage, usually cheaper to build (requiring only three walls) and always more convenient, helps to vary the mass in any case.

Planning for simplicity of construction, with straight lines and simple framing, makes it possible for you to take greatest advantage of another big money saver—using stock materials and standard sizes. Lumber comes in stock lengths, multiples of two feet, so planning the dimensions of the house to match will save cutting, which wastes time and material on the job. A room eleven feet three inches wide, inside dimension, for instance, takes a twelve-foot joist or beam without cutting, while a room eleven feet six inches wide needs fourteen-foot beams, with nearly two feet cut off each beam. Manufacturers do a very good job of making stock entrance doorways and doors, windows (even ready weather-stripped), moldings and interior trim, mantels, cupboards and stair parts. And these are all so simple and good-looking that your architect can work out very handsome and individual combinations, the while you are gloating over the economies of mass production minus expensive labor on the job.

To save materials and labor further, plan for compactness of heating and plumbing equipment. A centrally located heating plant reduces the length of pipe and duct runs and the cost of operation. And if you plan to put partitions over each other wherever possible, the installation of pipes and ducts will be even more simple and efficient. Have the bathroom directly over the kitchen, which is over the laundry (if you have a basement); or, in a one-story house, back the bathroom up against the sink wall of the kitchen, to use only one plumbing stack and a minimum of piping. Two bathrooms back to back are cheaper than two bathrooms on the same floor but entirely separated.

Such compactness is essential all through a small house, for every inch of space must work. More and more people feel that a dining room, used only a few

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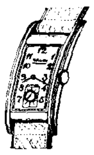

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hours a day, is an unnecessary extravagance, its purpose served just as well by an end or L of the living room, which can then be a much larger and more generous room that will be a joy for entertaining and will give a feeling of spaciousness to your whole house. No reason, because you are building a small house, to feel cramped. You make greater use of your space this way, and save the cost of boxing in a separate room.

No need to look makeshift, either, with a whopping sideboard and dining table in one end of the living room. Built-in cupboards and a drop-leaf table are cheaper and more versatile, and can blend into the living room as a games corner or what you want.

The kitchen needs to be a pretty specialized room, but you can save dollars as well as steps here if you plan for efficiency, for the kitchen can be small if arranged in good working order—refrigerator near the outside door to take care of food as it comes in, sink next for the preparation of food, stove nearest the dining area for serving direct, and adequate counters and cupboards in between. It can serve as the family breakfast center, too, if you set aside a corner for a table. This will save you space and money over a breakfast nook with its extra partitions, corners and fittings. Always aim for simple, rectangular rooms, with a minimum of partitions and cutting and fitting of materials.

Privacy demands separate bedrooms, but each can be its owner's study and private living room, too, if furnished in the proper spirit of versatility. And each can be small and compact and yet very comfortable if doors and windows are placed to give good wall space for furniture, and if furniture is cut down to a minimum anyway by means of built-in desks and dressing tables, wardrobes and storage space. Built-in furniture is a boon to the small-house owner, since it can be fitted in without any waste space and hugs its background so closely that it makes any room seem larger. Closets can make partitions without any lost space, and are most efficient when only two feet deep.

Take Architect's Advice

When it comes to the basement, recent practice has often been to eliminate it to save money, building the house directly on a concrete slab laid on the ground. The slab costs less than excavation, basement floor, walls and stair, even though it must be well reinforced, waterproofed and insulated.

But this saving is not all clear gain. If you are in a part of the country that requires central heating, the plant must be placed in a utility room on the first floor, either cutting down your available space there or adding to the size of the house, and some system of forced air must be used to take the place of the gravity system possible from the basement if hot air is the heating system used. This adds to operating cost. Also, eliminating a basement means you must plan elsewhere for storage and laundry space (the garage often makes shift as laundry in this event). Sometimes this is more economical, sometimes not. A slab should not be attempted, however, where drainage is poor and heavy frosts occur, or on a hillside. Conditions of your site make the final decision if you are considering costs alone, and here your own architect will be your best adviser.

Another possible elimination is a porch, for a terrace is cheaper and more pleasant. A removable awning will give you protection from the weather, and in the winter you will have no porch roof to darken the room inside. Removable metal frames for screens, if they are needed, are available and will leave you still ahead of the game financially.

The materials of which you build your house will depend on your own preferences and the local market. Generally speaking, frame construction is the least expensive in most sections of the United States. But local conditions may indicate something else.

Whatever material you choose, there are often economies you may practice which we can only suggest here. If brick is your choice, investigate the possibilities of secondhand brick. It has a better texture than new brick, especially when whitewashed, and of course is cheaper. If all wood is indicated by initial building cost, investigate first the fire hazards and insurance rates for your neighborhood. The added expense of at least a fireproof roof may be worth while in the long run.

Soundest Economy

For interior finish, wallboard and plywood instead of plaster are a saving, provided they are put on by expert workmen under careful supervision. Local familiarity with the products used is always an advantage to you, insuring better workmanship and less time lost on the job. Keenes cement, painted, a waterproof plaster often used for bathroom walls, is a good substitute for more costly tile, and linoleum will make a good floor and is less expensive than vitreous tile.

Whatever your material, sound construction methods are soundest economy, but these can vary with different climates. For instance, in mild climates foundations can be reduced, and houses can often be built on piers. In building a stucco house the metal lath to which the stucco is applied can be nailed directly to the studs without any sheathing. It is done all the time in Florida. But it's a dangerous experiment up North, for extreme temperature changes will crack the stucco. You can't afford to experiment, so stick to sound, durable construction for your part of the world.

In fact, many economies come in the form of greater expense at the beginning. The best paint, if put on by an experienced painter, will more than make up for its added cost in the protection it gives and in its length of life—not to mention appearance. A few dollars spent on termite shields may save tremendous expense later on. Insulation will save you fuel bills, keep your house cooler in the summer, and make it more salable. Weather stripping also saves you fuel.

Good heating equipment is worth its cost, and there are many good kinds which you and your architect will want to go into at length. In mild climates a central heating system is often not necessary, individual gas or electric space heaters being adequate.

Plumbing is another place to watch economies. Cut the quantity to your minimum, as we have said before, but be sure of the quality. Brass and copper pipes, while a little expensive at first, will cut out repair bills.

One more saving tip. Don't build at the height of the season. You know the old law of supply and demand, so don't go to your best builder when he is rushed at the height of the season and expect a low bid from him. But look him up in a slack season, and he'll give you a careful and much more pleasing estimate. In the fall building generally slackens, yet it is a good time for building so long as excavating is done before frost and the house enclosed before winter.

We could go on for books, but good local advice is your best guide. Stick to it and the sound principle of solid construction of what you do have and stern elimination of what you don't need, and you'll have a good house to live in and a good investment to boot.

The Woman Who Holds Her Tongue

Continued from page 22

good deal better than many of her colleagues, for she reduces them to the simplicities of daily life, and translates them into terms of her own experience and that of her neighbors'. When she talks it is briefly and sensibly, every word going to the heart of the matter.

The one and only thing that ever ruffles Mrs. Caraway's serenity is to be viewed as a curiosity. "Sometimes," she confesses, "I'm really afraid that tourists are going to poke me with their umbrellas. And yet there's no sound reason why women, if they have the time and ability, shouldn't sit with men on city councils, in state legislatures or in the House and Senate. Particularly ability!" She bent far over the desk to stress this point. "Chivalry's all right in the parlor, but mighty dangerous when carried into politics. Giving a woman a seat in a streetcar is one thing, and giving her an office is quite another thing. Not only should voters demand that a woman measure up to every test prescribed for men, but women themselves should insist on it.

"Women are essentially practical because they've always had to be. From the dawn of time, it's been our job to see that both ends meet. And," her dark eyes dancing, "women are much more realistic than men, particularly when it comes to public questions. Of course, having had the vote for so short a time is a distinct advantage, for we have no inheritance of political buncombe.

"After all, Mr. Creel, public affairs aren't as complicated and mysterious as some people make out. You know that as well as I do." Mrs. Caraway's clear gaze defied denial. "Take my own case. Back in November, 1931, when Governor Parnell appointed me to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of my dear husband, I knew as well as anybody that it was meant only as a tribute to a great and beloved man." Garrett Whiteside, her secretary, peeped in at the door, but she waved him away with an apologetic smile. "All the same, I made up my mind that if I couldn't *do* the job, I'd say so at once and get out. I had the time for it, for my two boys were out of West Point and in the Army, and I buckled down to see if I had the ability. Every morning I got down to this office at 8, an hour before the office force. I read every bill, every line in the Congressional Record, and every book I thought helpful.

"As for committee meetings, I don't think I've ever missed one, and that's where the important work of the Senate is really done. Thank heaven, I was fortunate enough to get on Agriculture and Forestry and also Commerce, for they were matters I knew something about and had a keen interest in. Just by looking at me," and it was said matter-of-factly, "you ought to be able to tell that I'm a farm woman, and as for flood control, Arkansas has more miles of streams than any other state in the Union."

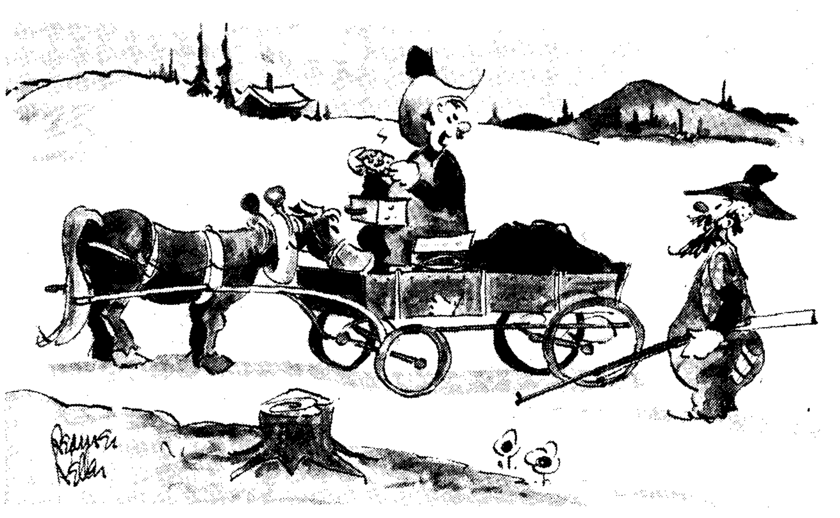
Born on a Tennessee farm, Mrs. Caraway lived the rural life until her marriage in 1902, and when the young couple moved to Arkansas in the same year, she was still far removed from the urban. A kitchen garden was a prominent feature of the Jonesboro home, and when Mr. Caraway acquired a cotton plantation, Mrs. Caraway helped run it. If anyone doubts that she knows farm problems, let him ask Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture.

"I'll say I worked!" A gusty sigh accompanied the declaration. "But when I entered my candidacy for the full six-year term at the election in November, 1932, it was because I had convinced myself that I *could* do the job. And the job was all I talked, too. Never a word about Jefferson or Jackson, and never once did I ask consideration on account of my sex. I gave my voting record, and after taking up the various issues that faced the country, I told exactly where I stood with respect to them. And I *won*. And don't think it wasn't a hard race, for among the candidates were the war governor of Arkansas, the Democratic national committeeman and a former head of the American Legion.

"Yes, class me as a New Dealer." Mrs. Caraway's nod was emphatic. "Maybe President Roosevelt has made a lot of blunders, but he blunders forward. I think the salvation of the country depends on doing away with every form of special privilege, and equalizing conditions so that we will not be shamed by the sight of great wealth on the one hand and grinding poverty on the other. No, I don't call myself a radical nor do I call myself a conservative. I just try to figure out what's best for the people and vote that way. And I mean for the people of the whole United States as well as for the people of Arkansas. From the start I made up my mind to guard against any mean and narrow sectionalism."

"One more question, Mrs. Caraway." Mr. Whiteside's head was again at the door. "You don't make many speeches. Why is that?"

"Well, suh," and the senator from Arkansas sank her voice to a confidential whisper, "I haven't the heart to take a minute away from the men. The poor dears love it so."



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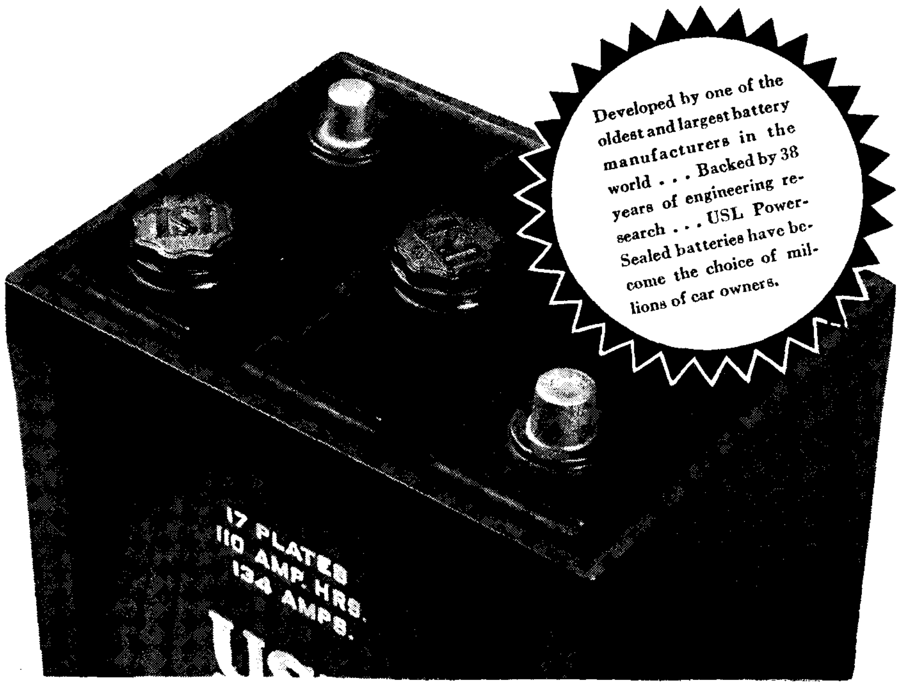
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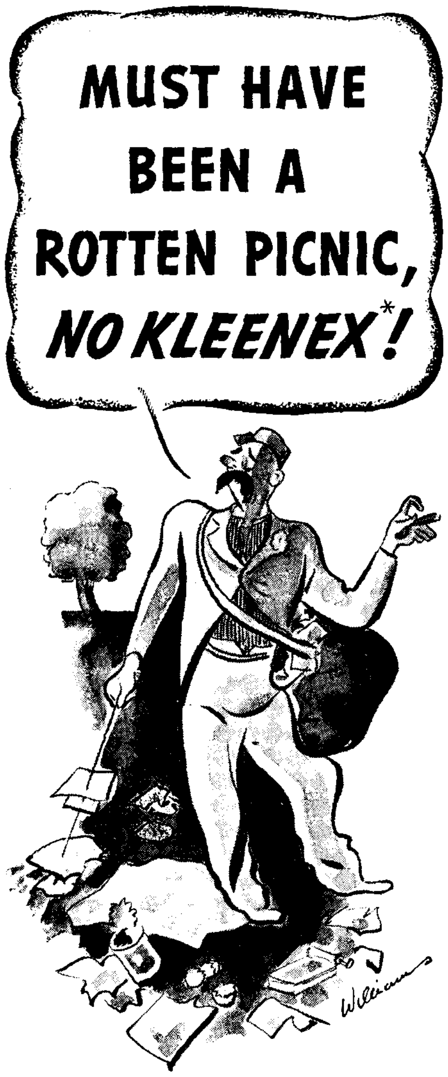
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Back Talk

Continued from page 36

Muir Fullerton, had the normal Scottish feeling of superiority and was confirmed in the belief by the fact that she happened to be a forward child among a group of backward ones.

"I got bossy," she says.

After a year or two at the playground, she was sent to a summer camp at Teetford, Vermont, and to Dwight School in Englewood, at neither of which she got along well.

"No camp spirit," says Miss Muir. "No school spirit."

At the age of nineteen the family sent her abroad. She traveled alone, was as naïve as somebody of ten and had no fun en route.

"No boat spirit," she admits.

After visiting Scotland and London, she went down to St. Jean-de-Luz in France to stay with relatives. It was a large family and they had their own problems and little skinny Jean found it not the right place for her. So she came back up to Paris and was taken in as a boarder by Madame Garelly, the wife of a retired army colonel. Jean went to the Sorbonne for three months, taking French and the history of the theater, but she spent most of her time in the Comédie Française seeing the plays.

On the boat coming home she met the second company of John Drinkwater's Bird in Hand, which was to open on the road in America.

"I hung onto them from morning till night," says Jean. "They got sick of me. I wanted to be an actress, and these were the first actors I'd ever met."

They told her they were being booked by the Shubert office and, to get rid of her, promised to say a kind word to Dr. Hunt of the Shubert casting department.

"You can be an understudy," said Dr. Hunt. "No salary, but we'll pay railroad fares and give you one-eighth salary every time you get a chance to play."

The fates started being kind to her almost immediately. Anita Carey was offered a part in Elizabeth the Queen and was released from her contract with Bird in Hand. Daphne Warren Wilson, who took over the part, found that because of immigration regulations she would have to go out to Canada and come back in again on the quota. That meant that Muir opened with the play in New Haven and played Hartford before Miss Wilson got back in the lineup.

"How'd I feel?" asks Miss Muir. "I felt swell. I said to myself, 'Looky, I'm up here on the stage saying words.' It was almost too easy."

Honesty or Stupidity

From that she got a bit in the Truth Game with Ivor Novello and Billie Burke and later became assistant stage manager and call boy and understudy with Henri Bernstein's Melo. It started her career as a nuisance backstage and got her into plenty of trouble eventually. She hung on the electrician's neck learning the secret of stage lighting, got in the way of the stagehands, almost rendered the carpenter nuts asking questions about scenery, and was fired out of that company in time to be taken on by Katharine Cornell in the Barretts of Wimpole Street, as an understudy and assistant stage manager.

"I just did two things wrong there," she admits. "I forgot to send Flush, the dog, in at the right moment in a scene and I bawled up the fall of the curtain in another scene by not hearing the warning bell. All Miss Cornell said was, 'Who pulled that down?' and gave me a look and after that they asked me to keep away from backstage."

Next she got a job with a stock company in Columbus, Ohio, playing everything from a child to a woman of sixty-five. But the Columbus company was not a riot. She had three weeks' pay owing when she left and finally wormed $35 out of the management to get back to New York.

She got a part in Life Begins, which ran a week, and then was taken on by Dinner at Eight as an understudy. She was getting nowhere fast when she got a job in St. Wench. Prior to this there had been a screen test for M-G-M in a scene with Franchot Tone to no good purpose.

"East like; West no like," reports Miss Muir.

But Jake Wilk of Warner's liked her in St. Wench, borrowed the test from Metro and urged the West Coast to take her. Her agent in New York had things all arranged for a starting salary of $300 a week and was a bit put out when he found she had been talked into taking a seven-year contract starting at $66 per. It was all because of the well-known Muir honesty, which, according to her well-wishers, borders on stupidity.

"They asked me why I looked so tired when I came in," she admitted, "and I told them I didn't have any money and didn't want to borrow for subway fare, so I walked down."

"Only about a hundred blocks," said her friends disgustedly, "and they gave you $66 instead of $300. You'd have probably been just as pleased with $18."

One of her best pictures was Desirable, with George Brent and Verree Teasdale, but it was not followed up. The next good chance was a bit in Oil for the Lamps of China.

"My best friend those days was Jimmy Cagney, who used to buck me up when it all seemed impossible, but I didn't know what Hollywood thought of me in general because nobody ever invited me to a party where I could find out."

Then they put her in White Cockatoo, which was worst of all. After that they thought it wouldn't do any harm to include her in the cast of A Midsummer Night's Dream, since everybody else loose on the lot was included.

Fox borrowed her for a picture with John Boles and she was later in Stars Over Broadway, a horrible something in which James Melton starred. That practically finished her and she was off the pay roll at Warner's for four months. In that period she opened her theater in Hollywood called the Workshop, put on Green Grow the Lilacs and was then exiled to England by Warner's to do a quota picture, than which nothing can be worse.

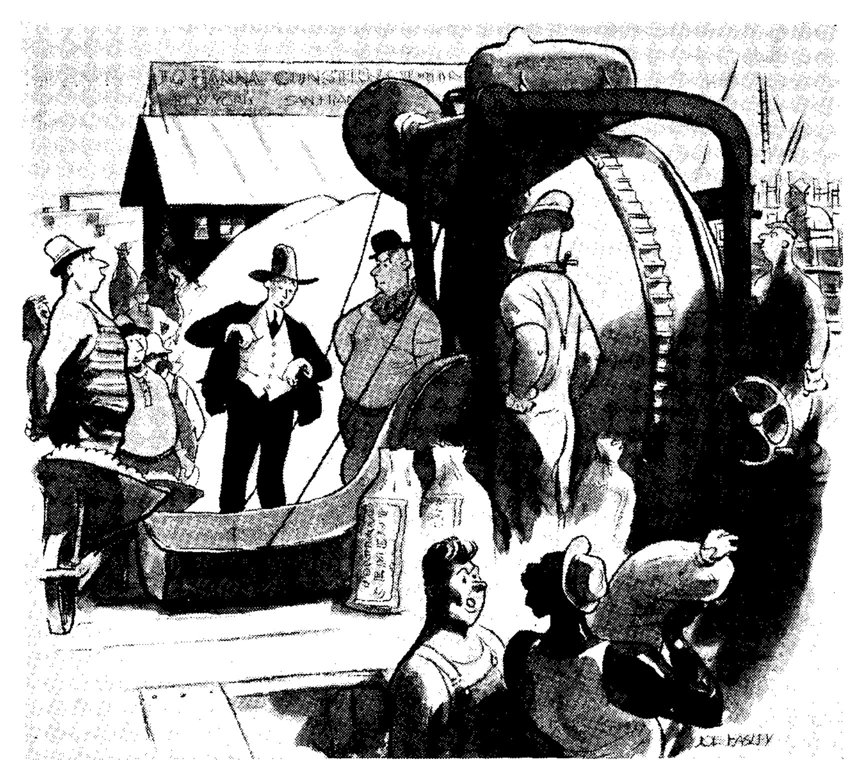
Love and Hate in Hollywood

She is a brown-blondish lady who stands 5:7 in her shoes, weighs 122, has gray-green eyes and, reputedly, the largest feet in Hollywood, Garbo not excepted. She played basketball in school, had ambitions for a while to be a lady surgeon, but is now so nuts about acting that it constitutes her whole life. She uses no soap, preferring cold cream and a brisk astringent for her skin, still uses no make-up on the street, is addicted to gowns of nondescript character, likes lamb chops, cream cheese and rice pudding and hates housework. Her only pet is a Scottish terrier, who can be a real nuisance. She hates lima beans and men with weak handshakes. She likes riding and will climb a mountain on no provocation whatever. She will eat anything but the aforementioned lima beans and goes strong for the spareribs at Dave Chasen's Shack in Beverly Hills. She is much admired by one of the nicest young men in America, who flies out from New York to see her whenever he can talk his boss into a leave.

In fact, she has everything but the love of her bosses.

"I like them all right," she says sadly, "but they're allergic to me. I'm something like poison ivy."

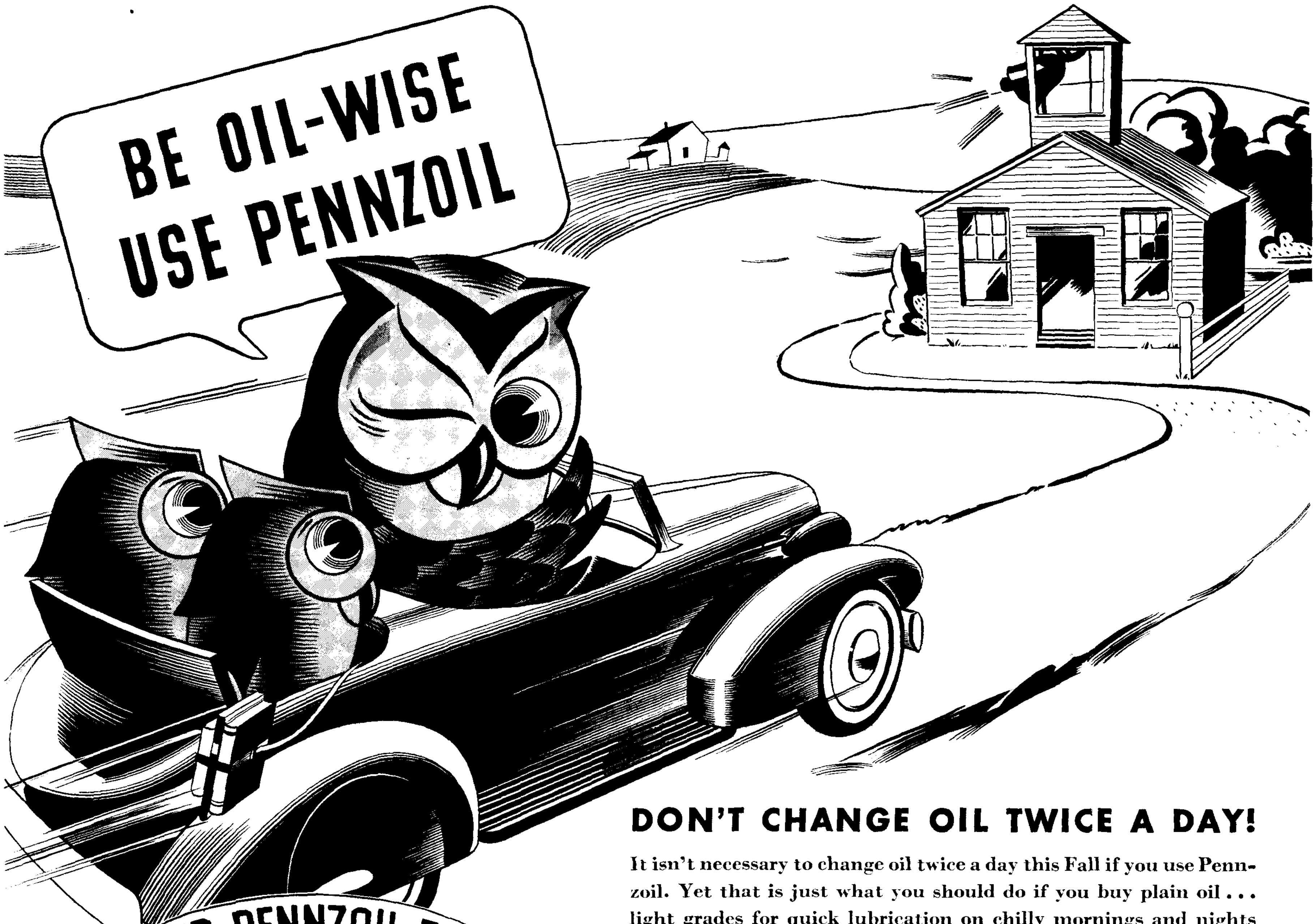
But that's Hollywood for you. Love and hate have nothing to do with it. If they need you in a picture, that's enough. They can always forget a hate when the bell starts to ring on the cash register. There will always be a lot of teeth-gnashing, but Muir will probably stick around for a long time. Love and hate . . . *Booie!*



"The boss lost the recipe!"

JOE EASLEY

Easy as A B C
TO USE LESS OIL *SAFELY*



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BOSTONIANS SOLD BY LEADING APPAREL AND SHOE STORES

Kid Glover

Continued from page 21

"Pop," of course, is Jimmy Johnston, the fight promoter who also owns title to the life, the services and the fistic ability of Bob Pastor. Because it is unethical, for a fight promotor to own a boxer, Bob Pastor is nominally under contract to Johnston's son, Jimmy Junior. That's how things are done in the boxing business in New York.

Well, let's get back to that Pastor-Louis fight which was held in the Garden last winter. Pastor weighed 179 pounds. He was conceded no chance at all against Louis by everyone but himself and Jimmy Johnston. People along Broadway were betting even money that Pastor wouldn't come up for the eighth round. I met Jimmy Johnston the day before the fight and told him I was going to take a chunk of that. I mean I was going to bet that Pastor wouldn't come up for the eighth round.

"Save your money," Johnston said earnestly, "Pastor will last and he'll outpoint Louis. He may knock him out."

He kept talking about how Pastor was going to fight Louis. He told of how he had obtained moving pictures of several Louis fights.

"Every night for the past few weeks I've had the kid up to my apartment. We go over those pictures, go over them again and again. We know that Louis is a one-track fighter. He only knows one way to fight. He can't surprise you unless he hits you with a left hook and then he'll kill you. But there's no need to get hit with that left hook. I've had the kid up there at the apartment showing him how to avoid that left hook."

"I never heard of a fighter training in a New York apartment," I told Jimmy.

"Well, you've heard of it now," he said and then he added, "Come to me after the fight and tell me I was right about the kid going the whole ten. And remember this, he likes to fight."

After the fight I told him he had been right about the kid going the whole ten. The kid did go the whole ten and he was really never in any trouble. Pastor moves fast. He isn't a fast puncher like Louis. Louis is the fastest puncher who ever lived; he doesn't think fast but he punches fast. Usually he doesn't have to think fast. There are no Tunneys or Dempseys around to force him to think fast.

Trying His Luck

Well, as I said, after that fight I saw Jimmy Johnston again and he said, "I told you so."

"What are you going to do with the kid now—put him in moth balls?"

Jimmy shook his head. "I'm going to match him with the toughest fighter I can find and let the kid fight. I mean, let him go. The kid loves to fight."

"The toughest fighter around now is Bob Nestel on the coast," I said.

Jimmy nodded, "That's right. My kid will murder him."

"You're crazy," I told Jimmy.

"Come around after the fight and let me say, 'I told you so.' "

In the first round Pastor knocked Nestel down. It looked like a sure kayo but Nestel staggered to his feet, throwing right-hand punches. Pastor rooters insist that Nestel got a long, slow count. It might be. Pastor knocked him down again in the third. He didn't put him away but even the Native Sons admitted that the kid deserved the decision.

When he was at high school he didn't care much about boxing. He and his pal Ed Smith played football and that was enough to keep them busy. He was a junior in high school when he read about the Golden Gloves bouts. Just for fun he thought he'd try his luck. He won his first bout—the first time he'd ever had gloves on to engage in a real fight—by a knockout. It was so easy that he kept on. Absolutely untrained, he got to the semifinals in the light heavyweight class.

The next year (1932) he won the Golden Gloves title and he won it again in 1933. He beat a good man in the finals that year, Max Marek of Chicago. By now he was taking lessons from Joe Welling up at the New York Athletic Club.

Joe said to the kid, "You can't box and you don't know a thing, but you're a fighter. I can teach a fighter to box and I can teach him things he doesn't know."

The kid nodded, "All right, teach me. I like to fight."

Joe taught him a great deal. Joe Welling died too soon. He died in 1934 and many a kid who was learning his way around the ropes from Joe subsequently went on to earn some modicum of ring fame and fortune.

A Good Break for Pastor

By now Bob was at N. Y. U. worrying about examinations and football. He and his pal Ed Smith—he was a great football player, you'll remember—were doing all right. Bob was a blocking back and a good one. When the season ended Bob would box a little but his first interest was football. Now Ed Smith, who was his pal, had a kid sister and the first thing you knew Bob wasn't dropping in at the Smith apartment evenings to see pal Ed; he was dropping in to see the sister. So to make a lovely story short they got married and up to date have lived happily ever after.

College graduates three years ago were rather a drug on the market. You could get them awfully cheap to do things like sell bonds or be law clerks or put stamps on letters. Bob Pastor wanted to get a little cash together to support the new Mrs. Pastor in the style to which he wanted her to become accustomed. So he looked at his two sturdy fists and found the answer there.

He had several rather unimportant fights and he did all right, too. He wasn't bowling them over like Louis was in his salad days but who was? He was doing all right. Some friends of Bob's father went to Jimmy Johnston and said, "That kid is a pretty good fighter. Why don't you take care of him?"

Jimmy watched him fight, and astute Jimmy, who has forgotten more about the fight business than any other fight promoter ever knew, nodded and said, "Yeah, he's a pretty good fighter. I'll look out for him."

That was a good break for Pastor. From there on things were easy. Not exactly easy, but at least he could get fights. Then, too, Jimmy had put him in charge of Freddie Brown, a really fine trainer, and Brown kept telling him things he didn't know and that he didn't forget thereafter.

Of Schmeling, Pastor says, "Oh, there's a good fighter. He'll knock out Louis sure the next time they meet, knock him out quicker than he did last time."

Of Louis he says, "Listen, Louis is a wonderful fighter for the first minute of each round. During that first minute he can remember the instructions he got from Blackburn. But then after a minute he forgets and when he's on his own, thinking for himself, he's lost. I'll show you what I mean the next time we fight. Will I beat him?" Pastor laughed and showed regular white teeth. "I'll knock him out."

If you listen to the kid long enough you're likely to get that way yourself.

Appointment with Death

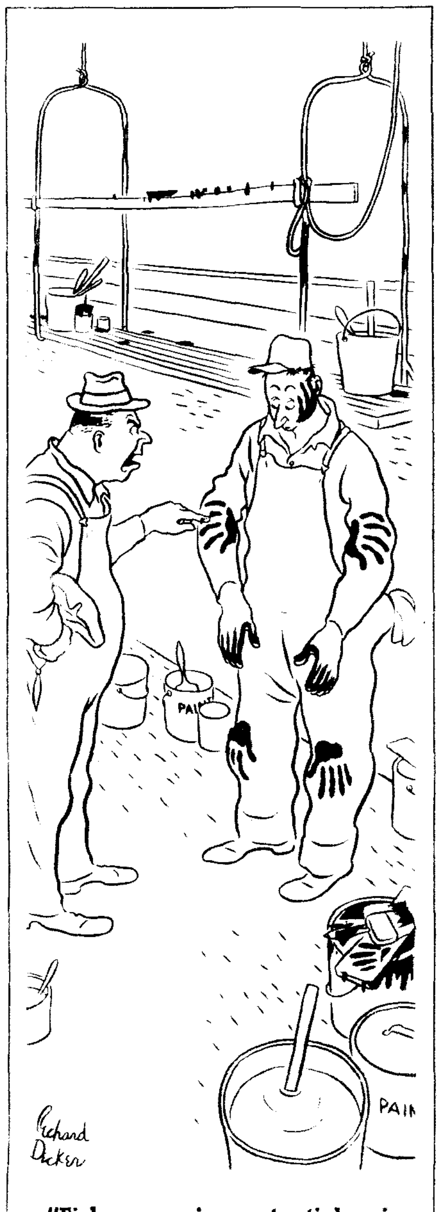
Continued from page 17

is thwarted, if through an unpleasing personality a human being is unable to get the response it needs, it turns to other methods—it must be *felt*—it must *count*—and so to innumerable strange perversions. The habit of cruelty, like any other habit, can be cultivated, can take hold of one—"

Mr. Cope coughed.

"I think, Dr. Gerard, that you are slightly exaggerating. . . . Really, the air up here is too wonderful. . . ."

He edged away. Gerard smiled a little. He looked again at Sarah. She was frowning; her face was set in a youthful sternness. She looked, he thought, like a young judge delivering sentence. . . .



"Fisher, on circumstantial evidence, you're fired for loafing!"

RICHARD DECKER

The party arrived back at the camp weary but in good spirits and with an excellent appetite for a late lunch. It was past two o'clock.

The Boyntons were sitting round the big table in the marquee. They were just finishing their meal.

Lady Westholme addressed them in her most condescending manner.

"Really a most interesting morning," she said. "Petra is a wonderful spot."

Carol, to whom the words seemed addressed, shot a quick look at her mother, and murmured: "Oh, yes—yes, it is," and relapsed into silence.

Lady Westholme, feeling she had done her duty, addressed herself to her food.

As they ate, the four discussed plans for the afternoon.

"I think I shall rest most of the afternoon," said Miss Pierce. "It is important, I think, not to do too much."

"I shall go for a walk and explore," said Sarah. "What about you, Dr. Gerard?"

"I will go with you."

Mrs. Boynton dropped a spoon with a ringing clatter and everyone jumped.

"I think," said Lady Westholme, "that I shall follow your example, Miss Pierce. Perhaps half an hour with a book, then I shall lie down and take an hour's rest at least. After that, perhaps, a short stroll."

Slowly, with the help of Lennox, old Mrs. Boynton struggled to her feet. She stood for a moment and then spoke.

"You'd better all go for a walk this afternoon," she said with unexpected amiability.

It was, perhaps, slightly ludicrous to see the startled faces of her family.

"But, Mother, what about you?"

"I don't need any of you. I like sitting alone with my book. Jinny had better not go. She'll lie down and have a sleep."

She stumped out of the marquee. The others followed.

Sarah thought:

"She's letting them go free this afternoon. She knows Raymond wants to be with me. Why? Is it a trap?"

AFTER lunch, when she had gone to her tent and had changed into a fresh linen dress, the thought still worried her. Since last night, her feeling toward Raymond had swelled into a passion of protective tenderness. This, then, was love—this agony on another's behalf, this desire to avert, at all costs, pain from the beloved. . . . Yes, she loved Raymond Boynton. It was St. George and the Dragon reversed. It was she who was the rescuer and Raymond who was the chained victim.

And Mrs. Boynton was the dragon. A dragon whose sudden amiability was, to Sarah's suspicious mind, definitely sinister.

It was about a quarter past three when Sarah strolled down to the marquee. Lady Westholme was sitting on a chair. Despite the heat of the day she was still wearing her serviceable Harris tweed skirt. On her lap was the report of a Royal Commission. Dr. Gerard was talking to Miss Pierce, who was standing by her tent holding a book entitled "The Love Quest," and described on its wrapper as a thrilling tale of passion and misunderstanding.

"I don't think it's wise to lie down too soon after lunch," explained Miss Pierce. "One's digestion, you know. Quite cool and pleasant in the shadow of the marquee. Oh, dear, do you think that old lady is wise to sit in the sun up there?"

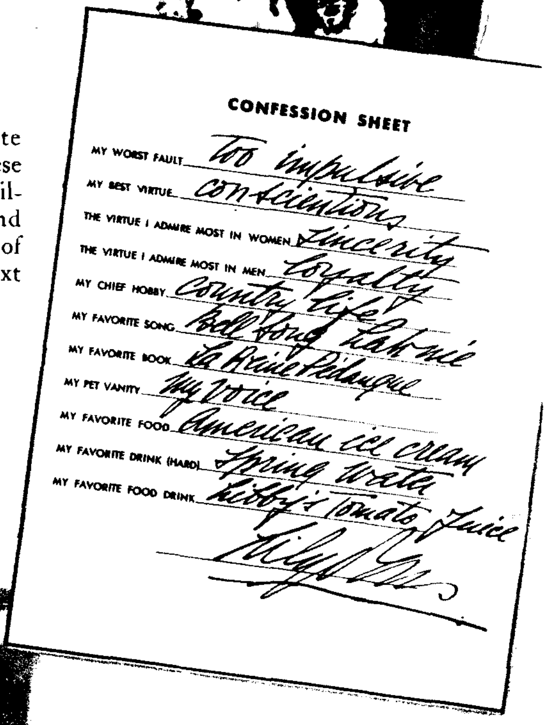
They all looked at the ridge in front of them. Mrs. Boynton was sitting as she had sat last night, a motionless Buddha in the door of her cave. There was no other human creature in sight.

Leaving Miss Pierce to her exciting reading, they set off. Once round the bend of the valley they overtook the other party, who were walking slowly. For once, the Boyntons looked happy and carefree.

Lennox and Nadine, Carol and Raymond, Mr. Cope, with a broad smile on his face, and the last arrivals, Gerard and Sarah, were soon all laughing and talking together.

A sudden wild hilarity was born. In everyone's mind was the feeling that this was a snatched pleasure—a stolen joy to enjoy to the full. Sarah and Ray-

Lily Pons
Confesses!



CONFESSION SHEET

MY WORST FAULT Too impulsive
MY BEST VIRTUE conscientious
THE VIRTUE I ADMIRE MOST IN WOMEN Sincerity
THE VIRTUE I ADMIRE MOST IN MEN Loyalty
MY CHIEF HOBBY Country life
MY FAVORITE SONG Bell Song Lakmé
MY FAVORITE BOOK La Reine Pédauque
MY PET VANITY My voice
MY FAVORITE FOOD American ice cream
MY FAVORITE DRINK (HARD) Spring water
MY FAVORITE FOOD DRINK Libby's tomato juice
Lily Pons

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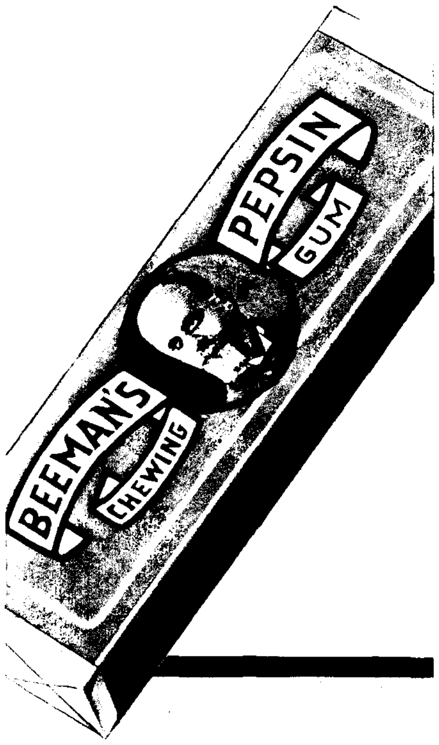
TOMATO JUICE

"I LIKE SOMETHING DIFFERENT"



"I've got it! Biggest lot of flavor ever sold for a nickel! A smooth, zesty flavor that slides along your tongue as satisfyingly as cream, yet refreshing as a cold shower. You get this flavor fresh—in scientific, airtight packages—in Beeman's, the gum so many people buy to aid their digestion but chew often because it's so downright good."

Beeman's AIDS DIGESTION...

mond did not draw apart. Instead, Sarah walked with Carol and Lennox. Dr. Gerard chatted to Raymond close behind them. Nadine and Jefferson Cope walked a little apart.

It was the Frenchman who broke up the party. His words had been coming spasmodically for some time. Suddenly he stopped.

"A thousand excuses. I fear I must go back."

Sarah looked at him.

"Anything the matter?"

He nodded.

"Yes, fever. A legacy from a visit to the Congo."

"Shall I come with you?" asked Sarah.

"No, no. I have my case of drugs with me. A confounded nuisance. Go on, all of you."

He walked quickly back in the direction of the camp.

Sarah looked undecidedly after him for a minute, then she met Raymond's eyes, smiled at him, and the Frenchman was forgotten.

For a time the four of them, Carol, herself, Lennox and Raymond kept together.

Then, somehow or other, she and Raymond had drifted apart. They walked on, climbing up rocks, turning ledges, and rested at last in a shady spot.

There was a silence, then Raymond said:

"What's your name? It's King, I know. But your other name."

"Sarah."

"Sarah. May I call you that?"

"Of course."

"Sarah, will you tell me something about yourself?"

Leaning back against the rocks, she talked, telling him of her life at home in Yorkshire, of her dogs and the aunt who had brought her up.

Then, in his turn, Raymond told her a little, disjointedly, of his own life.

After that, there was a long silence. Their hands strayed together. They sat, like children, hand in hand, strangely content.

Then, as the sun grew lower, Raymond stirred.

"I'm going back now," he said. "No, not with you. I want to go back by myself. There's something I have to say and do. Once that's done, once I've proved to myself that I'm not a coward, then I shan't be ashamed to come to you and ask you to help me. I shall need help, you know. I shall probably have to borrow money from you."

Sarah smiled.

"I'm glad you're a realist. You can count on me."

"But first I've got to do this alone."

"Do what?"

The young boyish face grew suddenly stern. Raymond Boynton said:

"I've got to prove my courage. It's now or never."

Then, abruptly, he strode away.

SARAH leaned back against the rock and watched his receding figure. Something in his words had vaguely alarmed her. He had seemed so intense, so terribly in earnest and strung up. For a moment she wished she had gone with him. . . .

The sun was setting when Sarah came once more in sight of the camp. As she came nearer in the dim light, she could make out the grim figure of Mrs. Boynton still sitting in the mouth of the cave. Sarah shivered a little at the sight. She hurried past on the path below and came into the marquee.

Lady Westholme was sitting knitting a navy blue jumper, a skein of wool hung around her neck. Miss Pierce was embroidering a table mat with anemic blue forget-me-nots, and being instructed on the proper reform of the divorce laws.

The servants came in and out, preparing for the evening meal. The Boyntons were at the far end of the marquee in deck chairs reading. Mahmoud appeared, fat and dignified, and was plaintively reproachful. Very nice after-tea ramble had been arranged to take place but everyone absent from camp. . . . The program was now entirely thrown out. . . . Very instructive visit to Nabatean architecture.

Sarah said hastily that they had all enjoyed themselves very much.

She went off to her tent to wash for supper. On the way back she paused by Dr. Gerard's tent, calling to him in a low voice:

"Dr. Gerard."

There was no answer. She lifted the flap and looked in. The doctor was lying motionless on his bed. Sarah withdrew noiselessly, hoping he was asleep.

A SERVANT came to her and pointed to the marquee. Evidently supper was ready. She strolled down again. Everyone else was assembled there round the table with the exception of Dr. Gerard and Mrs. Boynton. A servant was dispatched to tell the old lady dinner was ready. Then there was a sudden commotion outside. Two frightened servants rushed in and spoke excitedly to the dragoman in Arabic.

Mahmoud looked round him in a flustered manner and went outside. On an impulse Sarah joined him.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

Mahmoud replied: "The old lady. Abdul says she is ill—cannot move."

"I'll come and see."

Sarah quickened her step. Following Mahmoud, she climbed the rock and walked along until she came to the squat figure in the chair, touched the puffy hand, felt for the pulse, bent over her.

When she straightened herself she was paler.

She retraced her steps back to the marquee. In the doorway she paused a minute looking at the group at the far end of the table.

Her voice when she spoke sounded to herself brusque and unnatural.

"I'm so sorry," she said. She forced herself to address the head of the family, Lennox. "*Your mother is dead, Mr. Boynton.*"

COLONEL CARBURY smiled across the table at his guest and raised his glass.

"Well, here's to crime!"

Hercule Poirot's eyes twinkled in acknowledgment of the aptness of the toast.

He had come to Amman with a letter of introduction to Colonel Carbury, from Colonel Race.

Carbury had been interested to see this world-famous person to whose gifts his old friend and ally in the Intelligence had paid such unstinting tribute.

"As neat a bit of psychological deduction as you'll ever find!" Race had written of the solution of the Shaitana murder.

"We must show you all we can of the neighborhood," said Carbury, twisting a somewhat ragged brindled mustache. He was an untidy stocky man of medium height with a semibald head and vague mild blue eyes. He did not look in the least like a soldier. He did not look, even, particularly alert. He was not in the least one's idea of a disciplinarian. Yet in Transjordania he was a power.

"There's Jerash," he said. "Care about that sort of thing?"

"I am interested in everything!"

"Yes," said Carbury. "That's the only way to react to life." He paused:

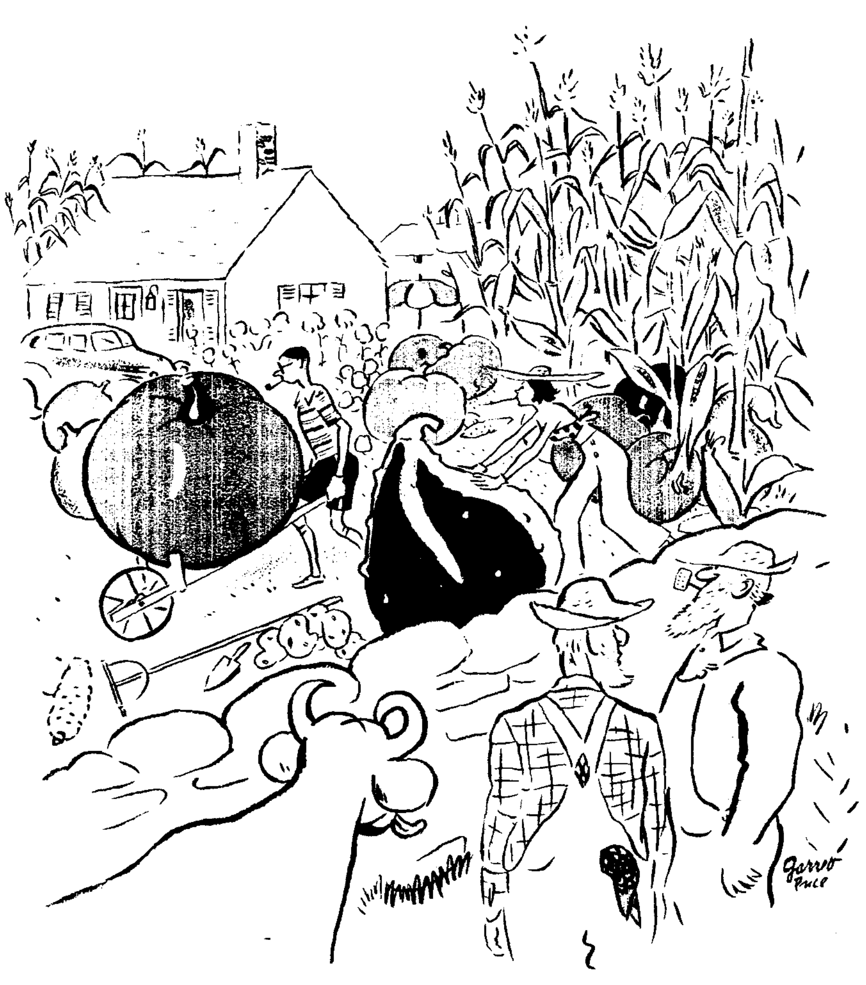
"Tell me, d'you ever find your own special job has a way of following you round?"

"*Pardon?*"

"Well, to put it quite plainly, do you come to places expecting a holiday from crime and find instead bodies cropping up?"

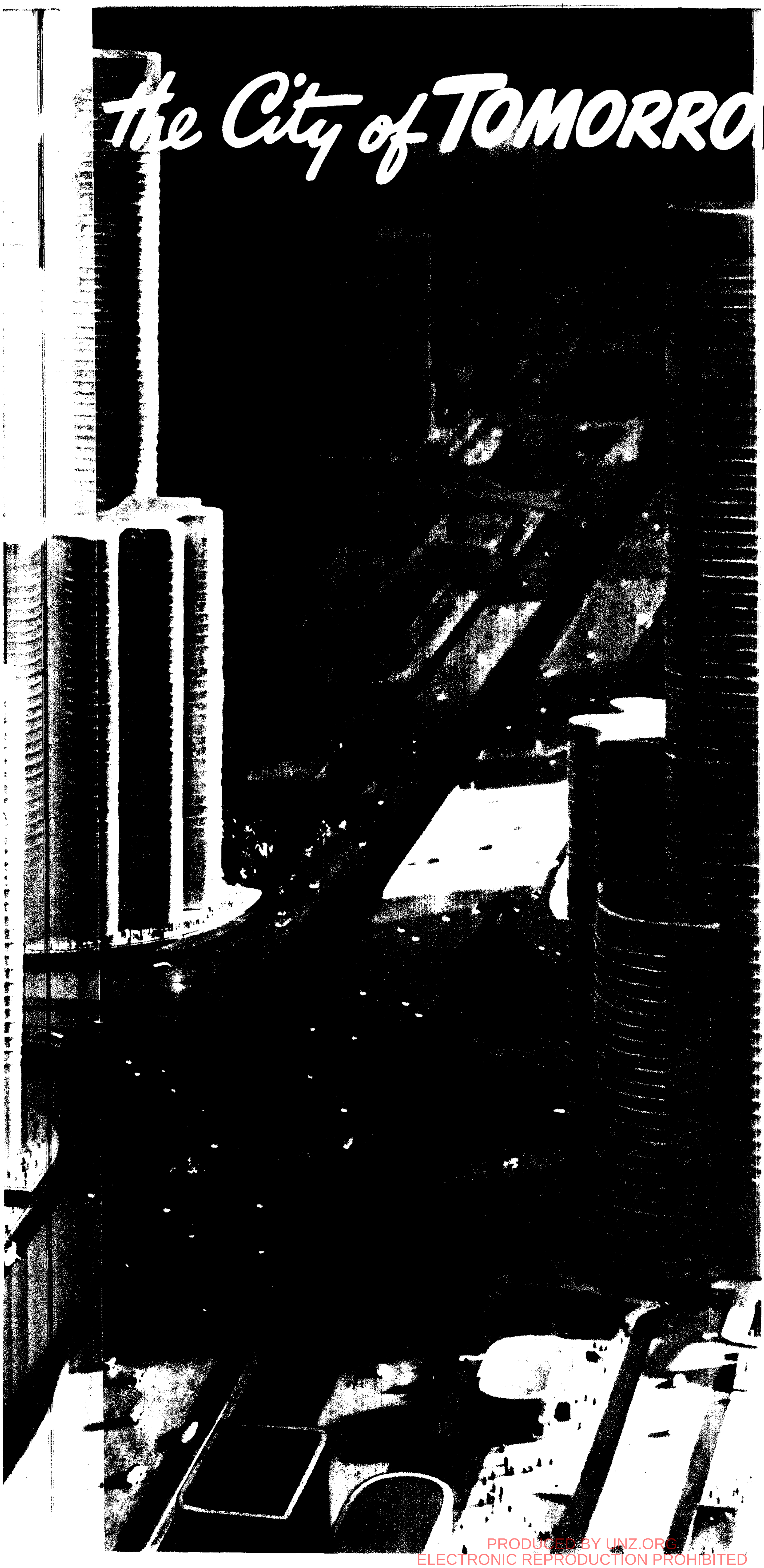
"It has happened, yes—more than once."

"H'm," said Colonel Carbury and



"Remember how we laughed when they came up here last spring and started plantin' those things?" GARRETT PRICE

the City of TOMORROW—



you'll loaf along at 50—right through town—

"Complete separation of traffic moving at three different speeds within 'the City of Tomorrow' will end today's confusion," ***predicts Norman Bel Geddes, authority on future trends.***

"If you drive 10 blocks or more, you'll use Express Streets allowing speeds up to 50 miles an hour with no stop lights... no intersections... no pedestrians to slow you down.

"For short trips, you'll use one-way Local Streets, made wider by the elevation of sidewalks . . . elimination of parked cars and loading trucks. You'll walk and cross streets at the second-story level. Loading and parking facilities will be inside buildings . . ."

—but TODAY, 4 miles in 5 are Stop and Go

YOU average 30 stops every day. And one stop can waste enough gasoline to drive you 5 city blocks.

Today's stop and go is the COSTLIEST kind of driving!

While traffic authorities are planning "the City of Tomorrow," Shell engineers have developed a fuel, Super-Shell, to meet today's driving problem. They found a way to rearrange the chemical structure of gasoline...to balance it.

Automotive engineers describe Super-Shell as "motor-digestible," because at all motor speeds it is converted so QUICKLY, so COMPLETELY into power.

Your regular use of Super-Shell will save on stop and go. There's a Shell dealer in your neighborhood.

SUPER-SHELL

SHELL

looked particularly abstracted. Then he roused himself with a jerk.

"Got a body now I'm not very happy about," he said.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Here in Amman. Old American woman. Went to Petra with her family. Trying journey, unusual heat for time of year, old woman suffered from heart trouble, difficulties of the journey a bit harder for her than she imagined, extra strain on heart—she popped off!"

"Here, in Amman?"

"No, down at Petra. They brought the body here today."

"Ah!"

"All quite natural. Perfectly possible. Likeliest thing in the world to happen. Only—"

"Yes? Only—?"

Colonel Carbury scratched his bald head.

"I've got the idea," he said, "that her family did her in!"

"Aha! And what makes you think that?"

Colonel Carbury did not reply to that question directly.

"Unpleasant old woman, it seems. No loss. General feeling all round that her popping off was a good thing. Anyway, very difficult to prove anything so long as the family stick together and if necessary lie like hell." He paused. "There was a Frenchman, a Dr. Gerard, down there. Ever hear of him?"

"Certainly. Dr. Theodore Gerard. A very distinguished man in his own line."

"Dr. Gerard's story is quite straightforward. Just plain facts. I think, if you're interested—you *are* interested?"

"Yes, yes."

"Good man. Then I think I'll just phone over and get Gerard along here and you can hear his story for yourself."

WHEN the colonel had dispatched an orderly on this quest, Poirot said:

"Of what does this family consist?"

"Name's Boynton. There are two sons, one of 'em married. His wife's a nice-looking girl—the quiet, sensible kind. And there are two daughters. Both of 'em quite good-looking in totally different styles. Younger one a bit nervous—but that may be just shock."

"Boynton," said Poirot. His eyebrows rose. "That is curious—very curious."

Carbury cocked an inquiring eye at him. But as Poirot said nothing more, he himself went on:

"Seems pretty obvious Mother was a pest! Had to be waited on hand and foot and kept the whole lot of them dancing attendance. And she held the purse strings. None of them had a penny of their own."

"Aha! All very interesting. Is it known how she left her money?"

"I did just slip that question in—casual like, you know. It gets divided equally between the lot of them."

Poirot nodded. Then he asked:

"You are of the opinion that they are all in it?"

"Don't know. That's where the difficulty's going to lie. Whether it was a concerted effort, or whether it was one bright member's idea—I don't know. Maybe the whole thing's a mare's-nest! What it comes to is this: I'd like to have your professional opinion. Ah, here comes Gerard."

The Frenchman came in with a quick yet unhurried tread. As he shook hands with Colonel Carbury, he shot a keen interested glance at Poirot.

Carbury said:

"This is M. Hercule Poirot. Staying with me. Been talking to him about this business down at Petra."

"Ah, yes?" Gerard looked Poirot up and down. "You are interested?"

Hercule Poirot threw up his hands.

"Alas, one is always incurably interested in one's own subject."

"Oh, shame on me! All your pretty buttons!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"True," said Gerard.

"Have a drink?" said Carbury.

He poured out a whisky-and-soda and placed it by Gerard's elbow. He held up the decanter inquiringly but Poirot shook his head. Colonel Carbury set it down again and drew his chair a little nearer.

"Well," he said, "where are we?"

"I gather," said Poirot to Gerard, "*that Colonel Carbury is not satisfied.*"

Gerard made an expressive gesture.

"And that," he said, "is my fault! And I may be wrong. Remember that, Colonel Carbury, I may be entirely wrong."

Carbury gave a grunt.

"*Give Poirot the facts,*" he said.

Dr. Gerard began by a brief recapitulation of the events preceding the journey to Petra. He gave a short sketch of the various members of the Boynton family and described the condition of emotional strain under which they were laboring.

Poirot listened with interest.

THEN Gerard proceeded to the actual events of their first day at Petra, describing how he had returned to the camp.

"I was in for a bad bout of malaria—cerebral type," he explained. "For that I proposed to treat myself by an intravenous injection of quinine. That is the usual method."

Poirot nodded his comprehension.

"The fever was on me badly. I fairly staggered into my tent. I could not at first find my case of drugs, someone had moved it from where I had originally placed it. Then, when I found that, I could not find my hypodermic syringe. I hunted for it for some time, then gave it up and took a dose of quinine by the mouth and flung myself on my bed."

Gerard paused, then went on.

"Mrs. Boynton's death was not discovered until after sunset. Owing to the way in which she was sitting and the support the chair gave to her body no change occurred in her position and it was not until one of the boys went to summon her to dinner at 6:30 that it was noticed that anything was wrong."

HE EXPLAINED in full detail the position of the cave and its distance away from the big marquee.

"Miss King, who is a qualified doctor, examined the body. She did not disturb me, knowing that I had fever. There was, indeed, nothing that could be done. Mrs. Boynton *was dead—and had been dead* for some little time."

Poirot murmured: "How long exactly?"

Gerard said slowly:

"I do not think that Miss King paid much attention to that point. She did not, I presume, think it of any importance."

"One can say, at least, when she was last definitely known to be alive?" said Poirot.

Colonel Carbury cleared his throat and referred to an official-looking document.

"Mrs. Boynton was spoken to by Lady Westholme and Miss Pierce shortly after 4 P. M. Lennox Boynton spoke to his mother about 4:30. Mrs. Lennox Boynton had a long conversation with her about five minutes later. Carol Boynton had a word with her mother at a time she is unable to state precisely—but which from the evidence of others would seem to have been about ten minutes past five.

"Jefferson Cope, an American friend of the family, returning to the camp with Lady Westholme and Miss Pierce, saw her asleep. He did not speak to her. That was about twenty to six. Raymond Boynton, the younger son, seems to have been the last person to see her alive. On his return from a walk he went and spoke to her at about ten minutes to six. The discovery of the body was made at 6:30 when a servant went to tell her dinner was ready."

"Between the time that Mr. Raymond Boynton spoke to her and half past six did no one go near her?" asked Poirot.

"I understand not."

"Then Raymond Boynton was definitely the last person to see his mother alive?"

Dr. Gerard and Colonel Carbury interchanged a quick glance.

Colonel Carbury drummed on the table with his fingers.

"This is where we begin to get into deep water," he said. "Go on, Gerard. This is your pigeon."

Dr. Gerard said: "As I mentioned just now, Sarah King, when she examined Mrs. Boynton, saw no reason for determining the exact time of death. She merely said that Mrs. Boynton had been dead 'some little time,' but when, on the following day for reasons of my own, I endeavored to narrow things down and happened to mention that Mrs. Boynton was last seen alive by her son, Raymond, at a little before six, Miss King, to my great surprise, said point-blank that that was impossible—that at that time Mrs. Boynton must already have been dead."

Poirot's eyebrows rose.

"Odd. Extremely odd. And what does M. Raymond Boynton say to that?"

COLONEL CARBURY said abruptly: "He swears that his mother was alive. He went up to her and said, 'I'm back. Hope you have had a nice afternoon.' Something of that kind. He says she just grunted, 'Quite all right,' and he went on to his tent."

Poirot frowned perplexedly.

"Curious," he said. "Extremely curious."

"Go on, Gerard," said Colonel Carbury. "Give him the rest of it."

"On getting up in the morning," said Dr. Gerard, "I found my hypodermic syringe—it was behind a case of bottles on my dressing table. *I had not left it there.*"

"There's something more still," said Carbury.

"Yes, two facts for what they are worth and they mean a great deal. There was a mark on the dead woman's wrist—a mark such as would be caused by the insertion of a hypodermic syringe. Her daughter, I may say, explains it as having been caused by the prick of a pin—"

Poirot stirred.

"Which daughter?"

"Her daughter, Carol."

"Yes, continue, I pray you."

"And there is the last fact. Happening to examine my little case of drugs I noticed that my stock of digitoxin was very much diminished."

"Digitoxin," said Poirot, "is a heart poison, is it not?"

"Yes. It is obtained from digitalis purpurea—the common foxglove. There are four active principles—*digitalin, digitonin, digitalein* and *digitoxin.* Of these, *digitoxin* is considered the most active poisonous constituent of digitalis leaves. According to Kopp's experiments it is from six to ten times stronger than *digitalin* or *digitalein.* It is official in France—but not in the British Pharmacopoeia."

"And a large dose of digitoxin?"

Dr. Gerard said gravely: "A large dose of digitoxin thrown suddenly on the circulation by intravenous injection would cause sudden death by quick palsy of the heart. It has been estimated that four milligrams might prove fatal to an adult man."

(To be continued next week)

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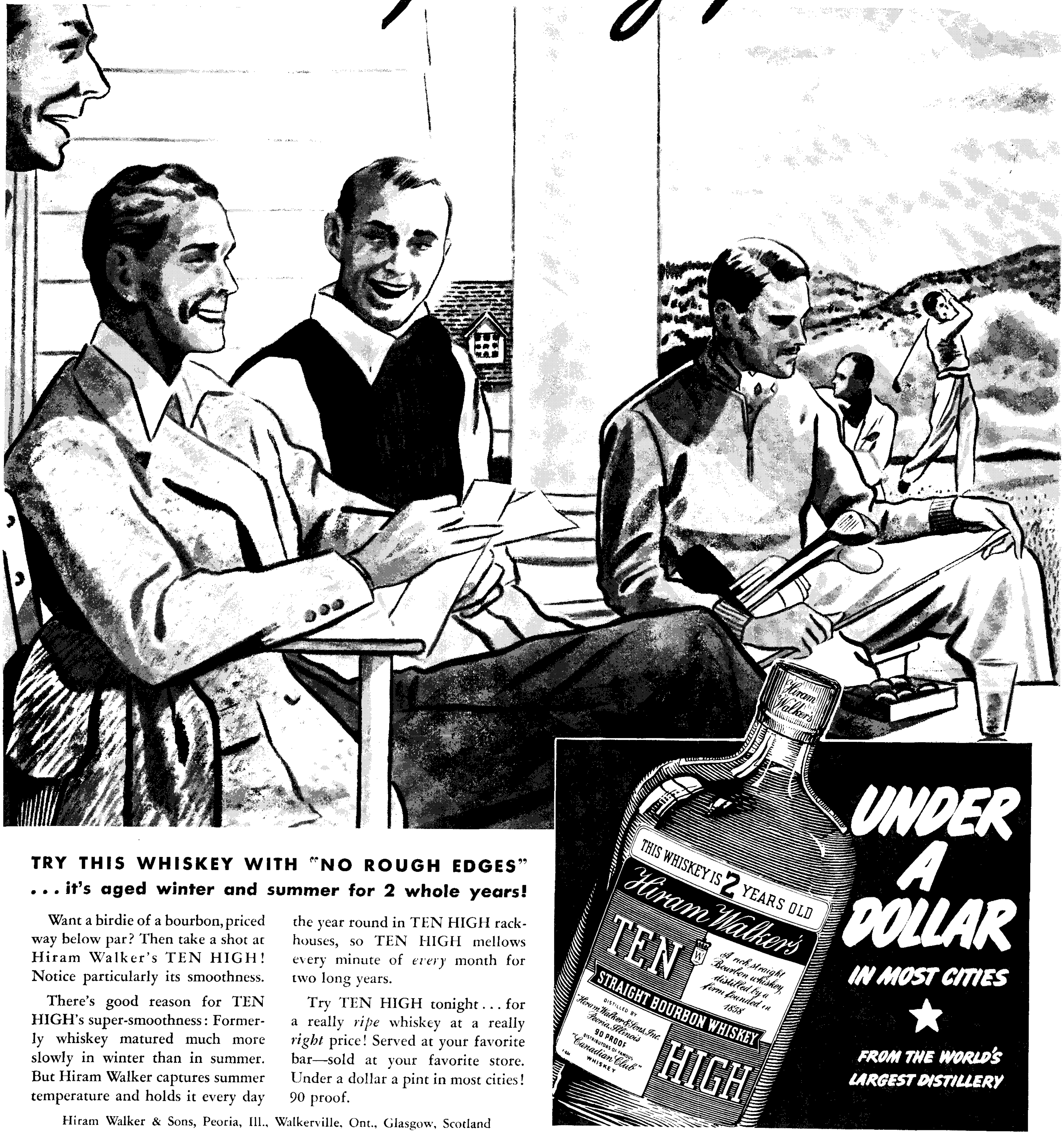
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Jury of Her Peers

Continued from page 15

about little things that happened in her boudoir just before her own husband got shot.

Floyd whispered: "Are those real tears?"

"Yeah. Of course," Reba whispered back.

"Order!"

The old oofty-goofty judge said someone was whispering in the jury box. Mr. Bockstein proved himself a truly gentlemanly fella. He said: "If anyone whispered I did not hear it and was not affected. May I proceed, your Honor?"

The opening statements took nearly all afternoon, and they put on only one witness. He was a police officer who had found the body. He said he had come in answer to a telephone call and had found Mr. Cutts lying on the bedroom floor, dead. Mrs. Cutts was lying half on top of her poor husband crying and saying: "Wake up. You must wake up."

It was awful exciting, because poor Mrs. Cutts got so overwrought she sobbed out: "Stop it. Stop it!" The judge let her rest for a minute before he told Officer Flanagan to continue.

The best part of doing your duty and *acting as a juror*, though, is not the glimpses of insight you get into real life. It is being able to discuss real life, afterward, with an intelligent fella like Floyd Sommers.

Walking out to dinner, Floyd said: "That alcoholic melancholia stuff is sure a new angle. It gives you food for thought."

"But is it scientific?"

"Yeah. They'll back it up with alienists or psychology professors—"

"Psychi-atrists perhaps, too?"

"That's the word. This Bockstein guy, he's got a lot on the ball. You take a drinking guy—lot s of 'em get low and want to kick off. Like old man Jericho, one of my customers. I found him trying to drink a quart of windshield-cleaning fluid one night—just felt low after hitting the bottle too hard."

"Gee, did he die?"

"Naw. They pumped him out at City Hospital."

"You certainly have seen things and had a lotta experiences, Mr. Sommers!"

Floyd grinned in an awful nice way, being kind of the Clark Gable type but not such large ears, and he said: "Where do you get that Mr. Sommers stuff? Call me Floyd. I ain't proud."

IT CERTAINLY was nice and cozy after dinner. Mrs. Regan put a radio in the jury room and Mr. Deputy Sheriff Boelscher chipped in cards and checker-boards and other games. The men played rummy, except three that Mrs. Lattishaw got into a bridge game with. But Reba and Floyd did not seem to care for games. They sat out on the fire-escape landing and had a good long talk about the serious things in life.

Finally, Floyd said: "I meant to duck this trial, pretending I was hard of hearing. Now, I'm glad I didn't. I wouldn't've met you!"

"I could of got off it, too," Reba said. "I guess that it must've been fate that I didn't."

Well, Floyd agreed that it must've been fate and life sure was a funny racket, them living in the same city and not meeting until they got put on a jury. Mrs. Regan had to speak to Reba twice about coming into bed.

"Watch McMurty close!" Floyd said. "She walks in her sleep!"

"You're the one I'll be watching," Mrs. Regan said, being a police matron without much sense of humor.

Reba just blushed somepin fierce and said: "Nighty-night, Floyd, and keep your nightmares to yourself!"

Mrs. Lattishaw and Reba had cots in a small room next to the big room where the men slept. Mrs. Lattishaw was an old scaredy-cat and said Mr. Borgarias, the Greek juror fella, looked like he would be a Peeping Tom. She made Mrs. Regan put her cot right by the door.

The second day in court of the trial, it was not quite so exciting. Mr. State's Attorney Crunden put on the Cutts butler, an English fella named Webscott, and two foreign-talking maids. They all said Mr. and Mrs. Cutts got drunk every night and had fights, mostly about a woman named Alice that Mr. Cutts was supposed to be sweet on. This Webscott fella, a snooty guy, let on like he heard Mrs. Cutts threaten to shoot Mr. Cutts if he didn't stop going with Alice on the sly.

But Mr. Bockstein certainly made that butler look cheap, all righty.

"On the night of the shooting, you were eavesdropping on your employers?"

"I wouldn't call it that, sir."

"Where were you when this alleged quarrel about the woman called Alice took place?"

"I chawnced to be in the mawster's dressing room, sir."

"What were you doing there?"

"Sorting 'is shoes, sir."

"Was that your duty as a butler?"

"Why, no, sir—but—"

"In other words, you sneaked in there to hear what was going on so you could blackmail Mrs. Cutts—"

"We object to that, if the Court please!"

The judge told the jury to disregard Mr. Bockstein's question; and it was plain to Reba that the old oofty-goofty was in cahoots with Mr. State's Attorney Crunden.

And to make it worse for poor Mrs. Cutts, the State went and put three high-society friends of her husband on the stand. One of them, called Mrs. Drury, who wore a square-cut emerald ring and acted like the air in the courtroom was bad, testified that Mr. Cutts told her he was afraid Mrs. Cutts would shoot him.

Mr. Bockstein certainly showed her up, too.

"Isn't it a fact, Mrs. Drury, that you objected to Cromwell Cutts' marrying this defendant because she was a poor working girl?"

"Certainly not!"

The judge made Mr. Bockstein stop asking such pointed questions, but anyone could tell that all the State's witnesses were down on Mrs. Cutts because she came of poor family and had to work in a night club.

THAT evening, on the fire-escape landing, Reba and Floyd had a good long talk about it.

"Looks to me like they're ganging on the babe," Floyd said.

"Yeah. I personally would not believe what Mrs. Drury Somebody thinks, no matter what she said."

"Being poor ain't a crime, McMurty. If it was, I'd've done plenty of time in the pen!"

"Me too. I don't think she's guilty, do you?"

"I dunno. It's a tossup. Two drunks and a gun. Anything might've happened with that setup."

"What do the others think?"

"It's about five to three for acquittal, with me on the fence and old man Richey not saying." Then, Floyd added something that simply astonished Reba: "The babe has been giving me the eye!"

Reba stared at Floyd.

"*Mrs. Cutts?*"

"Yeah. Didn't you notice—whilst we was filing out this noon? She give me a come-on smile with plenty of candle-power behind it."

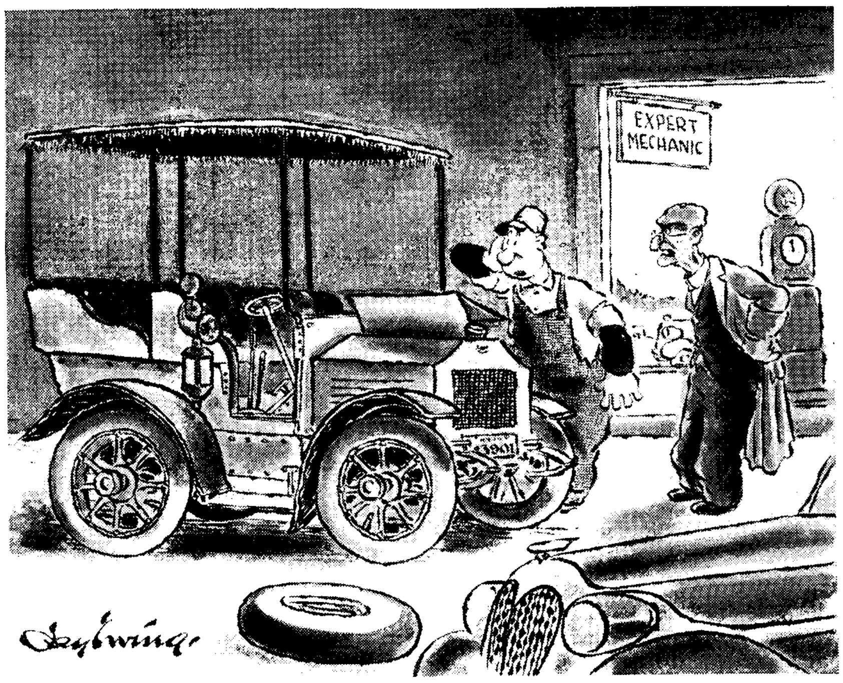
"Are you *sure?* Why, she might cause a mistrial or somepin, Floyd."

Floyd did not seem to take it very serious. He shrugged and tossed a cigarette down into the areaway.

"I'll take *you*, McMurty!" he said. "I'd acquit you of murder even if I saw you shoot the guy!"

"Oh, Floyd—no—now, stop—they'll see you!"

Well, Reba simply had to hold Floyd off at arms' length, even when he said he had fell for her and it was love at first sight. A fella, why, he respects a



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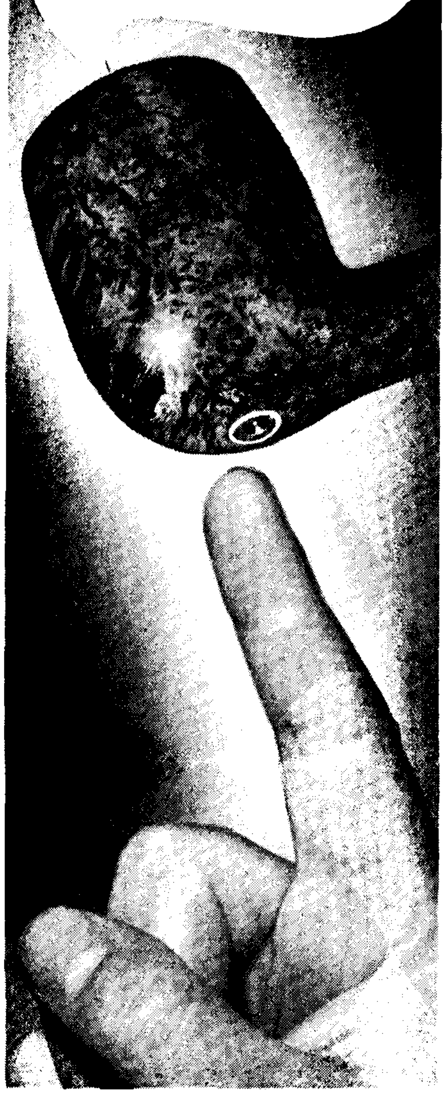

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girl more and, besides, that nosy Mrs. Lattishaw was snooping around.

"I get it," Floyd said, all hurt, "I'm just a juror to you, hunh? Oh, I get it!"

Reba tried to explain that a fella and a girl that have known each other only two days should keep their common sense, especially under such truly romantic conditions, and make sure it only isn't a mere infatuation. But Mrs. Lattishaw came busting out on the fire escape and said: "Don't tell me you two young people are fighting already?"

"Nothing like that," Floyd said, real stiffnecked. "I'm just a juror she's been passing the time with!"

And Floyd marched straight into the men's room, before Reba could tell him she was not trifling with his affections.

"He's mighty sweet on you, dearie," Mrs. Lattishaw said. "Don't you reciprocate?"

Reba was not going around wearing a heart on her sleeve and she knew Mrs. Lattishaw was stuck on Floyd herself in a motherly way and would take his part.

"That's for you to guess and him to find out!" Reba said.

The third day of the trial was somepin fierce the way things happened. Reba did not get a good sleep on the cot, worrying about Floyd and all. Then, filing into the jury box, Reba just happened to be looking at Mrs. Valyrie Stilton Cutts.

She smiled and made eyes at Floyd!

"Hi-yah, Babe!" Floyd said, under his breath but loud enough for Reba to hear.

It certainly is funny in this life how, if you are a good student of a person's character, just some little thing will give her away and reveal her in her true nature. And here Reba had been feeling sorry for the poor thing and thinking she was not guilty. But if ever a woman showed all too plainly that she was of the type that would appeal to the lowest in a man's worst nature, it was in the way Mrs. Cutts looked at Floyd.

"Dr. Radney, take the stand!"

Of course, Floyd had no better sense than to be impressed with Mrs. Cutts' noticing him. Floyd poked the back of Reba's neck:

"Did you see what a welcome *I* got?"

"To whom do you refer?"

"The babe! Oh, boy—oh, boy!"

"She didn't mean you, I'm sure."

"Oh, no? Watch—"

"Order! Order!"

"Is someone talking among the jury?"

Naturally, Reba did not let on that she would admit Mrs. Valyrie Stilton Cutts was bothering her head about Floyd. She would not give Floyd such satisfaction.

But Floyd's precious Mrs. Valyrie Babe Cuttupsky was certainly coming out in her true colors. She wore openwork stockings and a navy blue woolen dress which revealed her *whole form.* She had on a silly hat without any top to it and you could see all too plainly that her blond hair was not natural but darker at the roots. . . .

"DR. RADNEY, as an expert on firearms for the Police Department, are you familiar with this pattern of revolver? I hand you State's Exhibit D—"

"Yes. I know this revolver very well."

"In your opinion, could it have been discharged accidentally?"

"It would be possible, but very unlikely."

This Dr. Radney, who was the first real honest-looking witness the State had put on, certainly put Little Miss Innocent Cutts in her true light. He showed that you hadta hold the gun in your hand and squeeze the handle and the trigger at the same time on account of it being a certain make with safety grip. You could not just accidentally fire the gun.

Floyd's noble friend looked sick, all righty, when this wholesome truth came out; but she pretended like it was nothing; *and she looked straight at Floyd* whilst the lawyers were arguing about somepin.

"Was I lying or was I lying, McMurty?" Floyd said, in Reba's ear. "The babe and I are gonna get together. I got a feeling."

"You're perfectly welcome to," Reba said.

"The babe's got a heart, McMurty."

"I'm sure I'm not in the slightest interested!"

A girl had ought to've been able to laugh such a thing right off. Not that she cared two straws if Floyd wished to carry on a smiling acquaintance with a notorious thing like Mrs. Criminal Cutts that had already killed one husband. Only, a person saw through her game. She was getting scared, now that the State was putting on some good honest expert witnesses, and she was trying to make up to Floyd. She had planned it out that Floyd would feel sorry for her and vote to acquit her. And Floyd jest didn't have no better sense than to *think*—

"Captain Ryerson, take the stand!"

This Captain Ryerson, a genuine U. S. Army officer, said you could not shoot yourself at the angle the bullet made going into Cromwell Cutts; somebody had to shoot you.

BUT what got Reba so simply infuriated was that at the noon recess Floyd had so far fallen for tricky Cuttupsky's so-called innocent manner that he said expert testimony didn't mean a thing.

"Wait till Bockstein puts on *his* experts," Floyd said. "He'll prove there wasn't a single shot fired!"

"Oh, indeed?" Reba said.

"Brrrrrr—somebody hand me down my ba'arskin coat," Floyd said. "This is the Igloo Girl!"

All because she had to stop Floyd from trying to kiss her and because Floyd was so blinded by a few false smiles from Mrs. Criminal Murderer Cutts.

When the jury filed in for the afternoon session, newspapermen had just finished taking pictures of Mrs. Cutts and her lawyers. Mrs. Cutts was standing beside the rail to the jury box.

The brazen thing knocked her handbag off the rail! *And Floyd like to broke his neck picking it up for her.*

"Thank you!" *she* said.

"You're welcome, lady!" Floyd said, standing there like a goof and grinning all over his face.

FROM the way *she* acted, looking at Floyd all afternoon, and the way Floyd—why does a fella hafta be so mean rubbing it in?—the way Floyd kept saying: "I bet the babe won't say no!" why, it just about got Reba down. She could not even listen to the State's other witnesses, she was so worried sick.

Not that she should've wasted her sympathy on Floyd, a fella that tries to give a girl the rush and gets his pride stuck out a mile if she won't kiss him. It was simply that Reba was now thoroughly onto the full crooked scheme of *that woman.*

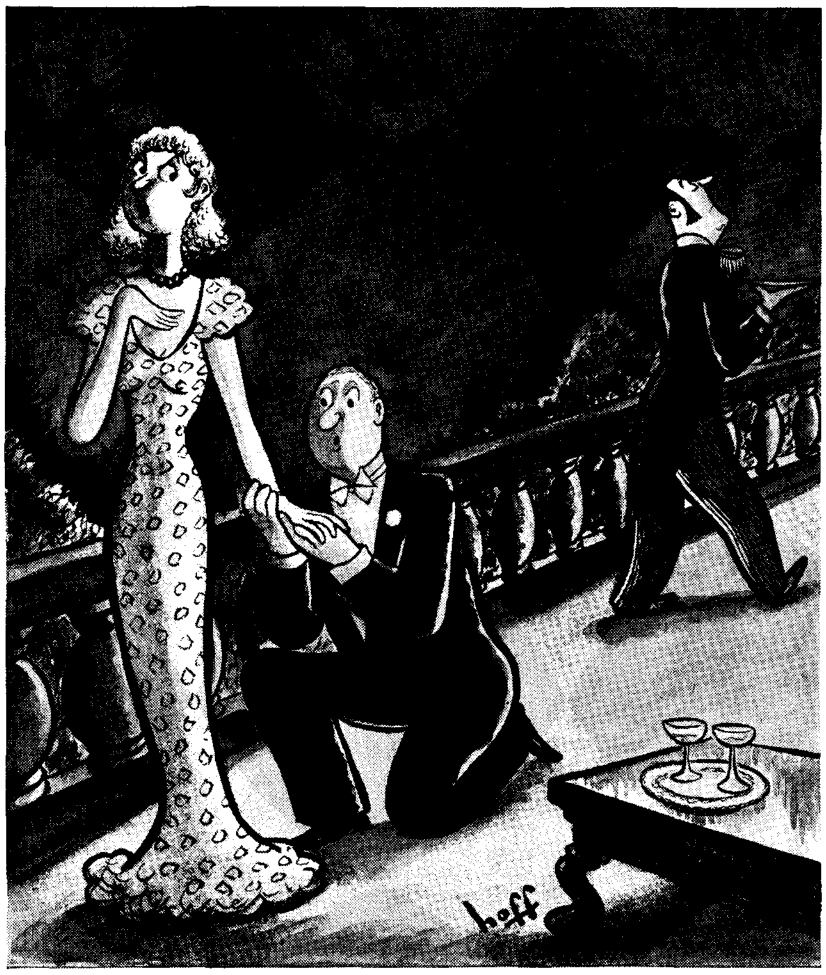
She thought, in her sly two-faced way, that she would get Floyd to hang up the jury for her and then pretend to reward him. She would have maybe five million dollars from her poor dead murdered husband's estate. Floyd was a poor boy and not used to women of the world that have town cars and yachts and places at Santa Barbara, California. Prob'ly she would first offer Floyd a job or somepin. Floyd would take the job all innocent and—

"Am I speaking loudly enough for you, Miss McMurty?"

"Hunh—oh, yeah!"

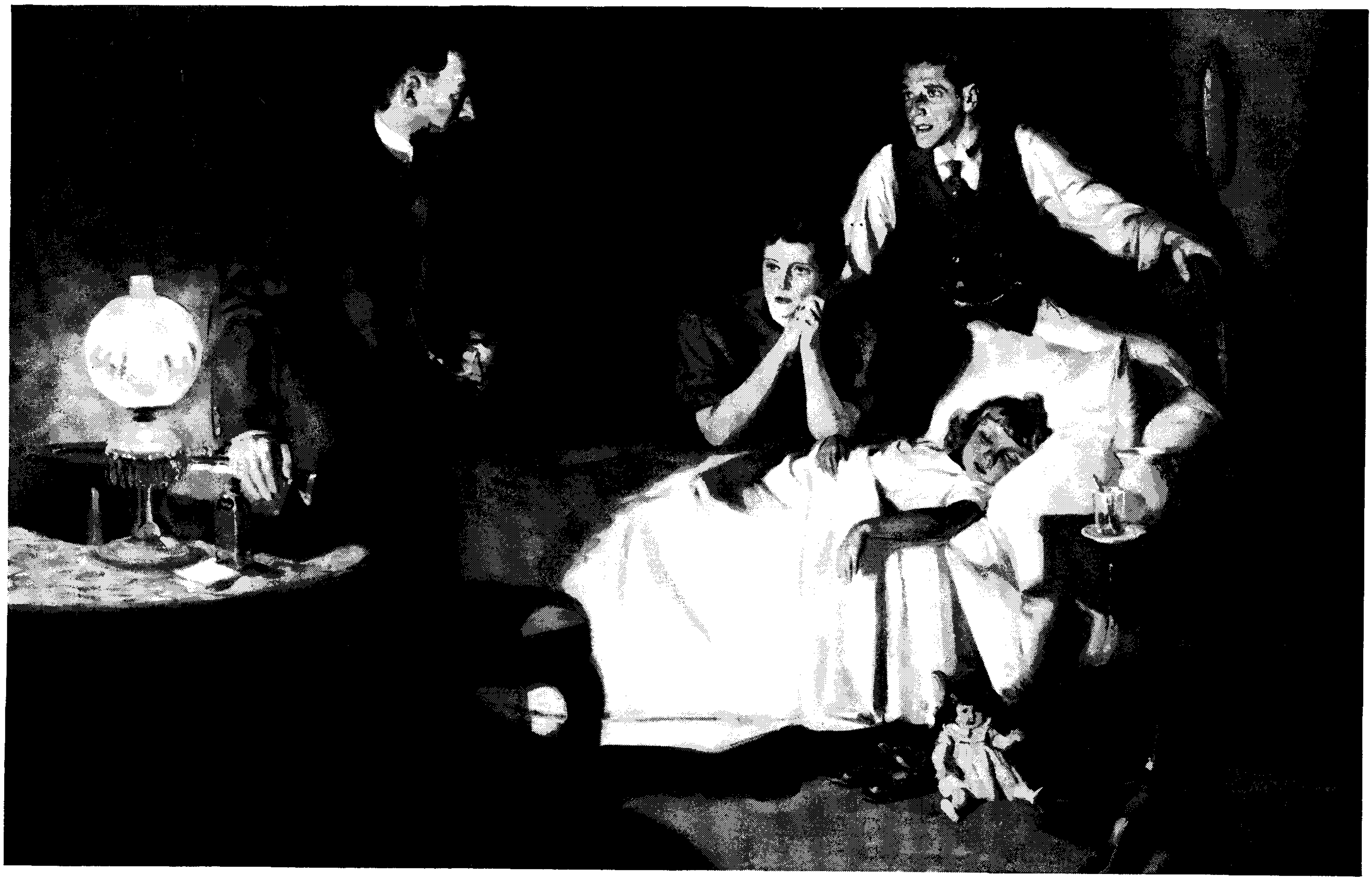
It was that big crooked Mr. Bockstein that was trying to get *her* outa a just murder charge. He said that because he didn't think Reba was paying him close enough attention.

". . . therefore, the defense moves dismissal of this case on the grounds that



"Dammit! Where was I?"

SYDNEY HOFF



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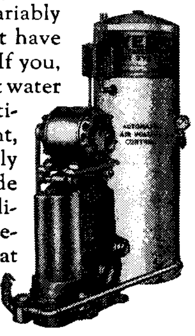

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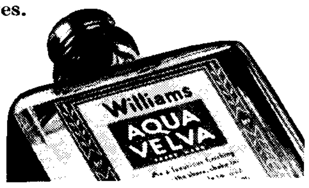

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the State has failed utterly to establish its allegations."

"Demurrer overruled, Mr. Bockstein. Proceed with the defense!"

"Note our exceptions. Dr. George Thomas, please!"

. . . Maybe Floyd was jest doing it outa hurt pride, to get her going. Fellas are mean that way. Well, he would certainly regret the day he fell for *her* two-faced promises, outa gratitude. He'd be nothing but pure and simply a gigolo, that's what he'd be. . . .

"Court will recess until ten o'clock tomorrow morning!"

Marching to dinner, Floyd started harping again on Mrs. Babe Cuttupsky Criminal.

"*There's* a little gal with good taste!"

"Oh, indeed?"

"She wouldn't pretend to like a guy and then get huffy all of a sudden."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Okay, okay, Miss Ice. I'll try my luck somewheres else."

"She wouldn't look twice at you—outa court!"

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes, that's so!"

Reba did not so much as look at Mr. Floyd Fickle Sommers, during dinner. Mrs. Lattishaw tried to make peace between them, but Reba said: "I'm simply not interested."

BACK in the jury room, Mr. Richey and the other men jurors talked about the day's testimony. Mrs. Lattishaw had Floyd off in a corner talking to him.

Reba went out to the fire-escape landing and lighted a cigarette. Presently, Floyd spoke behind her:

"So you don't think I'd have any luck with the babe, hunh?" he said. "Take a look at the note she had a guy slip me!"

Floyd held out the note.

Well, Reba foolishly fell for it and read the note. It said:

Tall and Handsome:
When this is over you must come up and see me sometime! Valyrie.

Reba just could not stand it—seeing Floyd, such a dear, sweet fella, being led into an evil life by *her.*

"Yeah, you'll see her in the penitentiary!" she cried. "That's where you'll see her!"

Snatching the note, Reba ran straight to Deputy Sheriff Boelscher with it. Floyd and Mrs. Lattishaw tried to stop her, but Reba sobbed:

"Lookit—lookit—she sent Floyd a note. That's against the law, ain't it? She's got no right bribing a juror!"

There was a simply terrible scene, with all the jurors talking at once and Floyd saying it was just a gag and Mrs. Lattishaw saying she wrote the note. But Deputy Sheriff Boelscher had gone off with the note.

Well, that stupid oofty-goofty judge went and took it serious. He called the whole jury into his chambers and talked somepin terrible to poor Floyd and Mrs. Lattishaw. He said even if the note was a forgery the attitude of mind it showed proved to him Floyd was an incompetent juror and the excitement had a bad effect on the rest of the jury. He said he would have to declare a mistrial and that Floyd had cost the State eighteen thousand dollars. He said he had half a mind to put Floyd in jail.

But it just seems like, why, things do turn out for the best in this life. Because, look, Floyd ran after Reba on the sidewalk in front of the Municipal Courts Building and grabbed her and hugged her and said:

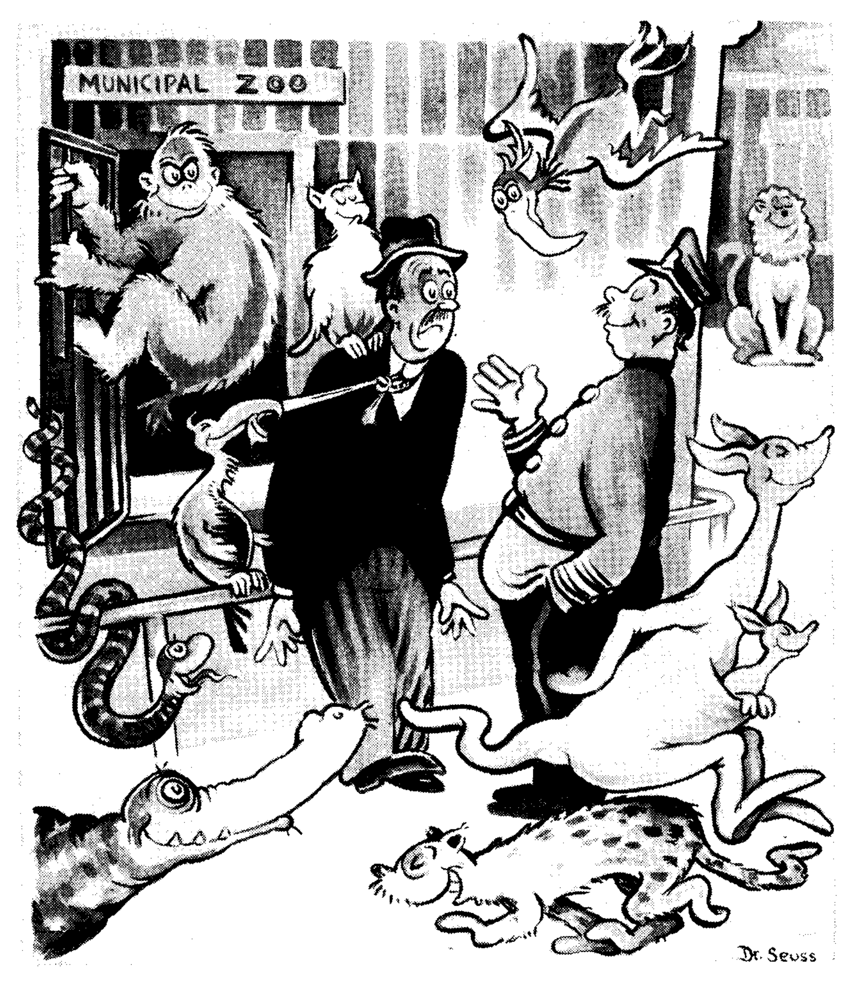
"It was just a gag to try to make you jealous, McMurty. I was so nuts about you I didn't think—I couldn't think . . ."

And a girl can hold out only so long.

"You can kiss me now, Floyd," Reba said. "You could've kissed me last night, if you'd kind of led up to it more!"

Along came that terrible oofty-goofty Mr. Crunden, the state's attorney, and he made a snide remark about jurors' intelligence and Floyd wanted to sock him. But Reba just giggled.

"Pooh for the dumb old trial, anyway," she said. "Now, we can have a real date!"



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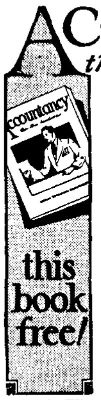

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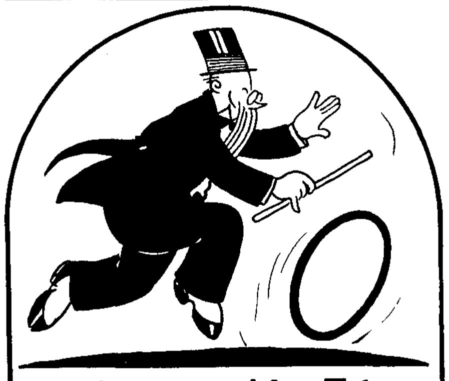

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

The Jade Serpent

Continued from page 11

had broken fresh ground as news. Everyone must remember the wedding: it was a pageant. Then, less than a year later, the premature death of Sir Malcolm's father led to his resigning his commission and taking his place as head of the great shipping firm.

Bazarada clapped his hands. Mahmoud entered silently, carrying an ivory box on a salver. Bazarada opened the box, took out a small tablet and placed it between his lips. Mahmoud retired as silently as he had entered. As the door closed:

"Buzzy," I said, "I don't know what's in that gum. You always chew it when you want high tension. I might hazard a guess, but it's none of my business."

His eyes were dancing and their glance communicated to me a tingling sense of impending adventure.

"Are you game, Maurice?"

"Is this to be an Arabian night?"

"Sure! I never undertake these commissions, as you know, unless I am allowed a confidant whose reputation would insure his account of the matter being accepted."

Mahmoud threw the door open and stood aside, bowing.

"Lady Mercia Glyde," he announced.

Lady Mercia came in, a tall, slender, patrician figure, her fair head carried proudly, her expression betraying nothing whatever. A small, thin man, whose weak eyes peered through powerful spectacles, followed her.

"Mr. Mortimer Lawkins," Mahmoud announced, bowed again and went out.

As I sprang up, Lady Mercia looked from face to face.

"I understood, Mr. Bazarada," she said coldly, "that this interview was to be a private one."

Bazarada came forward, watching her.

"This is my friend, Maurice Roder, whose books you may dislike but whose name you will know. I am supposed to be daring, but I should not venture to risk my good name unless some man of integrity knew all the circumstances."

LADY MERCIA acknowledged my bow with a slight nod. Bazarada placed a chair for her.

"You appreciate," said Mr. Lawkins, placing a portfolio upon the carpet beside him, "that my distinguished client is prepared to pay any fee within reason which you may demand in this irregular and unpleasant affair. I have—"

Bazarada turned to Mr. Lawkins.

"Any small powers which I possess are always at the service of the oppressed or the unhappy—free." He turned to the woman. "If I undertake this matter for you, Lady Mercia, it will be on those conditions."

Lady Mercia stood up and held out her hand.

"I am afraid Mr. Lawkins misinformed me," she said, "but I think I understand, and I shall be grateful all my life if you can help me."

Bazarada raised her fingers to his lips.

"Please give me all the facts. Your confidence is in safe keeping."

The story Lady Mercia had to tell was of a kind that one had heard before in relation to Sir Osmond Brigg. During the preparation of an elaborate charity performance she had made Sir Osmond's acquaintance. He possessed that strange power which belongs to a practiced libertine. Friendship of a sort had developed between them. Sir Malcolm was abroad. That this unpleasant man had fascinated her she admitted, but she denied that there had been any affair between them. However, some correspondence had passed, and:

"You see," she said, "I am very indiscreet in speaking and in writing. I realize that there is much which might be misconstrued in those letters. It's simply impossible for me to pay the price this man Comperville asks: I haven't got it. Some men would understand. Malcolm would not. And"—she looked frankly at Bazarada—"I happen to love him. For heaven's sake give me some hope!"

She had dropped the cloak, and the real woman was more lovable than the mask she wore.

"Where are these letters kept?" Bazarada asked.

Mr. Lawkins' voice sounded like a groan when he replied:

"In the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit vaults."

Bazarada stood up; he smiled at Lady Mercia.

"I have failed to find a lock I could not open," he said. "But the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit—"

"You don't mean," Mr. Lawkins interrupted gloomily, picking up his portfolio from the carpet, "that you despair?"

"Despair? My good sir, I shall move in this matter tonight!"

"HERE'S our man!"

Our appearance that night in the bar of a Mayfair hostelry privately known as The Butler's Pantry had created a momentary hush. The establishment owes its prosperity to the patronage of menservants, butlers, chauffeurs and others: it is a scandal market well known to social paragraphists. This hush was easy to account for.

We wore blue raincoats. Bazarada's curly head was crowned by a hard black hat; I had a soft brown one with brim pulled down. My friend was a master of make-up. My own mother must have failed to recognize me, nor should I have known Bazarada. We were as typical a pair of plain-clothes police officers as ever made the rounds of the usual West End resorts.

Now entered a pale, sandy citizen who conjured up in my mind the image of a ferret that has eaten rat poison but survived.

"Hullo, Peter!" a voice greeted him. "Through for the night?"

"A little private dinner for two," Peter replied, "which lasted a long time. But they've gone off now and I've got the rest of the evening free."

Bazarada grabbed my elbow and a moment later we were out in the street.

"Who was that fellow?"

"Osmond Brigg's man. The coast is clear."

It was a threatening night with black clouds moving rapidly across the sky.

"Where are we bound for?"

"Brigg's house in Bruton Street. The easiest house in London for an intelligent burglar to enter."

We presently found ourselves in Bruton Street. At this hour it was deserted. In one of the few residences not commercialized, an entertainment was taking place. I could hear strains of a dance band, and the windows were illuminated. Bazarada pulled me into the entrance to a mews, paused there and pointed at a darkened house immediately before us.

"Sir Osmond Brigg's," he said. "The ground floor, as you see, is occupied by a bookshop. The bright blue door is Brigg's."

We crossed the street and stepped into a gap formed by the doorway of the bookseller's shop.

"Keep a sharp lookout!"

I stared up and down Bruton Street.

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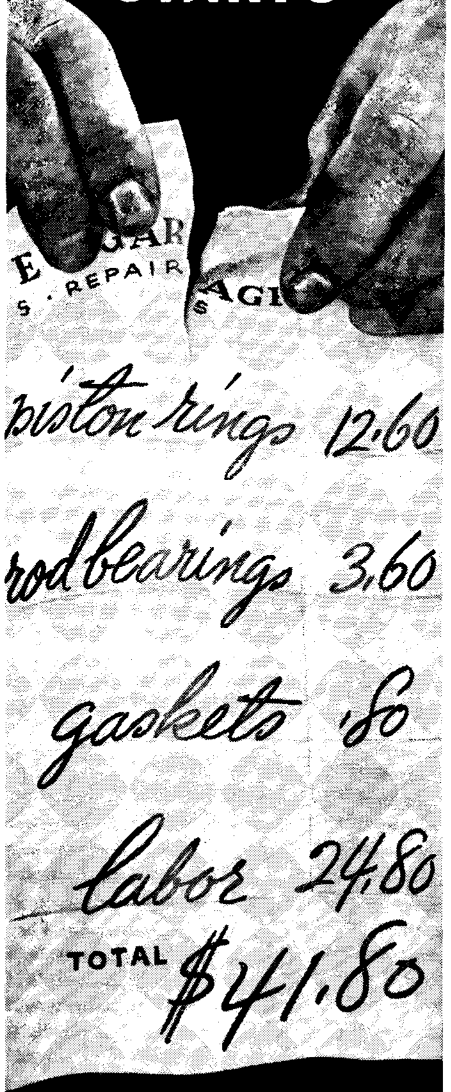

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A car was approaching from the other side of Bond Street and a leisurely walker had just turned the corner.

"A man coming—" I began.

"Quick! Inside!" came Bazarada's crisp order.

He grabbed my arm. I stumbled forward. A door closed—and I found myself inside the shop of Messrs. Devereux, dealers in first editions!

"Primitive lock," said Bazarada, staring out of the window as the pedestrian went by. "I had already examined it. This way."

We proceeded to the back of the shop, up a stairway, and then paused.

"This door isn't used," he explained, "in accordance with the terms of the lease. But I think I can manage it."

A small metallic jingling followed.

"Good!" said Bazarada. "It's open."

I GROPED my way in darkness. The door was closed behind me. Then came the gleam of a flashlight. We were in a bare passage.

"The whole of this place was formerly a house," Bazarada explained. "The ground floor is now occupied by the bookseller; those above are Sir Osmond's. There's another door at the end of this corridor which opens onto the house staircase. I only hope it hasn't been nailed up."

We reached the door to which he referred.

"Will you please direct light on the keyhole," Bazarada requested.

I did so and he made a rapid examination.

"Primitive," he murmured, "unless there are bolts on the other side."

He selected one from a considerable bunch of keys—and opened the door as though it had been his own.

"How trusting," he remarked as we stepped out onto a thickly carpeted landing. "I told you, Maurice, that this was a burglar's paradise."

He started up the carpeted stairs and I was about to follow, when:

"You have left the door ajar," I whispered.

"I have left *all* the doors ajar," he replied.

We reached the half-glazed entrance to Sir Osmond's residence. A light shone in the lobby beyond.

"Put the flashlight in your pocket," Bazarada directed.

He began delicately to manipulate the lock.

With a tenuous fragment of wire, his ear close to the door, he worked. Presently there came a click: the door was open.

Sir Osmond Brigg's apartments were furnished with lavish bad taste. Bazarada, whose objective was not clear to me, insisted on a detailed exploration. The quarters of Peter were at the top. Bazarada examined these with some care; then, working downward, we came to the dining room which, I must confess, betrayed no evidence of the dinner for two mentioned by the man. We neglected the kitchen. Descending to the second floor, we glanced over Brigg's bedroom and examined a small museum, mostly jade, which adjoined it. So we came to the first floor, our original point of entry, taken up by a large reception room and a library-study in a recess. I was tingling with nervousness.

"Here, you see," said Bazarada, swinging open a false bookcase, "is the safe."

"But the lawyer said definitely that the letters were in Chancery Lane."

"I know; I haven't the slightest intention of attacking the safe: it might take as long as seven minutes. But I should be obliged, Maurice, if you would step to that window and keep a lookout."

I groped my way to the window (we had worked by the glow of Bazarada's flashlight) and looked out. Bruton Street was deserted. Then I saw a party making for the club around the corner but refrained from comment. Behind me, in the study recess, Bazarada seemed to be very busy. Out of the night came a car. It pulled up directly beneath me.

Sir Osmond Brigg opened the door.

I turned. "Buzzy!" I cried. "Brigg's here!"

Bazarada's flashlight went out. My heart was beating rapidly. "Alone?"

"Yes."

I could hear footsteps on the stairs. We were cut off!

"Turn the lights up," said Bazarada, calmly.

As if he had known the apartment since childhood he directed the ray of his light upon a switch. I crossed, turned the lights up just as a voice sounded in the lobby:

"What the devil's this? Starkey, are you there? The door's open!"

Bazarada rested his hand on my shoulder and walked out to the lobby.

"Play carefully," he said in a low voice. "I'll give you all the cues."

He appeared as the lobby light sprang up. I saw Sir Osmond Brigg, whom I had met twice, standing just inside the open door.

"Who the devil are you?" he cried angrily.

He was a tall, fair man with intolerant blue eyes and the imperious manner which silences shareholders.

"No need to get ruffled," Bazarada replied gruffly. "You've got your job, sir, but I've got mine."

Voice and manner were perfect. Buzzy was a wonderful actor: he made no attempt to remove his hat; therefore I retained my own, recognizing this touch of artistry. He handed a card to Sir Osmond, who adjusted a monocle and read aloud:

"Detective-Inspector Grimsby, Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard. . . . Oh, I see. Your friend?"

"Detective-Sergeant Jones, sir. There's something very funny going on here."

"How did you get in?"

"If you'll be good enough to follow me, sir, I shall be pleased to show you. We spotted it from Bruton Street. This way."

We retraced the route by which we had entered—and all the doors were ajar. Coming out into Bruton Street:

"You see, sir," said Bazarada, "somebody certainly entered your premises—no doubt with intent to burgle. He may have heard us coming in, or had the tip from an accomplice and got out through the street door. But there's nobody in there now, and I didn't notice that anything had been disturbed."

"The safe!" Sir Osmond exclaimed.

"I found the safe, sir, but it hadn't been opened."

"Oh!" Sir Osmond uttered the word with a sigh of relief. "You are sure there is no one hidden on the premises?"

"Practically sure. But if you'll just wait by the door for a moment, I'll get the constable on duty at the corner to search the place with you."

"Very well," said Sir Osmond.

Bazarada and I started off toward Berkeley Square.

"What do we do now?" I demanded.

"We bolt!"

AT TEN o'clock on the following morning we stood before Sir Osmond Brigg's bright blue door in Bruton Street.

We were accompanied by Detective-Inspector Galway of New Scotland Yard, who was in charge of the case of the missing jade necklace. Bazarada was the idol of the police. They respected him because none of their handcuffs and none of their jails could hold him; loved him for his humanity, his understanding and his generosity.

"This business here last night," said

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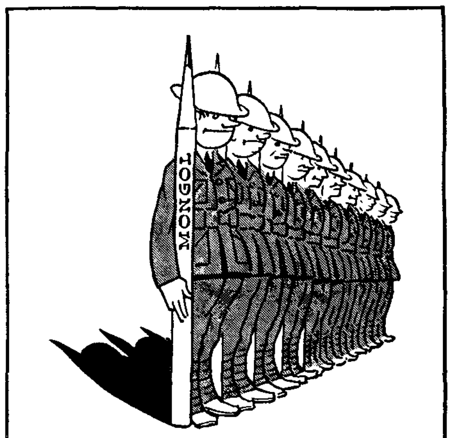

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the detective-inspector, "is what puzzles me. Who were those two men who posed as Scotland Yard officers, and what was their object, if nothing has been stolen?"

I glanced at Bazarada, a distinguished figure in his correct morning dress. I hoped that I looked as debonair, but I felt acutely uncomfortable.

"The case is so puzzling, Inspector," I replied, "that I have taken advantage of your and my friend's invitation to look into it."

"There's no doubt," the detective continued, as we patiently waited for the door to open, "that the substitution over at Burlington House was managed during the time you were there, sir"—nodding in my direction. "You were used as a red herring."

"It was a clever job," Galway continued. "They must have had a duplicate key of the case. I suspect a foreign gang."

The door opened. Starkey of the ferret face confronted us.

SINCE we were there by appointment we were immediately shown upstairs, and presently found ourselves in the library-study where Sir Osmond was seated before the desk, his secretary, Mr. Darby, a very blond young man, standing behind him. Sir Osmond turned but did not rise.

"I fail to understand," he said, focusing his monocle upon each face in turn, "why, Inspector, these gentlemen are accompanying you."

Bazarada bowed formally.

"Entirely in your own interests, Sir Osmond," he replied. "My friend Maurice Roder, whom I believe you have met"—Sir Osmond stared as though he had never seen me in his life—"has a theory regarding your serious loss. He mentioned it to me and I got in touch with Inspector Galway. He thought it might be to our mutual advantage to meet this morning."

Sir Osmond stood up, exchanging glances with Mr. Darby.

"We pay quite enough in one form or another," he replied, "for the upkeep of the police service. I have two questions to ask you, Inspector. First: Have you any clue to the thief who stole my jade necklace and left a *papier-mâché* prop behind? Second: Any clue to the identity of the impostors who searched this house last night?"

Detective-Inspector Galway's shaggy black brows drew together so that they presented an unbroken ridge. His jaw protruded, but before he could reply:

"I wonder," Bazarada interrupted, "if you would mind calling your man to show the inspector any drawings or photographs you have of the missing necklace? I understand that he never saw the original."

Sir Osmond rang impatiently. Starkey came in.

"Take the inspector upstairs to the jade room," snapped Brigg. "Show him the illustrated catalogue."

When Galway had gone out, Mr. Darby, Bazarada and myself found ourselves standing rather awkwardly staring at Sir Osmond; then:

"Without breaking any confidence," said Bazarada, "I may say that a solicitor acting for one of the insurance companies concerned approached me recently—"

"What do you mean, approached you?" Sir Osmond snapped. "You are a vaudeville artist. You appeared under my management on one occasion. In what capacity were you approached?"

Bazarada smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Purely as a friend," he replied. "People will talk, you know. Therefore, before the inspector returns, it might be a good idea, Mr. Darby"—turning to the blond secretary—"if we explored the bookcases."

"What do you mean, 'explored the bookcases'?" Sir Osmond exploded. "I don't know why you are here, and I don't particularly want to see you. Explain the purpose of your visit briefly, because"—he glanced at his wrist watch and sat down—"my time is valuable."

MY SENSE of discomfort became acute.

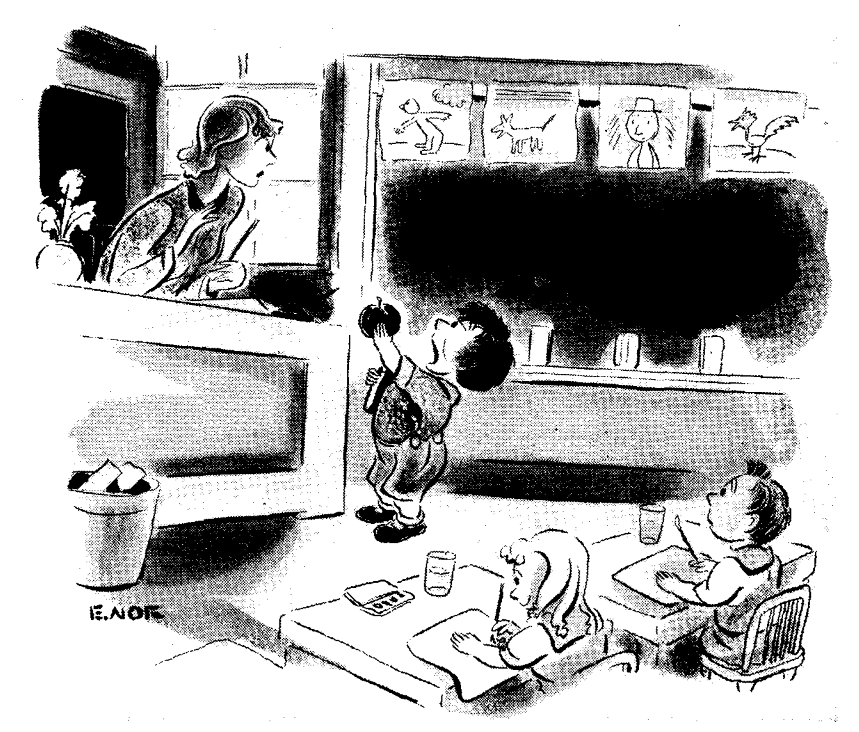
"So is mine," said Bazarada, sharply. "Mr. Darby, there is a book on the lower shelf there, just behind Sir Osmond's chair. I have acquired, as you may know"—his strange eyes met the angry blue glare of Sir Osmond's—"certain powers. This extra sense tells me that the large volume entitled 'Pirates and Piracy' is of great interest. I should be obliged, Mr. Darby, if you would take it out and open it here on the desk."

"This is raving insanity," Sir Osmond exclaimed, jumping up.

"Do you wish me to get the book, Sir Osmond?" Mr. Darby inquired.

"If it will pacify the lunatic. Put it here."

The book was placed upon the desk.



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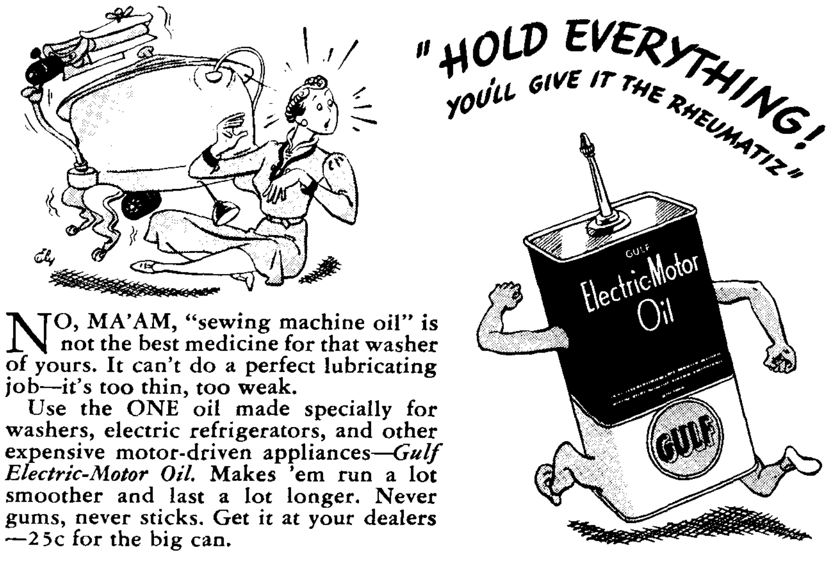
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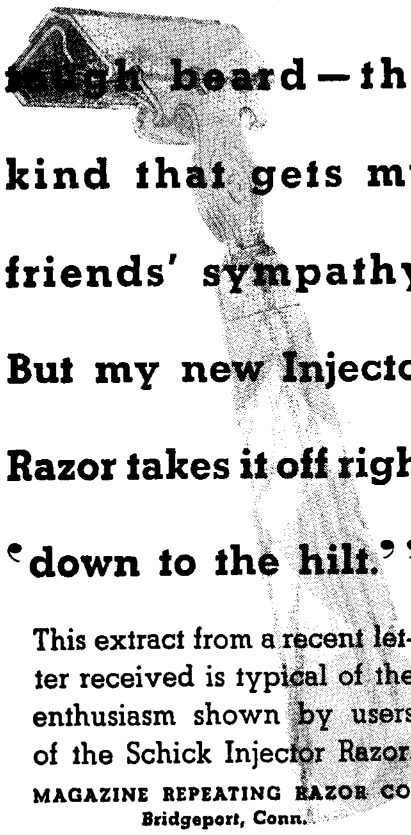

"I own a heavy, black, tough beard—the kind that gets my friends' sympathy. But my new Injector Razor takes it off right 'down to the hilt.'"

This extract from a recent letter received is typical of the enthusiasm shown by users of the Schick Injector Razor.

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SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

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$3 in Canada

Irritably, Sir Osmond threw it open—and I suppressed a gasp.

A large hole had been cut out from the center of the pages so that the book had become a sort of box—and coiled in this cavity, a glitter of emerald green, was the jade serpent!

The change of expression which swept over Brigg's face was almost alarming. Those shadows under his eyes became black pouches, his complexion leaden gray. He strove to speak, but uttered only an inarticulate gurgle.

"Quick, Mr. Darby!" Bazarada directed, "close the book and replace it. I hear Inspector Galway returning."

MR. DARBY, himself a badly startled man, obeyed the order, and the book with its valuable contents was put back in its place.

Sir Osmond slumped down in his chair. His monocle swinging on its cord tinkled against the table edge. He was staring at Bazarada as once I had seen a condemned man in the dock stare at the judge.

"There is a deed box," said Bazarada, "stored in the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit vaults in your name. My chauffeur is outside. I suggest that you give written authority to Mr. Darby to withdraw that box. My friend and myself and Detective-Inspector Galway will have to remain until the box arrives. Then"—I heard Galway's heavy footsteps in the lounge—"if you will allow me to take the box away and also lend me your volume on Pirates, no doubt Scotland Yard will succeed in recovering your property."

"I shall remember this, Bazarada," Brigg said hoarsely.

"If you are wise," Bazarada replied, "you will."

On our way back to Regents Park in Bazarada's car, a large flat deed box inscribed in red letters "Sir Osmond Brigg, M. P." on the floor at our feet and "Pirates and Piracy" on top of it, I gave voice to my pent-up doubts.

"It is incomprehensible," I said, "how you discovered the jade necklace in this book."

Bazarada turned to me; his smile was that of a gratified boy. We were just entering Mount Street, I remember.

"Really, Maurice," he declared, "this is delightful! I had not expected it. To hoodwink the public is easy—to hoodwink you is not. My dear Maurice, how could I fail to discover it when I put it there myself?"

"What!"

"The appointment with you which I missed at Burlington House was missed deliberately. I wanted you to be at Burlington House. I was the foreign gentleman in the French cape. Of course, I did not expect you to recognize me. The lock of the case was primitive, and I carried a substitute for the necklace made in my own workshop. You also failed to recognize my head carpenter, Edmundson, in his disguise of a provincial tourist! He rather overdid the violence."

"But the old woman?"

"That was Laroo. She begins to betray symptoms of genius, but she is getting dreadfully out of hand. And now, Maurice"—he lay back and gave way to laughter—"you know why we visited Brigg's house last night and what we did there."

"Good heavens!" I muttered.

"I shall hide the jade serpent," he continued, "in some unlikely spot to which I shall give Inspector Galway a clue. Scotland Yard will then be given credit for recovering the lost property. They deserve it, Maurice. There isn't a finer detective service in the world."

That evening I was present when Lady Mercia called. She came into the lounge where we awaited her, her eyes widely opened, and I could read upon her face how much this meant. Bazarada bowed his inimitable stage bow, and placed a packet of letters in her hand.

SHE became very pale, then, unfastening the piece of tape with which the bundle was tied, she glanced through the letters.

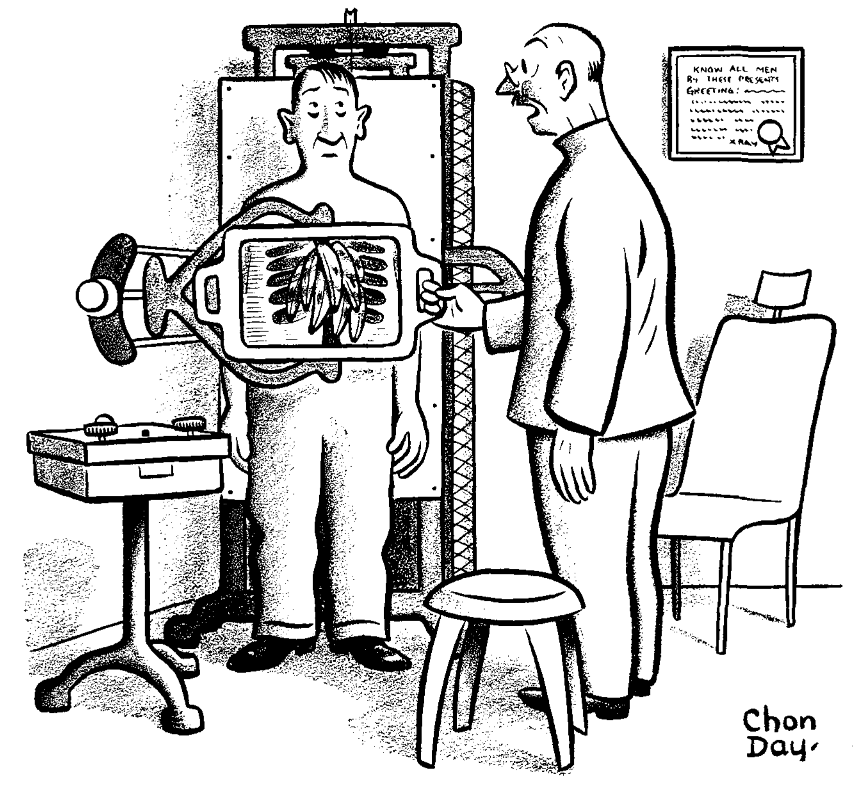
"All there, I think," Bazarada murmured.

Lady Mercia nodded, biting her lips; Bazarada came forward.

"How can I thank you?" she said, in a low voice. "I know I can never repay you."

"D'Artagnan was content to kiss the queen's hand," he replied.

She raised her eyes, shining with happiness, threw her arm around his shoulders and kissed him. There was no implication: it was a royal gesture; but I knew that Bazarada was rewarded.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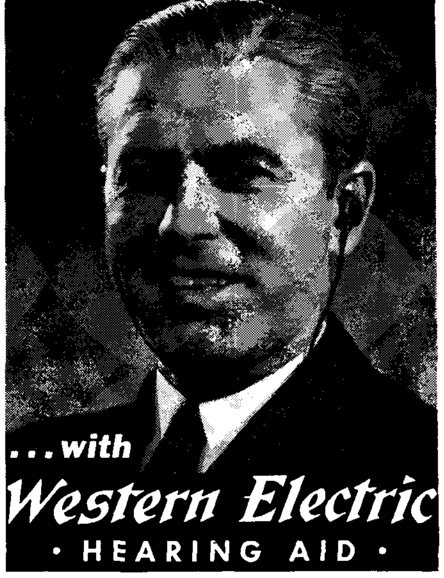

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Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Collier's, The National Weekly, Department 32, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York.

Land Where Our Children Die

Continued from page 13

him; he's like the chap who says he wasn't scared under fire in the war. In the city, cooped-up nerves go ajangle quicker than the farmers'. Drugstores used to run out of sedatives; they don't any more; they've learned what the demand will be.

The office building windows are crowded. There is a brave attempt at laughing, but it's involuntary, not real—a mildly hysterical giggle. Voices are shrill. The telephone operators told us that before the dust has gone, before the sun shines again, almost everybody will have called home.

"Howya, Ma—everything okay? See the dust storm? Howya? Everything okay? Oh, sure, we're okay. Everything okay at home? Ah, Ma, don't worry about a little dust. What? The vacuum cleaner clogged up? Whaddeya know about that? Vacuum cleaner. What? Oh, just twenty minutes of four. Why? No! Clock stopped again? Whaddeya know? Oh, sure, we're okay. What? No, nobody 'cept Mildred. Yeah—fainted. N-o-o-o, she's okay. Just hi-strikes. Y'know how she is. Ah, Ma, don't worry about the house. Sure, you just cleaned it and now— Now don't take on, I'll be home soon and I'll help. Some storm, wasn't it? Now listen, Ma—"

For all this there are easily isolated, man-created reasons. On our six-hundred-mile ramble from Amarillo to Denver, keeping mostly to the dusty back roads that we might see the bald clay, the dust dunes, the drifted houses, the abandoned farms and the government subsidy farmers, we heard all of the inevitable shifting of responsibility. Preachers hurled Scripture and the Gospels at us.

Farmers, too many of whom have no more talent for agriculture than we have, told us old wives' tales of changes in the world's weather, in the earth's interior, in the deterioration of grain seed—that all these fabulous factors contributed to their woe. None admitted that he had plowed the land to death, that he was in any way responsible. We heard the radio blamed. Airplanes too. They told us that the mountains had moved, changing the climate, and showed us leaflets from a mysterious, mantle-wrapped Third Lord Blake, the Right Prince Beloved, to prove it. Long before we reached Denver we began to think the whole Bowl hexed.

Fifty Years in the Making

Prior to 1866, man had not damaged that section of the country. Herds of buffalo, as numerous as the white man's cows which supplanted them, grazed and flourished there. The white man, not nature, slaughtered the buffalo.

When the railroads were laid and a procession of grab-and-run homestead laws passed by Congress the spoilage began. The change came swiftly. Until 1886 immense herds were grazed on the Great Plains, which was virtually one great open pasture. By 1886 there were signs of overgrazing. What are called the first of the modern droughts began. Unintelligent use of the land and overgrazing were much more responsible than natural dry years for what was happening.

In those lonesome cowboy days it required between fifteen and thirty acres of what is now our Dust Bowl to graze a contented cow for twelve months. And usually it was nearer the fifteen-acre mark. Today where a cow can graze at all (and the beast needs one of the Agriculture Department's charts to find the place) it takes from a hundred and fifty to a whole section, six hundred and forty acres, to keep a single animal grassed for a year. And even so she looks like a hatrack all year long.

Too few were warned by these signs. By 1920 more than 12,082,000 cattle roamed these prairies. As the great natural pastures declined under punishment, the herds dwindled. Yet in 1935 there still were 10,195,000 cows on the diminishing grass of the Great Plains. And that, the agronomists tell us, was one hundred per cent overgrazing. We saw pictures of the discouraged brutes. Having run out of grass, they were spending their time disconsolately scanning the frying horizon.

A New Crop—of Suckers

As pasturage failed, the real-estate ballyhoo, the professional land boomers and the supercharged chambers of commerce took over. To land already on the verge of starvation came thousands of farmers and persons who either thought they were farmers or hoped to be farmers. Now and then the United States Department of Agriculture tut-tutted and issued dull little bulletins warning the suckers of disasters to come. Too few listened to the government's timid whispers and the bulletins were as hard to read then as they are today. Besides, there was the inevitable political angle—and it was a sharp one.

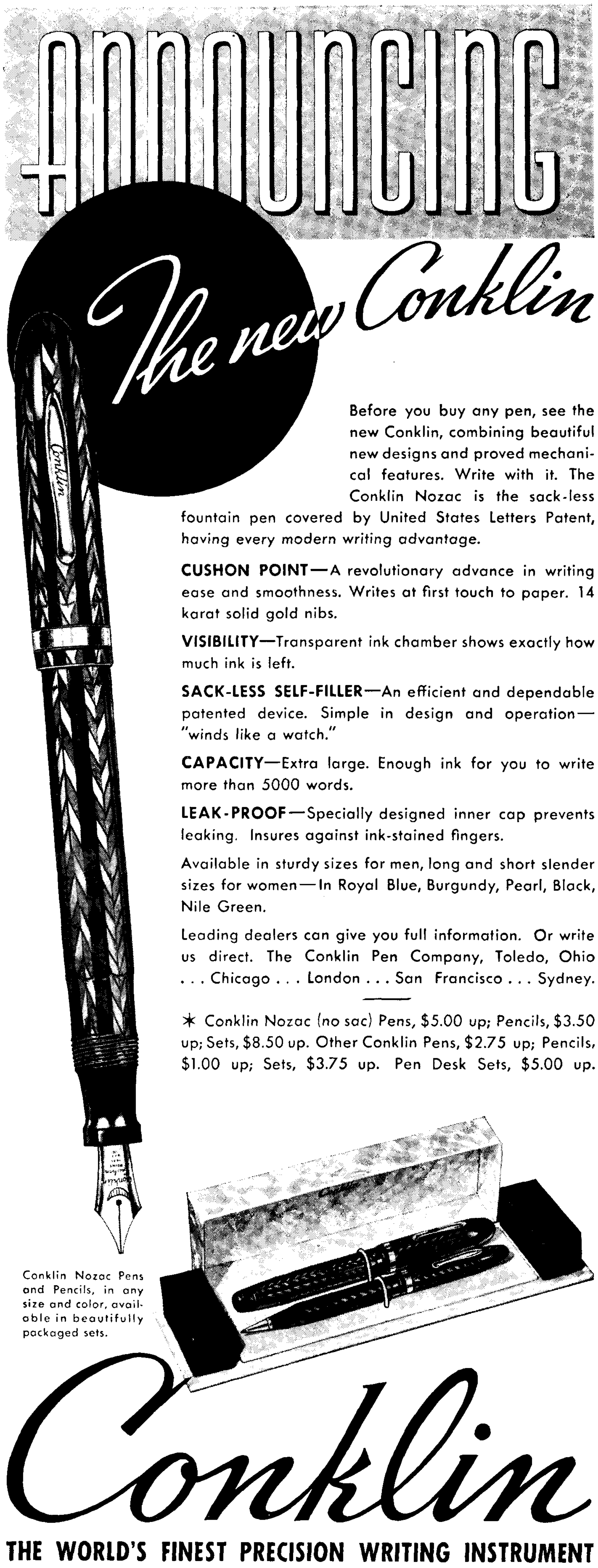
Towns had long since sprung up—cow towns. When the cows left, seeking fresh pastures, the towns couldn't follow. New towns would arise where the cows settled down. The old cow towns, minus cows, had to become some other kind of towns. Somebody had to pay the costs of county governments which had grown with the herds and now were, like the grass, threatened with extinction. These towns and counties had elected men to Congress, too, and in Washington the voices of these statesmen shook the Capitol's cupola with their star-spangled blurbings of new frontiers for the Eastern farmer who had got down to hardpan at home.

As there were local governments to think about so were there merchants to save, landowners of considerable political potency to be nice to. And some of the latter were important men in Washington. There were lobbies too, to see that Congress did not get too sensible and that the Agriculture Department didn't go Bolshevik.

While we were working on that Poor Boy and drinking warm beer in the Blue Ribbon, somebody handed us a large, dizzily illustrated example of the come-on literature which had bedazzled the Eastern farmer.

The book, bearing no sponsoring names, bade all and sundry to "come to the homeseekers' and investors' Paradise." Beneath this there was a picture of the town of Boyero, Colorado. Perhaps in those days Boyero was on its way to become one of Paradise's loveliest subdivisions. Anyway, it photographed well. Today it is one of the ever-widening Dust Bowl's ghost towns.

The literature went on, throwing the whole book at a cockeyed world: "Come you also where health, wealth and prosperity abound and where nothing knocks but opportunity. We offer the new settler success in business, productive farms with land at low prices. Healthful, vigorous climate. Model towns. Best moral atmosphere. Best educational facilities. Come. Buy. Invest. Come, be happy, be carefree, be debtless, be a man." Everything but "be



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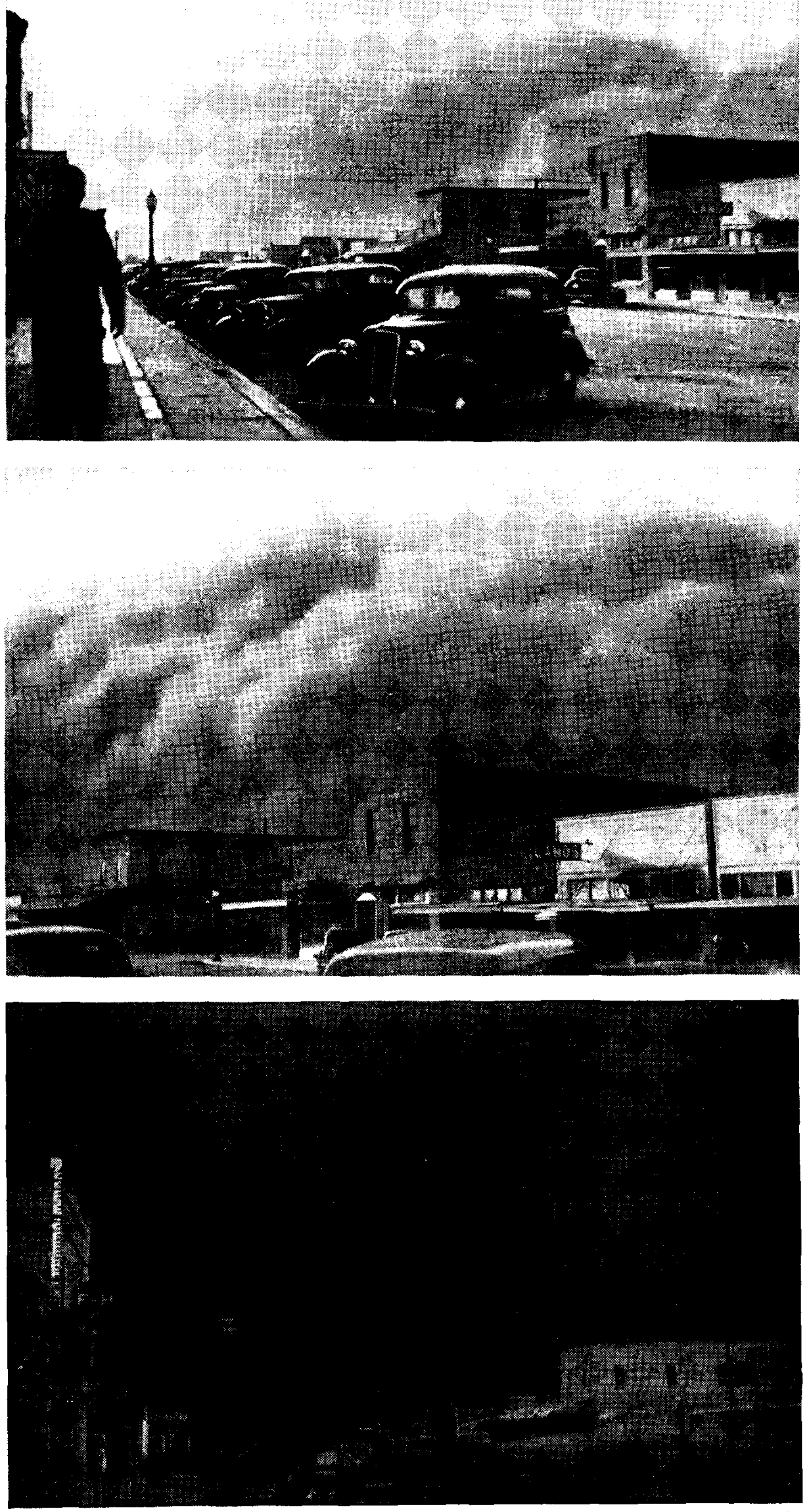
U. S. RESETTLEMENT ADMINISTRATION

These three photographs, made less than a minute apart, show the progress of a dust storm as it approaches and envelops the town of Elkhart, Kansas

damned." And note that call to invest. We shall tell you about that.

In large but innocent numbers the open-mouths listened and were lost. They descended upon the southern Great Plains on everything except roller skates. They tell us that one family came from Arkansas in a wheelbarrow—Paw, Maw and two babies. When Paw got tired wheeling Maw and the younguns, which was not heroically infrequent, Maw trundled him and the brats.

Land cost anywhere from twenty to sixty dollars an acre, and if you didn't have the money you merely signed over your first two or three wheat crops to the land company or the private owner. You can buy that land today for a dollar and a half an acre—dust thrown in. Hurry, folks, hurry.

Anyway, the first year or so was fairly auspicious. For some forgotten reason Europe was at war and we, being disastrously inquisitive, had horned in. Europe was fighting in her wheat fields but America begged her not to worry. So we began to plant wheat in our back yards, including the Dust Bowl. And luck of a dubious sort was with us.

It costs a farmer very little to plant an acre of wheat. Likewise it exacts of him a minimum of labor. You plant wheat, then step back and watch it grow—if it grows. The wheat farmer's year is three months of labor and nine months of worry. But that was a year of years for wheat. It produced thirty-five, forty and forty-five bushels to the acre and the Dust Bowl settler, raking in anywhere from a dollar and a quarter to two dollars a bushel, proceeded to go economically gaga, going at times to the extreme of chasing honest county agents and other unsubsidized farm authorities out of the state for daring to prophesy that calamity was just around the corner.

As the land was killed for grazing by overgrazing, so was doom hastened by overfarming. That and the "investors"—the speculators—the suitcase boys.

The suitcase boys, sometimes called satchel farmers, differ from the common variety of real-estate investors or speculators in that they do not hold their land for a price rise, although doubtless many of them would now sell if anyone with a fat purse and a thin mind entered their market. All they looked for were a few cash crops of wheat, after which the land they had bought cheap and held cheaply could go to hell—which of course it proceeded with abandon to do.

The suitcase boys are nonresident owners. They live in the towns and cities, from Amarillo to New York, from Dalhart to Chicago, from Dodge City to Washington. They are lawyers, clergymen, schoolteachers, bankers, merchants, journalists, congressmen and liquor dealers—anything. They own more than half the acreage of the Dust Bowl.

They seldom or never see their land unless it has produced a crop. On such rare occasions they appear, satchel in hand, to collect their half of the proceeds. Between these excursions they kill time by writing steamful letters to Congress, demanding that farm and farmer subsidies be continued and increased. Tenant farmers work their land.

The Era of the Cream Skimmer

Rarely does the satchel farmer co-operate voluntarily with state or federal government in the interest of land conservation. Seldom will he listen with sympathy to the resident farmer's plea that he take simple measures to combat aridity and dust storms. Largely the absentee landlord, the suitcase boy, leaves his tenant to do what he can to raise a crop, firmly declining to do more than buy seed, pay taxes and make down payments on farm implements and machinery. During the past three years it has not been necessary for the satchel farmer to make any investment at all. He has only to apply to the government for loans, sometimes made in the name of the tenant or even a conveniently created corporation, there being quite as many loopholes in the farm-loan laws as there are in the income-tax statutes.

The suitcase farmer's formula is beautifully simple. When presently his land holds forth no further possibilities of a crop, when the topsoil has blown away or has become too thin to cover seed, he merely forgets it. He pays no more taxes. If the state wishes to take title (which it doesn't) in lieu of taxes, let it. The land has more than paid for itself if it has produced a couple of wheat crops.

At the moment, Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and Colorado are in the process of adopting laws which would, they hope, compel the satchel farmer to co-operate with the resident farmer in giving scientific battle to wind erosion (dust storms). These laws, in the main, fine the suitcase boy for failure to co-operate, adding the fine to his tax bill. But if he chooses to pay no attention to that tax bill, letting his land go by default, there isn't much the state can do about it. But a vast number of such farms are beyond restoration, nothing left to conserve. The suitcase boy's answer to the state is silence—with a thumb to his nose.

It is usually at this point that the situation within the county, within the state, becomes painfully complicated. If the suitcase boy refuses to pay further taxes, the local government's income is impaired. If the resident farmer takes his cue from the suitcaser, local statesmen face famine. If the state takes over the tax-delinquent property, its only hope of gain is in resale. Few except the federal government are honorable in their intentions toward defunct land.

But the federal government offers only a dollar and a half or two dollars an acre. This acreage price, as anybody can see, is better than nothing. Furthermore, it is more than much of the land is worth.

A Nice Crop of Subsidies

Yet local governments decline to accept the bid unless Congress is willing to appropriate a couple of billion dollars to support them. In other words, the counties demand that Washington pay them amounts equal to what their incomes would be were prosperity reigning in the Dust Bowl and taxes being paid. Mr. Roosevelt's Great Plains Committee in its voluminous and scholarly report frankly advocates such subsidies to local governments.

All of which, you see, is pretty wonderful. While Uncle Government seeks to buy the Dust Bowl at a dollar and a half an acre and not injure anyone's political or personal feelings by exercising his right of eminent domain (condemnation at a set price), enterprising individuals, including quite a scattering of politicians of assorted statures, rabbit-in-the-hat land companies and swift syndicates chase each other around the courthouse trying to buy tax-delinquent land at the price of the unpaid tax bill.

Having done that, they propose to badger the government into handsomer prices while the hapless farmer who honestly but futilely tried to make the land pay for itself looks on in angry admiration and joins some trick association organized by some ambitious politician.

And if the government declines to up its acreage price even the new speculators will unite in wrath, although a dollar and a half or two dollars an acre is a Santa Claus bid. Some of the new owners of this defunct land have already got together, proposing to hold on for oil and natural gas developments. Not that they are any too sanguine of seeing gas and oil arise from their forlorn acres; but they seem to have reason to suspect that the country is not completely shorn of investors who will buy land on the chance of oil and gas being found there one day. Oil royalties, you know.

If and when the government acquires enough of the Dust Bowl to make restoration worth the effort, it proposes to revive the land-binding vegetation which the cows depleted and which the wheat seekers finished with their plows. That, as perhaps you've heard, is why we have dust storms. The grass and roots which bound the land together have been eliminated by the thundering herds and the ruthless plow. Presently there are no binding roots. Then the sun bakes the binderless soil to a cake. Then the plow pulverizes the cake. Then the winds come. Then your farm takes off in a dust storm, returning to earth after a while in the next county or the next state.

And when it returns to earth it covers the growing crops of some other farmer, provided he has any. Whereat he is as woebegone as you are, there being absolutely no way for him to scrape your farm off his and disinter his crops.

To prepare the dead lands of the Dust Bowl for the revival of binding grasses, the government proposes to follow methods to which the Dust Bowl farmer, for

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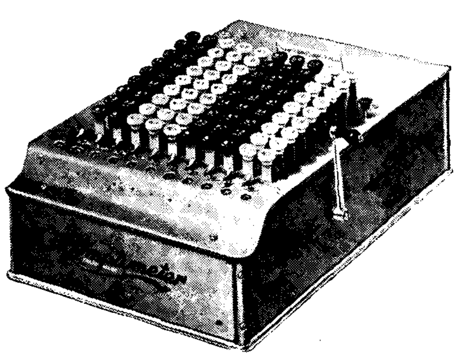


Standard Model J "Comptometer"

COMPTOMETER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

dust-minded reasons, has objected so hotly that his beard has caught fire.

"Nawsir, not me. No slick-hair college squirt is agoin' to tell me how to plow. Nawsir. My father beat the pants offa me if I didn't plow a straight furrer. My father and his father before him were farmers, by damn, and they plowed furrers so straight that they looked like they was drawed on paper with a pencil and a school ruler. No slick-hair college squirt is goin' to tell me to plow in circles. My father and his father before him never told me no nonsense like listin' land, contour plowin' and fancy terracin'. And I say the hell with it even if the gov'ment is offerin' me 25 and 50 cents an acre to do it."

A Drop in the Bucket

Nevertheless, the government proposes to list the land it buys. Listing means plowing with the contour of your land. Thus you avoid the straight furrow which makes a lovely bowling alley for the wind and a perfect run-off sluice for such water as may fall. The government proposes, too, to terrace eroded land so that it may hold the water once the listed land has caught it. We asked the government engineers how long it would take to restore this rickety-orphan land to pasturage. They told us it would take at least twenty years. Some of it, fifty. In the meantime they are holding fast to the conviction that the worst thing that could happen to the Dust Bowl farmer is the miracle of a crop in the next three years. Not that there is much such danger.

For what the government has expended in the Bowl in the past three years, with nothing but dust and uncollectible paper to show for it, it might have bought the thing and erected a nice wire fence around it. It has bought a million and a half acres—here a thousand and yonder a thousand—which sounds like quite a real-estate transaction. But a million and a half acres have only a back-yard relationship to the whole Dust Bowl, which comprises nearly 90,000,000 acres, about 30,000,000 of which are under cultivation.

As we've said somewhere above, about $300,000,000 of federal funds have been sowed in the Dust Bowl area. It has been in the form of loans, grants, relief and all the other dispersal methods we have. Yet nearly a quarter of the Dust Bowl families have abandoned the choking place since 1935, when, according to the farm census, 95,000 families, rural and urban, inhabited the doomed place. Where they've gone nobody seems to know.

As far as the government has been able to learn, 7,000 farmhouses have been abandoned. Today they stand like haunted shacks, sagging and twisted beneath the weight of sand and dust heaped to their eaves. Even the paths the farmers cut through the dust drifts to their doors are filled in. In addition nearly two thousand houses have disappeared—gone with the dust drifts heaped high above the place where they used to stand. Perhaps their ruins will be dug out some day.

In this abandoned land we saw what once were schoolhouses built to accommodate surrounding populations of two thousand. The dust has battered in the doors, smashed the windows, filled the rooms to the bench tops. We passed through an area of East Colorado where, they told us, 934 families lived in choking poverty. In that area there was not one doctor, nothing suggestive of a hospital or infirmary, not even a visiting nurse.

Perhaps we became a bit emotional at this point, but somehow the kids we saw didn't look real. We spoke to a fellow who was plowing dust, sixty miles from a railroad. He talked about raising beans. We asked him how he was going to get to the markets. He hadn't figured that out yet. You see, he'd only been working that dust pocket three years. And it was thirty miles from the nearest school. He had four children, two of them deaf mutes.

Do those figures bore you?

It is fair to presume that a large percentage of those who remain in the Dust Bowl envy those who fled the place. But where are they going to go? They'll tell you quite candidly that they'll stay where they are and eat their dust so long as they can farm the government, as long as the government gives them food and money. The government calls these gifts loans.

Here you shake hands with a farmer who borrowed $700, pledging twenty chickens as collateral. The government can't take mortgaged property as security. The chickens were the only unmortgaged things on the place. They're gone now—eaten.

And farther on you meet a fellow who got a thousand dollars from the government, pledging several emaciated hogs and a couple of outhouses. They hadn't been mortgaged—doubtless an oversight. We met a man who "didn't quite rightly remember" what he had given the government as security for a five-hundred-dollar loan. And everybody cheered when the next Dust Bowl castaway said that he had got "some seed money and a couple hundred dollars from the next government feller to come along" and after talking it over with the wife decided it was "plumb heathenish to squander it on somethin' everybody knew wasn't goin' to grow nothin'."

So he bought a radio, which he has never used because he has no electricity; an overcoat, which he sent to his brother in Massachusetts; a rug, that serves pretty well as a dust screen nailed across the front door, and, among other things, a half-dozen straw hats. He guessed that maybe them fellers down in Washington was scratchin' their heads right smart.

All a Waste of Time

This is but a sketch of life and death in the Dust Bowl. Fifty government agencies have stalked it, walked it, brooded, planned, wrangled and doled it for three years—from the Bureau of Public Health to the Resettlement Administration, Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Farm Credit Administration, the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation, the Works Progress Administration and the National Youth Administration. A dozen government engineers, conservationists, chemists and agronomists told us that what they were doing was folly—that there is no cure for the Dust Bowl as long as men continue to farm it, or try to farm it. Wryly they told us that we could spend ten or a hundred times three hundred millions and not abate a single dust storm a spoonful so long as men sought to crop land turned to powder.

Their repeated appeals to Washington, their flood of reports, have awakened a government which realizes that ungoverned largess cannot go on. To co-ordinate the efforts of the fifty rescue agencies, most of which have been working along individual lines with a minimum of regard for what the next agency is doing, the Department of Agriculture has appointed Mr. Roy I. Kimmel, drafting him from the Resettlement Administration. Mr. Kimmel is a completely civilized gentleman, with idealism, courage, experience and stamina. He will need all these qualities and several more. He is a native of New Mexico, a graduate of Yale, served a term in Connecticut's legislature and for four years was assistant director of the School of Public Affairs at Princeton. Although he is one of those government emissaries to the Dust Bowl referred to by the intractable farmer and the speculator as one of the "slick-hair college squirts," he is, in the main and deservedly, well liked—a purposeful, convincing, non-chafing diplomat who believes wholeheartedly in what he is doing. We wish him luck.

Black Horrors

He was with us when we met our first Colorado dust storm. Straight ahead we saw what looked at first to be a half-grown twister—a small cyclone. Then off to the left another reared itself, like a dirty geyser. After that they began to rise all along the forward horizon—a closely gathered company of black giants assembling to raid. Momentarily they grew in width and height, seeming somehow to stand still as our car sped toward them. Then their ranks closed, forming a solid wall.

Then with a hollow thumping like distant artillery, the outriders, the vanguard of blooms, gusts and searching shafts of grit, attacked. We had just time to close the car's windows before the onrushing wall enclosed us.

We turned on our headlights—sort of involuntarily. Anyway, we threw the light switch. You couldn't see whether the lights were on or off. A paper match would have served as well. You couldn't see through the windshield. It was as if we had been buried beneath an avalanche of blankets. Felt that hot too. You couldn't see heaven or earth. We lit the lights inside the car. Every opening was closed, but the dust had filled the car too. The lights inside were dimly visible.

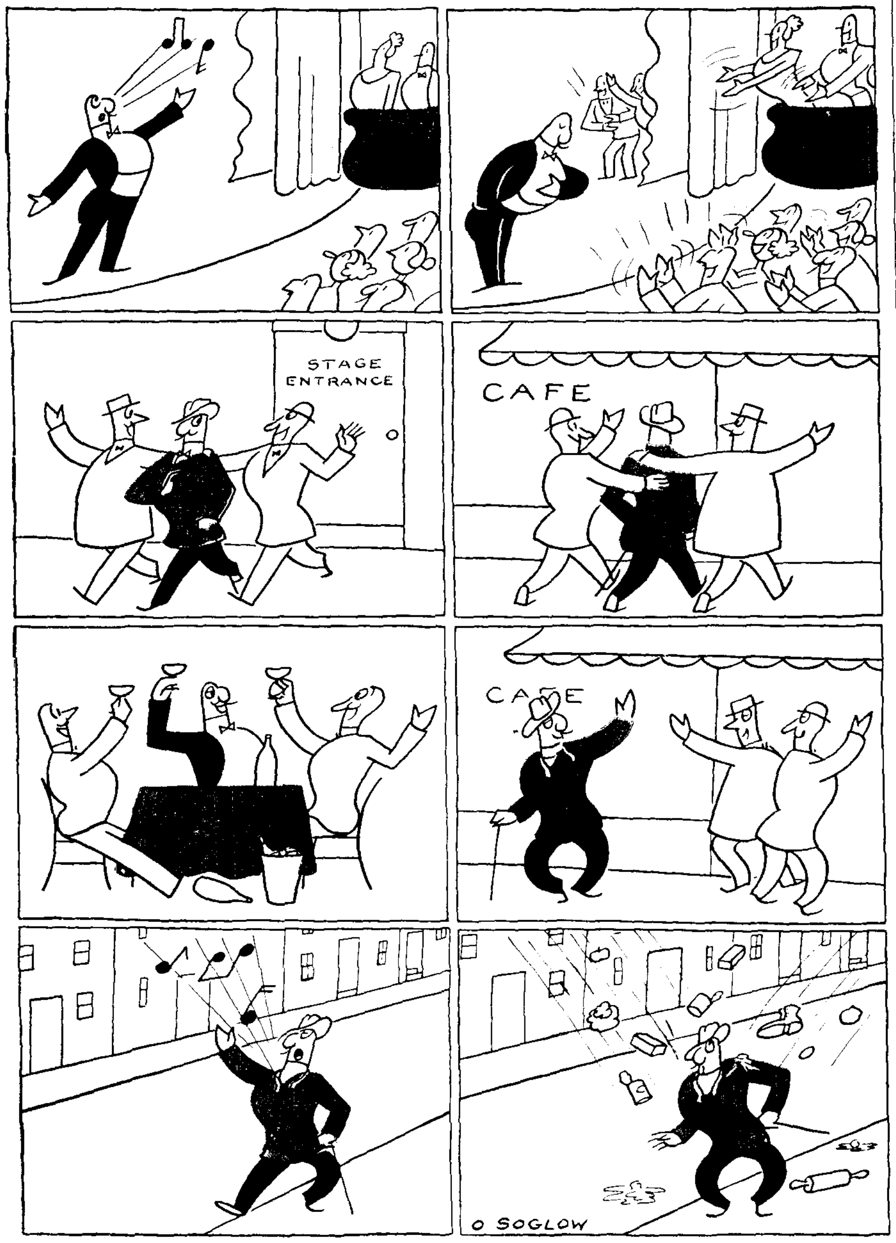
Pretty soon we had to open one window a little, with handkerchiefs over our noses and mouths. It helped some. Had to do something.

The storm lasted about forty minutes. When at last we could see something of the road we relaxed. Perhaps we were stonily rigid during it all; but when we could see again we realized suddenly that we were very tired—physically and nervously exhausted.

We realized too that we had been scared. It was the same silly, unwarranted terror we felt the evening we got halfway up the stairs of that "haunted house" in Nova Scotia. We were afraid because suddenly the lights had gone out—afraid of the unknown, of the impenetrable darkness — because we couldn't see. We're not particularly heroic but we weren't nearly as frightened with forest fire on all sides or when the waters were out of control. Because then we could see our enemy.

Perhaps it all sounds foolish to you. But try a dust storm sometime. The doc laughed at us. He said there was nothing to be scared of, that everybody else on the road had pulled over to the side and was sitting it out like us. Nevertheless we were scared. We couldn't see. We couldn't breathe.

When we got going again, after that Poor Boy and warm beer, we met two others who were scared. A mile up the road two kids, a boy and a girl, ten or twelve years old we'd say, were sitting against what had been a fence. Now it was a dust dune. The girl was retching her soul out. The boy was pounding her back, crying hard and dry, but noiselessly. We asked them where they lived, who they were. They couldn't answer. We tried to coax them into our car. We said we'd take them back to the village. But they wouldn't move. They were still too full of terror.



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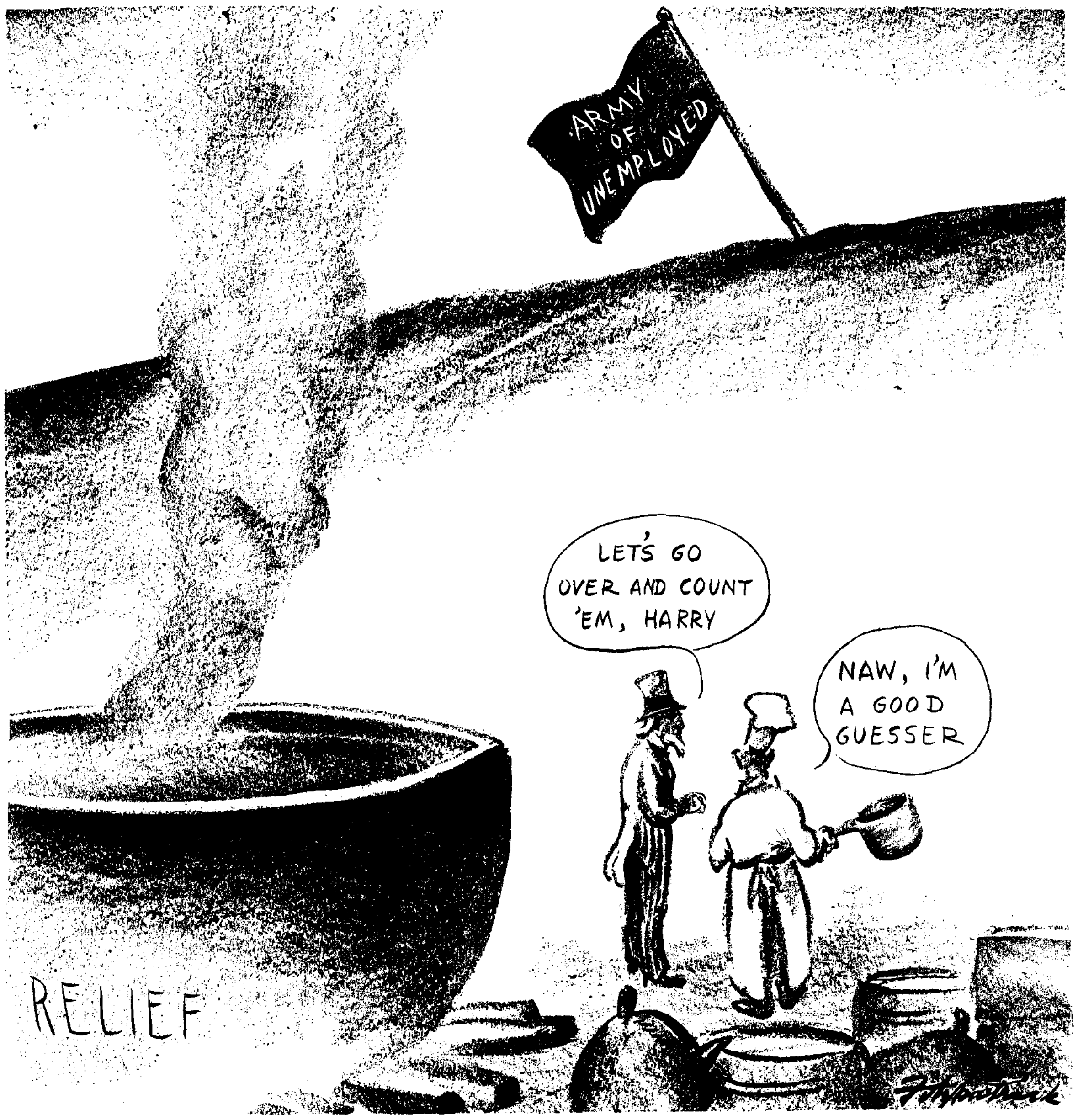
ARMY OF UNEMPLOYED
LET'S GO OVER AND COUNT 'EM, HARRY
NAW, I'M A GOOD GUESSER
RELIEF

Let's Count

THE opposition of Harry Hopkins, the distributor of publicly provided loaves and fishes, to any census of the idle is one of the curiosities of these peculiar times. You might think that Mr. Hopkins would like to know how many we would have to feed. On the contrary, he has persistently opposed a census of the unemployed.

Mr. Hopkins was not alone in his antagonism to finding out the actual numbers of the workless. Back in the New Era Administration which preceded the New Deal, Herbert Hoover also turned thumbs down on every suggestion for counting the unemployed. The very suggestion annoyed Mr. Hoover quite as much as for other reasons it roiled Mr. Hopkins.

Mr. Hoover was opposed even to the establishment of federal employment offices. His notion was that these offices for finding jobs and recording the state of the unemployment market had socialistic implications. He did not want any offices or records which might naturally lead toward what he considered Socialism.

Harry Hopkins, and those for whom he speaks, are at the other extreme. Although Mr. Hopkins preferred to obscure in silence the reasons for his opposition to a census of the unemployed, his attitude was plain enough.

Mr. Hopkins has fuzzy ideas about redistributing the wealth of the nation. He does not care, or at any rate this is his story, whether an unemployed man wants a job or not. Harry Hopkins does not hold with St. Paul, who wrote in his second Epistle to the Thessalonians, "If any would not work, neither should he eat."

Mr. Hopkins thinks that it would be cruel to compel the jobless to undertake uncongenial work but, obviously, the hungry must be fed. St. Paul was of sterner material. He added these pointed words: "For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies. Now them that are such we command and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread."

Apparently human nature has not changed greatly in the 1,900 years since these letters were written.

The extreme conservatives and the loose sentimentalists are equally futile in dealing with unemployment and the unemployed.

We know that unemployment is one of the major social problems in this industrial age. We know that the way to solve any problem, major or minor, is first to find the significant facts. Up to now we have not had enough trustworthy facts about unemployment.

The President, or the Secretary of Labor, or some other conspicuous official, has felt impelled from time to time to say something definite about unemployment. Everything said has been based on guesses. The facts simply were not available. All the sophisticated officials in the government bureaus understood the situation clearly. The lack of facts gave greater freedom in guessing. Every guesser could yield a little to his prejudices or his wishes.

This sort of guessing is wholly without excuse. From any standpoint it is necessary to know the facts if reasonable conclusions are to be reached. Facts are neither conservative, liberal nor radical. Facts are just stuff to consider. We may do our thinking as tories, or as wild men, or even sanely, but we cannot get along without facts.

We need a census of the unemployed now as a guide to public opinion and to Congress in the formulation of relief policies and of other important programs of governmental action. It is absurd, however, that we should be so deficient in public records that a special unemployment census is necessary. We ought, as a matter of routine, to have current records of the number of jobless workers at all times.

The Social Security register now contains the names of more than 21,000,000 workers who sometime may be entitled to old-age or unemployment insurance. It is vital to the administration of this act that accurate records be kept.

The United States Employment offices should provide the information, together with the records of the Social Security Commission, upon which accurate reports of the volume of employment might be regularly issued.

In earlier years the federal employment offices did not provide this information because too many political hacks occupied important positions. Finding jobs is in itself a skilled occupation in which, unfortunately, the vote getters seem to show no proficiency.

There is no doubt of the fact that industrial production has been at a very high level during months past. Still relief rolls continued heavy. Who is unemployed? What experience or skill has he? How much of unemployment is due to industrial changes or to new labor-saving inventions? How many of the jobless are sick, incapacitated or unemployable? How many are loafers by preference? Many practical and intimate questions must be honestly answered before we can hope to reduce unemployment to the lowest limits.

A swift, intelligent and honest census of the unemployed should explain what is now hidden in the mists of uncertainty. It should give both the Administration and Congress the practical information upon which to base a fair and decent policy.

Nobody wants the honest victim of industrial change, the willing worker who cannot find employment, to suffer because of his involuntary idleness. However, few independent citizens desire to support loafers who are natural drones. There are such in any society. The census should tell the story. It is late but welcome.

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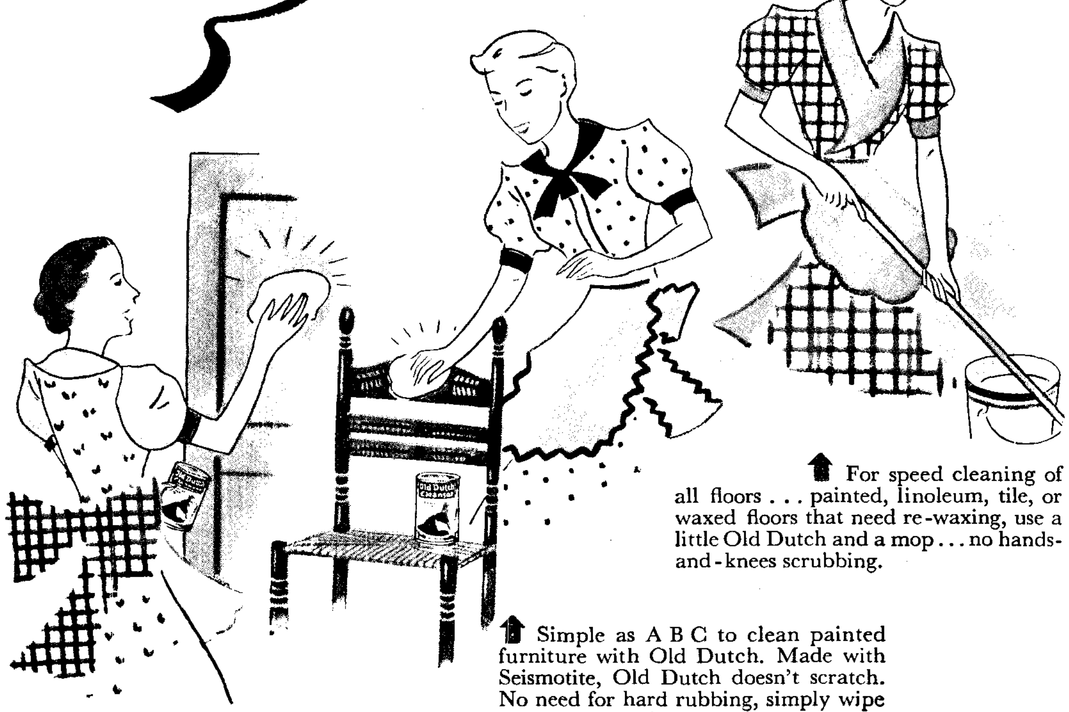
A *SPARKLE* TO YOUR HOME



⬆ For speed cleaning of all floors . . . painted, linoleum, tile, or waxed floors that need re-waxing, use a little Old Dutch and a mop . . . no hands-and-knees scrubbing.

⬆ Simple as A B C to clean painted furniture with Old Dutch. Made with Seismotite, Old Dutch doesn't scratch. No need for hard rubbing, simply wipe off the dirt gently.

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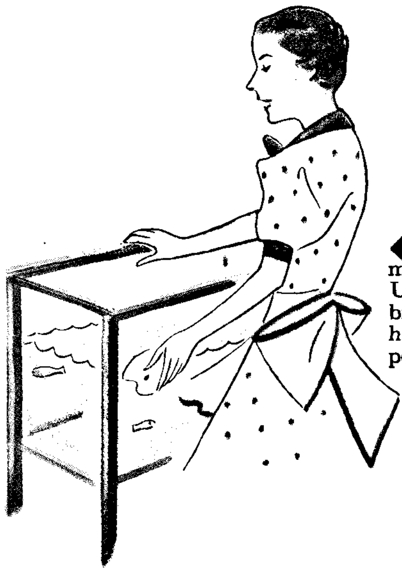
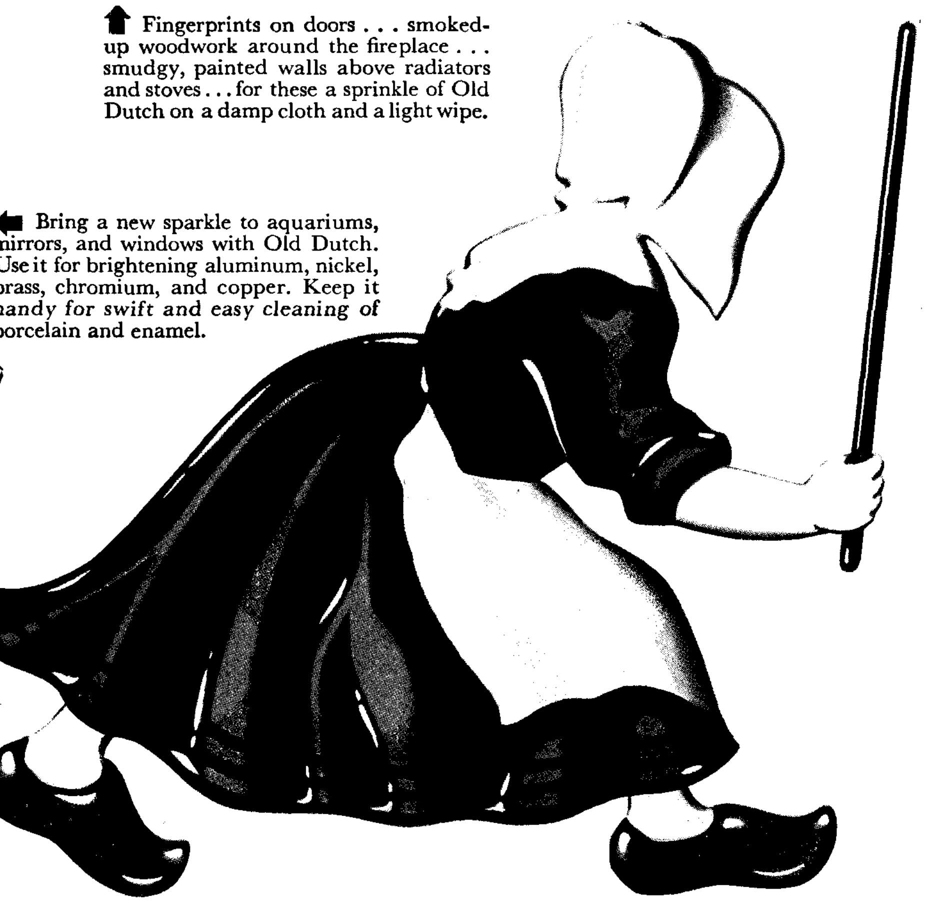


⬅ Bring a new sparkle to aquariums, mirrors, and windows with Old Dutch. Use it for brightening aluminum, nickel, brass, chromium, and copper. Keep it handy for swift and easy cleaning of porcelain and enamel.



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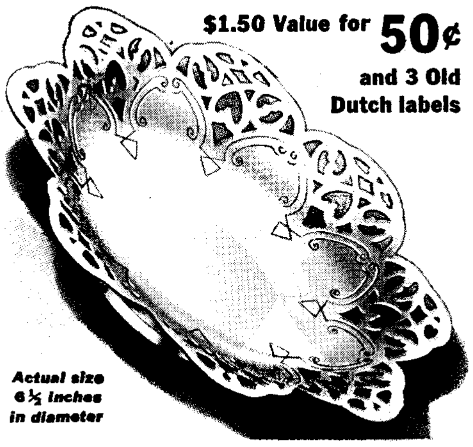

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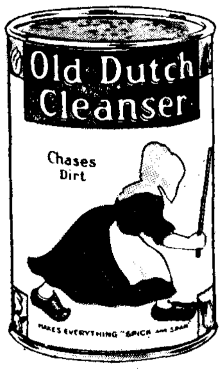
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Makes everything "spick and span"

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